Mary Shardlow 1

k 1799

THE BRITISH Prose MISCELLANY.

To pleaſe the Fancy
And improve the Mind.

HUDDERSFIELD:

PRINTED AND SOLD BY SIKES AND CO.

SOLD, ALSO, BY HURST, LONDON; WILSON, SPENCE, AND MAWMAN, YORK; EDWARDS AND SON, HALIFAX; HOLMES, LEEDS; AND GILL, WAKEFIELD.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CONTENTS.

I.

1. THE Hill of Science . . . . . *Miſs Aikin.*
2. Hoſpitality of the American Indians *Franklin.*

II.

3. Modeſty Rewarded . . . . . *Stretch.*
4. Story of La Roche . . . . . *Mirror.*

III.

5. Inkle and Yarico . . . . . *Addiſon.*
6. Happy Peaſant . . . . . *Sterne.*
7. Pleaſure ariſing from Books . . . . . *Aikin.*

IV.

8. Shepherds of the Pyrenees . . . . . *Mad. de Genlis.*

V.

9. Adventure in the Convent of the Carmelites *Campbell.*
10. Honeſty the beſt Policy . . . . . *Anon.*
11. Choice and Criterion of Religion . . . . . *Moir.*

IV.

12. Adventures of a Baſhful Man . . . . . *Variety.*
13. A Notion of Honour . . . . . *Pratt.*
14. Diſtreſſed Officer . . . . . *Anon.*

VII.

15. Old Albany . . . . . *Miſs Burney.*
16. Generoſity . . . . . *Pratt.*

VIII.

17. Difabled Soldier . . . . . *Goldſmith.*
18. Secret of being always eaſy . . . . . *Anon.*
19. Unfeeling Father . . . . . *Anon.*

IX.

20. African Hoſpitality . . . . . *Park.*
21. Slavery . . . . . *Anon.*
22. Flower-Girl . . . . . *Anon.*
23. Character of a True Friend . . . . . *Enfield.*
24. On Beauty . . . . . *Anon.*

X.

25. Wolkmar and his Dog . . . . . *Speculator.*
26. Pleaſures and Advantages of Religion . . . . *Moir.*
27. On the Being of a God . . . . . *Robinſon.*
28. Example of Veracity . . . . . *Percival.*

XI.

29. The Way to Wealth . . . . . *Franklin.*

XII.

30. The Morning of Autumn . . . . . *Geſſner.*
31. Louiſa Venoni . . . . . *Mirror.*

XIII.

32. Contented Porter . . . . . *Richardſon.*
33. Pedlar and his Aſs . . . . . *Percival.*
34. Sermon on the Word *Malt* . . . . . *Dodd.*

XIV.

35. Superiority of Religious Views . . . . . *Langhorne.*
36. The Horſe . . . . . *Percival.*
37. Roſetta . . . . . *Anon.*

XV.

38. Obſervations on Police in general . . . . *Colquhoun.*
39. The Whiſtle . . . . . *Franklin.*
40. Health . . . . . *Sterne.*

XVI.

41. Origin of the Priory of the Two Lovers . . . *Anon.*
42. Folly of Inconſiſtent Expectations . . . *Mrs. Barbauld.*
43. The Witty Shepherd . . . . . *Anon.*

XVII.

44. Filial Duty . . . . . *Aikin.*
45. The Starling . . . . . *Sterne.*
46. The Captive . . . . . *Ibid.*

XVIII.

47. Sir Bertrand . . . . . *Mrs. Barbauld.*
48. Paternal Forgiveneſs . . . . . *Aikin.*

XIX.

49. Proſperity and Adverſity . . . . . *Duncombe.*
50. Perfect Love . . . . . *Hird.*
51. Affection to Parents . . . . . *Percival.*

XX.

52. Story of Obidah . . . . . *Johnſon.*
53. Damon and Pythias . . . . . *Brooke.*
54. A Parable . . . . . *Franklin.*

XXI.

55. Maria . . . . . *Sterne.*
56. Fellow-Feeling . . . . . *Ibid.*
57. On the Entrance to Knowledge . . . . . *Felton.*

XXII.

58. Evils from a Prize in the Lottery . . . . *David Dip.*
59. Temperance . . . . . *Blair.*
60. Paſſive Tameneſs of Spirit, &c. . . . . *Ibid.*
61. The Study of Nature . . . . . *Ibid.*

XXIII.

62. Intereſting Extract from Caleb Williams . . *Godwin.*
63. Senſibility . . . . . *Sterne.*

XXIV.

64. Story of Le Fevre . . . . . *Sterne.*

XXV.

65. A Short Sermon . . . . . *Anon.*
66. On Toleration . . . . . *Voltaire.*
67. The Art of Punning by Rule . . . . . *Dibdin.*
68. On Seduction . . . . . *Anon.*
69. Happineſs founded on Rectitude . . . . . *Harris.*
70. Humility . . . . . *Sterne.*

XXVI.

71. Story of Abbas. . . . . *Langhorne.*
72. Difference in Men . . . . . *Sterne.*

XXVII.

73. The Parental Beggar . . . . . *Anon.*
74. Stephen and Fanny . . . . . *Anon.*
75. An Eaſtern Sage's Prayer . . . . . *Anon.*

XXVIII.

76. Walking the Streets . . . . . *Mrs. Barbauld.*
77. The Grateful Turk . . . . . *Day.*

XXIX.

78. Difference and Agreement . . . . . *Mrs. Barbauld.*
79. Reconciliation . . . . . *Percival.*
80. The Boy and Calf . . . . . *Anon.*

XXX.

81. The Two Robbers . . . . . *Mrs. Barbauld.*
82. Theodoſius and Conſtantia . . . . . *Addiſon.*

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

THE HILL OF SCIENCE.

A VISION.

BY MISS AIKIN.

IN that ſeaſon of the year, when the ſerenity of the ſky, the various fruits which cover the ground, the diſcoloured foliage of the trees, and all the ſweet, but fading graces of inſpiring autumn, open the mind to benevolence, and diſpoſe of it for contemplation, I was wandering in a beautiful and romantic country, till curioſity began to give way to wearineſs, and I ſat me down on the fragment of a rock overgrown with moſs, where the ruſtling of the falling leaves, the daſhing of waters, and the hum of the diſtant city, ſoothed my mind into the moſt perfect tranquillity, and ſleep inſenſibly ſtole

upon me, as I was indulging the agreeable reveries which the objects around me naturally inſpired.

I immediately found myſelf in a vaſt extended plain, in the middle of which aroſe a mountain higher than I had before any conception of. It was covered with a multitude of people, chiefly youth; many of whom preſſed forwards with the livelieſt expreſſions of ardour in their countenance, though the way was, in many places, ſteep and difficult. I obſerved, that thoſe who had but juſt begun to climb the hill, thought themſelves not far from the top; but, as they proceeded, new hills were continually riſing to their view, and the ſummit of the higheſt they could before diſcern ſeemed but the foot of another, till the mountain at length appeared to loſe itſelf in the clouds. As I was gazing on theſe things with aſtoniſhment, my good genius ſuddenly appeared. The mountain before thee, ſaid he, is the Hill of Science. On the top is the Temple of Truth, whoſe head is above the clouds, and a veil of pure light covers her face. Obſerve the progreſs of her votaries; be ſilent and attentive.

I ſaw that the only regular approach to the mountain was by a gate, called the Gate of Languages. It was kept by a woman of a penſive and thoughtful appearance, whoſe lips were continually moving, as though ſhe repeated ſomething to herſelf. Her name was Memory. On entering this firſt encloſure, I was ſtunned with a confuſed murmur of jarring voices, and diſſonant ſounds, which increaſed upon me to ſuch a degree, that I was utterly confounded, and could compare the noiſe to nothing but the confuſion of tongues at Babel. The road was alſo rough and ſtony, and rendered more difficult by heaps of rubbiſh, continually tumbled down from the higher parts of the mountain, and broken ruins of ancient buildings, which the travellers were obliged to climb over at every ſtep; inſomuch, that many, diſguſted with ſo rough a beginning, turned back, and attempted the mountain no more; while others, having conquered this difficulty, had no ſpirits to aſcend further, and ſitting down on ſome fragment of the rubbiſh, harangued the multitude below with the greateſt marks of importance and ſelf-complacency.

About half way up the hill I obſerved on each ſide the path a thick foreſt covered with continual fogs, and cut out into labyrinths, croſs alleys, and ſerpentine walks, entangled with thorns and briers. This was called the Wood of Error; and I heard the voices of many, who were loſt up and down in it, calling to each other, and endeavouring in vain to extricate themſelves. The trees in many places ſhot their boughs over the path, and a thick miſt often reſted on it; yet never ſo much but that it was diſcernible by the light which beamed from the countenance of Truth.

In the pleaſanteſt part of the mountain were placed the bowers of the Muſes, whoſe office it was to cheer the ſpirits of the travellers, and encourage their fainting ſteps with ſongs from their divine harps. Not far from hence were the Fields of Fiction, filled with a variety of wild flowers, ſpringing up in the greateſt luxuriance, of richer ſcents and brighter colours than I had obſerved in any other climate; and near them was the Dark Wall of Allegory, ſo artificially ſhaded, that the light at noon day was never ſtronger than that of a bright moon-ſhine. This gave it a pleaſing romantic air for thoſe who delighted in contemplation. The paths and alleys were perplexed with intricate windings, and were all terminated with the ſtatue of a Grace, a Virtue, or a Muſe.

After I had obſerved theſe things, I turned my eye towards the multitudes who were climbing the ſteep aſcent, and obſerved amongſt them a youth of a lively look, a piercing eye, and ſomething fiery and irregular in all his motions. His name was Genius. He darted like an eagle upon the mountain, and left his companions gazing after him with envy and admiration; but his progreſs was unequal, and interrupted by a thouſand caprices. When Pleaſure warbled in the valley, he mingled in her train. When Pride beckoned towards the precipice, he ventured to the tottering edge. He delighted in devious and untried paths; and made ſo many excurſions from the road that his feeble companions often outſtripped him. I obſerved that the Muſes beheld him with partiality; but Truth often frowned and turned aſide her face. While Genius was thus waſting his

ſtrength in eccentric flights, I ſaw a perſon of a very different appearance, named Application. He crept along with a ſlow and unremitting pace, his eyes fixed on the top of the mountain, patiently removing every ſtone that obſtructed his way, till he ſaw moſt of thoſe below him, who had at firſt derided his ſlow and toilſome progreſs. Indeed, there were few who aſcended the hill with equal and uninterrupted ſteadineſs; for, beſides the difficulties of the way, they were continually ſolicited to turn aſide by a numerous crowd of Appetites, Paſſions, and Pleaſures, whoſe importunity, when they had once complied with it, they became leſs and leſs able to reſiſt; and though they often returned to the path, the aſperities of the road were moſt ſeverely felt, the hill appeared more ſteep and rugged, the fruits, which were wholeſome and refreſhing, ſeemed harſh and ill-taſted, their ſight grew dim, and their feet tripped at every little obſtruction.

I ſaw, with ſome ſuppriſe, that the Muſes, whoſe buſineſs was to cheer and encourage thoſe who were toiling up the aſcent, would often ſing in the bowers of Pleaſure, and accompany thoſe who were enticed away at the call of the paſſions. They accompanied them, however, but a little way, and always forſook them when they loſt ſight of the hill. The tyrants then doubled their chains upon the unhappy captives, and led them away without reſiſtance to the cells of Ignorance, or the manſions of Miſery. Among the innumerable ſeducers, who were endeavouring to draw away the votaries of Truth from the path of Science, there was one, ſo little formidable in her appearance, and ſo gentle and languid in her attempts, that I ſhould ſcarcely have taken notice of her, but for the numbers ſhe had imperceptibly loaded with her chains. Indolence, (for ſo ſhe was called,) far from proceeding to open hoſtilities, did not attempt to turn their feet out of the path, but contented herſelf with retarding their progreſs; and the purpoſe ſhe could not force them to abandon, ſhe perſuaded them to delay. Her touch had a power like that of the torpedo, which withers the ſtrength of thoſe who come within its influence. Her unhappy captives ſtill turned their faces towards the temple, and always hoped to arrive there; but the ground ſeemed to ſlide from beneath their feet, and

they found themſelves at the bottom before they ſuſpected they had changed their place. The placid ſerenity which at firſt appeared in their countenance, changed by degrees into a melancholy languor, which was tinged with deeper and deeper gloom as they glided down the Stream of Inſignificance; a dark and ſluggiſh water which is curled by no breeze, and enlivened by no murmur, till it falls into a dead ſea, where the ſtartled paſſengers are awakened by the ſhock, and the next moment buried in the gulph of oblivion.

Of all the unhappy deſerters from the paths of Science, none ſeemed leſs able to return than the followers of Indolence. The captives of Appetite and Paſſion could often ſeize the moment, when their tyrants were languid and aſleep, to eſcape from their enchantment: but the dominion of Indolence was conſtant and unremitted, and ſeldom reſiſted till reſiſtance was in vain.

After contemplating theſe things, I turned my eyes towards the top of the mountain, where the air was always pure and exhilarating, the path ſhaded with laurels and other ever-greens, and the effulgence which beamed from the face of the Goddeſs ſeemed to ſpread a glory round her votaries. Happy, ſaid I, are they who are permitted to aſcend the mountain!—but while I was pronouncing this exclamation with uncommon ardour, I ſaw ſtanding beſide me a form of diviner features, and a more benign radiance. Happier, ſaid ſhe, are thoſe whom Virtue conducts to the manſions of Content! What, ſaid I, does Virtue then reſide in the vale? I am found, ſaid ſhe, in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inſpire the ſage at his meditation. I mingle in the crowd of cities, and bleſs the hermit in his cell. I have a temple in every heart that owns my influence; and to him that wiſhes for me, I am always preſent. Science may raiſe you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity! While the Goddeſs was thus ſpeaking, I ſtretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my ſlumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the ſhades of evening ſtretched over the landſcape. I haſtened homeward, and reſigned the night to ſilence and meditation.

HOSPITALITY

OF THE

AMERICAN INDIANS.

THEIR manner of entering one another's villages has its rules. It is reckoned uncivil in travelling ſtrangers to enter a village abruptly, without giving notice of their approach. Therefore, as ſoon as they arrive within hearing, they ſtop and hollow, remaining there till invited to enter. Two old men uſually come out to them, and lead them in. There is in every village a vacant dwelling, called the *ſtranger's houſe*. Here they are placed, while the old men go round from hut to hut, acquainting the inhabitants that ſtrangers are arrived, who are probably hungry and weary; and every one ſends them what he can ſpare of victuals, and ſkins to repoſe on. When the ſtrangers are refreſhed, pipes and tobacco are brought; and then, but not before, converſation begins, with inquiries who they are, whither bound, what news, &c. and it uſually ends with offers of ſervice: if the ſtrangers have occaſion for guides, or any neceſſaries for continuing their journey, and nothing is exacted for the entertainment.

The ſame hoſpitality, eſteemed among them as a principal virtue, is practiſed by private perſons; of which Conrad Weiſar gave Dr. Franklin the following inſtance: He had been naturalized among the ſix nations, and ſpoke well the Mohock language.

In going through the Indian country, to carry a meſſage from our governor to the council at Onondaga, he called at the habitation of Canaſſetego, an old acquaintance, who embraced him, ſpread furs for him to ſit on, placed before him ſome boiled beans and veniſon, and mixed ſome rum and water for his drink.—When he was well refreſhed, and had lit his pipe, Canaſſetego began to converſe with him: aſked how he had fared the many years ſince they had ſeen each other, whence he then came, what had occaſioned the journey, &c. Conrad anſwered all his queſtions; and when the diſ-

courſe began to flag, the Indian, to continue it, ſaid, "Conrad, you have lived long among the white people, and know ſomething of their cuſtoms; I have been ſometimes at Albany, and have obſerved, that once in ſeven days, they ſhut up their ſhops, and aſſemble all in the great houſe; tell me what it is for?—What do they do there?" "They meet there," ſays Conrad, "to hear and learn *good things*." "I do not doubt," ſays the Indian, "that they tell you ſo; they have told me the ſame: but I doubt the truth of what they ſay, and I will tell you my reaſons.

I went lately to Albany to ſell my ſkins, and buy blankets, knives, powder, rum, &c. You know I generally uſed to deal with Hans Hanſon; but I was a little inclined this time to try ſome other merchants. However, I called firſt upon Hans, and aſked him what he would give for beaver. He ſaid he could not give more than four ſhillings a pound; but (ſays he) I cannot talk on buſineſs now; this is the day when we meet together to learn *good things*, and I am going to the meeting. So I thought to myſelf, ſince I cannot do any buſineſs to-day, I may as well go to the meeting too; and I went with him.

There ſtood up a man in black, and began to talk to the people very angrily. I did not underſtand what he ſaid; but perceiving that he looked much at me and at Hanſon, I imagined he was angry at ſeeing me there: ſo I went out, ſat down near the houſe, ſtruck fire, and lit my pipe, waiting till the meeting ſhould break up. I thought too, that the man had mentioned ſomething of beaver, and I ſuſpected that it might be the ſubject of their meeting. So, when they came out, I accoſted my merchant. "Well, Hans, (ſays I,) I hope you have agreed to give more than four ſhillings a pound?" "No, (ſays he,) I cannot give ſo much, I cannot give more than three and ſix-pence." I then ſpoke to ſeveral other dealers, but they all ſung the ſame ſong, three and ſix-pence, three and ſix-pence. This made it clear to me that my ſuſpicion was right; and that whatever they pretended of meeting to learn *good things*, the real purpoſe was, to conſult how to cheat Indians in the price of bea-

ver. Conſider but a little, Conrad, and you muſt be of my opinion. If they met ſo often to learn *good things*, they certainly would have learned ſome before this time: But they are ſtill ignorant.

You know our practice. If a white man, in travelling through our country, enters one of our cabins, we all treat him as I treat you; we dry him if he is wet, we warm him if he is cold, and give him meat and drink, to allay his thirſt and hunger; and we ſpread ſoft furs for him to reſt and ſleep on: We demand nothing in return. But if I go into a white man's houſe at Albany, and aſk for victuals and drink, they ſay, Where is your money? And if I have none, they ſay, Get out, you Indian dog. You ſee they have not yet learned thoſe little *good things* that we need no meeting to be inſtructed in; becauſe our mothers taught them to us when we were children; and therefore it is impoſſible their meetings ſhould be, as they ſay, for any ſuch purpoſe, or have any ſuch effect; they are only to contrive *the cheating of Indians in the price of beaver*."

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

MODESTY REWARDED.

STRETCH.

A Certain cardinal, by the multitude of his generous actions, gave occaſion for the world to call him the patron of the poor. This eccleſiaſtical prince had a conſtant cuſtom, once a week, to give public audience to all indigent people, in the hall of his palace, and to relieve every one according to their various neceſſities, or the motions of his own goodneſs.

One day, a poor widow, encouraged by the fame of his bounty, came into the hall of this cardinal, with her only daughter, a beautiful maid, about fifteen years of age. When her turn came to be heard among a crowd of petitioners, the cardinal, obſerving the marks of an extraordinary modeſty in her face and carriage, as alſo in her daughter, encouraged her to tell her wants freely. She, bluſhing, and not without tears, thus addreſſed herſelf to him: "My lord, I owe for the rent of my houſe five crowns, and ſuch is my misfortune, that I have no way left to pay it, except that which would break my heart, (and my landlord threatens to force me to it,) which is, to proſtitute this my only daughter, whom I have hitherto, with great care, educated in the principles of virtue. What I beg of your eminence is, that you would be pleaſed to interpoſe your authority, and protect us from the violence of this cruel man, till, by honeſt induſtry, we can procure the money for him." The cardinal, moved with admiration of the woman's virtue and modeſt requeſt, bade her be of good courage:

then he immediately wrote a billet, and giving it into the woman's hand, " Go," ſaid he, " to my ſteward, " and he ſhall deliver thee five crowns to pay thy rent." The widow, overjoyed, and returning the cardinal a thouſand thanks, went directly to the ſteward, and gave him the note. When he had read it, he told out fifty crowns. She, aſtoniſhed at the circumſtance, and not knowing what the cardinal had written, refuſed to take above five crowns, ſaying, ſhe mentioned no more to his eminence, and ſhe was ſure it was ſome miſtake. On the other hand, the ſteward inſiſted on his maſter's order, not daring to call it in queſtion. But all the arguments he could uſe were inſufficient to prevail on her to take any more than five crowns. Wherefore, to end the controverſy, he offered to go back with her to the cardinal, and refer it to him. When they came before that munificent prince, and he was fully informed of the buſineſs; " It is true," ſaid he, " I miſtook in writing fifty crowns, give me the paper, and I will rectify it." Upon which he wrote again, ſaying to the woman, " So much modeſty and virtue deſerves a recompence: here I have ordered you five hundred crowns; what you can ſpare of it, lay up as a dowry to give with your daughter in marriage.

STORY OF LA ROCHE.

FROM THE MIRROR.

MORE than forty years ago, an Engliſh philoſopher, whoſe works have ſince been read and admired by all Europe, reſided at a little town in France. Some diſappointments in his native country had firſt driven him abroad, and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found in this retreat, where the connexions even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect ſecluſion and retirement highly favourable to the abſtract ſubjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

One morning, while he ſat buſied in thoſe ſpeculations which afterwards aſtoniſhed the world, an old

female domeſtic, who ſerved him for a houſekeeper, brought him word, that an elderly gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village the preceding evening, on their way to ſome diſtant country, and that the father had been ſuddenly ſeized in the night with a dangerous diſorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove mortal: that ſhe had been ſent for, as having ſome knowledge in medicine, the village ſurgeon being then abſent; and that it was truly piteous to ſee the good old man, who ſeemed not ſo much afflicted by his own diſtreſs as by that which it cauſed to his daughter. Her maſter laid aſide the volume in his hand and broke off the chain of ideas it had inſpired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat, and he followed his *gouvernante* to the ſick man's apartment.

'Twas the beſt in the little inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithſtanding. Mr. H. was obliged to ſtoop as he entered it. It was floored with earth, and above were the joiſts not plaſtered, and hung with cobwebs. On a flock bed, at one end, lay the old man he came to viſit; at the foot of it ſat his daughter: ſhe was dreſſed in a clean white bed-gown; her dark locks hung looſely over it as ſhe bent forward, watching the languid looks of her father. Mr. H. and his houſekeeper had ſtood ſome moments in the room without the young lady's being ſenſible of their entering it. "Mademoiſelle!" ſaid the old woman, at laſt, in a ſoft tone: ſhe turned, and ſhowed one of the fineſt faces in the world: it was touched, not ſpoiled, with ſorrow; and when ſhe perceived a ſtranger, whom the old woman now introduced to her, a bluſh at firſt, and then the gentle ceremonial of native politeneſs, which the affliction of the time tempered, but did not extinguiſh, croſſed it for a moment, and changed its expreſſion. 'Twas ſweetneſs all, however, and our philoſopher felt it ſtrongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his ſervices in few ſincere ones. "Monſieur lies miſerably ill here," ſaid the *gouvernante*; "if he could poſſibly be moved, any where."—"If he could be moved to our houſe," ſaid her maſter. He had a ſpare bed for a friend, and there was a garret-room unoccupied, next to the *gouvernante*'s. It was contrived accord-

ingly. The ſcruples of the ſtranger, who could look ſcruples, though he could not ſpeak them, were overcome, and the baſhful reluctance of his daughter gave way to her belief of its uſe to her father. The ſick man was wrapped in blankets, and carried acroſs the ſtreet to the Engliſh gentleman's. The old woman helped his daughter to nurſe him there. The ſurgeon, who arrived ſoon after, preſcribed a little, and nature did much for him: in a week he was able to thank his benefactor.

By this time his hoſt had learned the name and character of his gueſt. He was a Proteſtant clergyman of Switzerland, called La Roche, a widower, who had lately buried his wife, after a long and lingering illneſs, for which travelling had been preſcribed, and was now returning home, after an ineffectual and melancholy journey, with his only child, the daughter we have mentioned.

He was a devout man, as became his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed devotion in all its warmth, but with none of its aſperity. His *gouvernante* joined the old man and his daughter in the prayers and thankſgivings which they put up on his recovery. The philoſopher walked out with his long ſtaff and his dog, and left them to their prayers and thankſgivings.—"My maſter," ſaid the old woman, "alas! he is not a chriſtian: but he is the beſt of unbelievers."—"Not a chriſtian!" exclaimed Mademoiſelle La Roche; "yet he ſaved my father! "Heaven bleſs him for it; I would he were a chriſtian!" "There is a pride in human knowledge, my child," ſaid her father, "which often blinds men to the ſublime "truths of revelation; hence oppoſers of Chriſtianity "are found among men of virtuous lives, as well as a-"mong thoſe of diſſipated and licentious characters. "Nay, ſometimes I have known the latter more eaſily "converted to the true faith than the former, becauſe "the fume of paſſion is more eaſily diſſipated than the "miſt of falſe theory and deluſive ſpeculation."—"But, Mr. H." ſaid his daughter," "alas! my father, "he ſhall be a Chriſtian before he dies." She was interrupted by the arrival of their landlord. He took her hand with an air of kindneſs; ſhe drew it away from him

in ſilence, threw down her eyes to the ground, and left the room. " I have been thanking God," ſaid the good La Roche, " for my recovery."—" That is right, "replied his landlord.—" I would not wiſh," continued the old man, heſitatingly, " to think otherwiſe; did I " not look up with gratitude to that Being, I ſhould " barely be ſatisfied with my recovery, as a continua- " tion of life, which, it may be, is not a real good. Alas! " I may live to wiſh I had died; that you had left me " to die, Sir, inſtead of kindly relieving me (he claſped " Mr. H.'s hand); but, when I look on this renovated " being as the gift of the Almighty, I feel a far differ- " ent ſentiment; my heart dilates with gratitude and " love to him: it is prepared for doing his will, not as " a duty, but as a pleaſure; and regards every breach " of it, not with diſapprobation, but with horror."— " You ſay right, my dear Sir," replied the philoſopher; " but you are not re-eſtabliſhed enough to talk much; " you muſt take care of your health, and neither ſtudy " nor preach for ſome time. I have been thinking over " a ſcheme that ſtruck me to-day, when you mentioned " your intended departure. I never was in Switzerland; " I have a great mind to accompany your daughter and " you into that country. I will help to take care of " you by the road; for, as I was your firſt phyſician, " I hold myſelf reſponſible for your cure." La Roche's eyes gliſtened at the propoſal; his daughter was called in and told of it. She was equally pleaſed with her father: for they really loved their landlord; not, perhaps, the leſs for his infidelity; at leaſt, that circumſtance mixed a ſort of pity with their regard for him; their ſouls were not of a mould for harſher feelings; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by ſhort ſtages; for the philoſopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old man ſhould not be fatigued. The party had time to be well acquainted with one another, and their friendſhip was increaſed by acquaintance. La Roche found a degree of ſimplicity and gentleneſs in his companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wiſe man. His daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally undeceived. She found in him no-

thing of that ſelf-importance which ſuperior parts, or great cultivation of them, is apt to confer. He talked of every thing but philoſophy or religion; he ſeemed to enjoy every pleaſure and amuſement of ordinary life, and to be intereſted in the moſt common topics of diſcourſe; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmoſt plainneſs, and without the leaſt ſhadow of dogmatiſm.

On his part, he was charmed with the ſociety of the good clergyman and his lovely daughter. He found in them the guileleſs manner of the earlieſt times, with the culture and accompliſhment of the moſt refined ones: every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repreſſed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himſelf happy in being the friend of Mademoiſelle La Roche, and ſometimes envied her father the poſſeſſion of ſuch a child.

After a journey of eleven days, they arrived at the dwelling of La Roche. It was ſituated in one of thoſe vallies of the canton of Berne, where nature ſeems to repoſe, as it were, in quiet, and has incloſed her retreat with mountains inacceſſible. A ſtream, that ſpent its fury in the hills above, ran in front of the houſe, and a broken waterfall was ſeen through the wood that covered its ſides; below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the ſpire of La Roche's church, riſing above a clump of beeches.

Mr. H. enjoyed the beauty of the ſcene; but, to his companions, it recalled the memory of a wife and parent they had loſt. The old man's ſorrow was ſilent; the daughter ſobbed and wept. Her father took her hand, kiſſed it twice, preſſed it to his boſom, threw up his eyes to heaven, and, having wiped off a tear that was juſt about to drop from each, began to point out to his gueſt ſome of the moſt ſtriking objects which the proſpect afforded. The philoſopher interpreted all this; and he could but ſlightly cenſure the creed from which it aroſe.

They had not been long arrived, when a number of La Roche's pariſhioners, who had heard of his return,

came to the houſe to ſee and welcome him. The honeſt folks were awkward, but ſincere, in their profeſſions of regard. They made ſome attempts at condolence:—it was too delicate for their handling; but La Roche took it in good part. "It has pleaſed God," ſaid he; and they ſaw he had ſettled the matter with himſelf. Philoſophy could not have done ſo much with a thouſand words.

It was now evening, and the good peaſants were about to depart, when a clock was heard to ſtrike ſeven. "That is the ſignal," ſaid he, "for our evening exer-"ciſe; this is one of the nights of the week in which "ſome of my pariſhioners are wont to join in it; a little "ruſtic ſaloon ſerves for the chapel of our family, and "ſuch of the good people as are with us;—if you chooſe "rather to walk out, I will furniſh you with an attend-"ant; or here are a few old books, that may afford you "ſome entertainment within."—"By no means," anſwered the philoſopher; "I will attend Ma'moiſelle at "her devotions."—"She is our organiſt," ſaid La Roche.—"'Tis an additional inducement," replied the other; and they walked into the room together. The ſolemn prelude introduced a hymn, in which ſuch of the audience as could ſing immediately joined; the words were moſtly taken from holy writ; it ſpoke the praiſes of God, and his care of good men. Something was ſaid of the death of the juſt, of ſuch as die in the Lord. The organ was touched with a hand leſs firm; it pauſed, it ceaſed; and the ſobbing of Ma'moiſelle La Roche was heard in its ſtead. Her father gave a ſign for ſtopping the pſalmody, and roſe to pray. He was diſcompoſed at firſt, and his voice faltered as he ſpoke; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarraſſment. He addreſſed a Being whom he loved, and he ſpoke for thoſe he loved. His pariſhioners caught the ardour of the good old man; even the philoſopher felt himſelf moved, and forgot, for a moment, to think why he ſhould not.

La Roche's religion was that of ſentiment, not theory. The ideas of his God and his Saviour were ſo congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally

awaked them. A philoſopher might have called him an enthuſiaſt; but if he poſſeſſed the fervour of enthuſiaſts, he was guiltleſs of their bigotry. "Our Father, who "art in heaven!" might the good man ſay, for he felt it, and all mankind were his brethren.

"You regret, my friend," ſaid he to Mr. H. "when "my daughter and I talk of the exquiſite pleaſure de- "rived from muſic, you regret your want of muſical "powers and muſical feelings; it is a department of "the ſoul, you ſay, which nature has almoſt denied you, "which, from the effect you ſee it have on others, you "are ſure muſt be highly delightful. Why ſhould not "the ſame thing be ſaid of religion? Truſt me, I feel "it in the ſame way, an energy, an inſpiration, which "I would not loſe for all the bleſſings of ſenſe, or en- "joyments of the world; yet, ſo far from leſſening my "reliſh of the pleaſures of life, methinks I feel it "heighten them all. The thought of receiving it from "God adds the bleſſing of ſentiment to that of ſenſa- "tion, in every good thing I poſſeſs; and when cala- "mities overtake me—and I have had my ſhare—it "confers a dignity on my affliction, ſo lifts me above "the world. Man, I know, is but a worm; yet, me- "thinks, I am then allied to God!" It would have been inhuman in our philoſopher to have clouded, even with a doubt, the ſunſhine of his belief.

It was with regret he left a ſociety in which he found himſelf ſo happy; but he ſettled with La Roche and his daughter a plan of correſpondence; and they took his promiſe, that if ever he came within fifty leagues of their dwelling, he ſhould travel thoſe fifty leagues to viſit them.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

STORY OF LA ROCHE.

CONCLUDED.

ABOUT three years after, our philoſopher was on a viſit at Geneva; the promiſe he made to La Roche and his daughter, on his former viſit, was recalled to his mind, by the view of that range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked together. While he was heſitating about the viſit which he wiſhed to make, but found the effort rather too much for him, he received a letter from the old man, which had been forwarded to him from Paris, where he had then fixed his reſidence. It contained a gentle complaint of Mr. H.'s want of punctuality, but an aſſurance of continued gratitude for his former good offices; and, as a friend whom the writer conſidered intereſted in his family, it informed him of the approaching nuptials of Ma'moiſelle La Roche with a young man, a relation of her own, and formerly a pupil of her father's, of the moſt amiable diſpoſitions and reſpectable character. Attached from their earlieſt years, they had been ſeparated by his joining one of the ſubſidiary regiments of the canton, then in the ſervice of a foreign power. The term of his ſervice was now expired, and they expected him to return in a few weeks, when the old man hoped, as he expreſſed it in his letter, to join their hands, and ſee them happy before he died.

On the laſt day of his journey, different accidents had retarded his progreſs; he was benighted before he

reached the quarter in which La Roche reſided. His guide, however, was well acquainted with the road, and he found himſelf at laſt in view of the lake which I have before deſcribed, in the neighbourhood of La Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that ſeemed to proceed from the houſe; it moved ſlowly along as he proceeded up the ſide of the lake, and at laſt he ſaw it glimmer through the trees, and ſtop at ſome diſtance from the place where he then was. He ſuppoſed it ſome piece of bridal merriment, and puſhed on his horſe, that he might be a ſpectator of the ſcene; but he was a good deal ſhocked, on approaching the ſpot, to find it proceeded from the torch of a perſon clothed in the dreſs of an attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by ſeveral others, who, like him, ſeemed to have been employed in the rites of ſepulture.

On Mr. H.'s making inquiry who was the perſon they had been burying, one of them, with an accent more mournful than is common to their profeſſion, anſwered, "Then you know not Mademoiſelle, Sir—"you never beheld a lovlier"—"La Roche!" exclaimed he in reply—"Alas! it was ſhe indeed!" The appearance of ſurpriſe and grief which his countenance aſſumed, attracted the notice of the peaſant with whom he talked. He came up cloſer to Mr. H.: "I per-"ceive, Sir, you were acquainted with Mademoiſelle "La Roche."—"Acquainted with her! Good God!—"when—how—where did ſhe die?—Where is her fa-"ther?"—"She died, Sir, of heart-break, I believe; "the young gentleman to whom ſhe was ſoon to have "been married, was killed in a duel by a French offi-"cer, his intimate companion, and to whom, before "their quarrel, he had often done the greateſt favours. "Her worthy father bears her death, as he has often "told us a Chriſtian ſhould; he is even ſo compoſed "as to be now in his pulpit, ready to deliver a few ex-"hortations to his pariſhioners, as is the cuſtom with us "on ſuch occaſions: follow me, Sir, and you ſhall "hear him." He followed the man without anſwering.

The church was dimly lighted, except near the pulpit, where the venerable La Roche was ſeated. His

people were now lifting up their voices in a pſalm to that Being whom their paſtor had taught them ever to bleſs and revere. La Roche ſat, his figure bending gently forward, his eyes half cloſed, lifted up in ſilent devotion. A lamp placed near him threw its light ſtrong on his head, and marked the ſhadowy lines of age acroſs the paleneſs of his brow, thinly covered with grey hairs.

The muſic ceaſed:—La Roche ſat for a moment, and nature wrung a few tears from him. His people were loud in their grief. Mr. H. was not leſs affected than they. La Roche aroſe.—"Father of mercies," ſaid he, "forgive theſe tears; aſſiſt thy ſervant to lift "up his ſoul to thee; to lift to thee the ſouls of thy "people. 'Tis only from the belief of the goodneſs "and wiſdom of a Supreme Being that our calamities "can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. "Human wiſdom is here of little uſe; for in propor- "tion as it beſtows comfort, it repreſſes feeling, with- "out which we may ceaſe to be hurt by calamity, but "we ſhall alſo ceaſe to enjoy happineſs. I will not "bid you be inſenſible, my friends! I cannot, I can- "not, if I would, (his tears flowed afreſh)—I feel too "much myſelf, and I am not aſhamed of my feelings; "but therefore may I the more willingly be heard; "therefore have I prayed God to give me ſtrength "to ſpeak to you; to direct you to him, not with "empty words, but with theſe tears; not from ſpecu- "lation, but from experience, that while you ſee me "ſuffer, you may know alſo my conſolation.

"You behold the mourner of his only child, the "laſt earthly ſtay and bleſſing of his declining years! "Such a child too! It becomes not me to ſpeak of her "virtues; yet it is but gratitude to mention them, be- "cauſe they were exerted towards myſelf.—Not many "days ago you ſaw her young, beautiful, virtuous, and "happy; ye who are parents will judge of my felicity "then; ye will judge of my affliction now. But I "look towards him who ſtruck me; I ſee the hand of "a father amidſt the chaſtenings of my God. Go, "then, mourn not for me; I have not loſt my child:

" but a little while, and we ſhall meet again, never to " be ſeparated. But ye are alſo my children: would " ye that I ſhould not grieve without comfort? So " live as ſhe lived, that when your death cometh, it " may be the death of the righteous, and your latter " end like hers."

Such was the exhortation of La Roche; his audience anſwered it with their tears. (The good old man had dried up his at the altar of the Lord; his countenance had loſt its ſadneſs, and aſſumed the glow of faith and hope.) Mr. H. followed him into his houſe. The inſpiration of the pulpit was paſt; at the ſight of him, the ſcene they laſt met in ruſhed again on his mind; La Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered it with his tears. " You ſee my weakneſs," ſaid he, " 'tis the weakneſs of humanity, but my comfort is " not therefore loſt."—" I heard you," ſaid the other, " in the pulpit; I rejoice that ſuch conſolation is " yours."—" It is, my friend," ſaid he, " and I truſt " I ſhall ever hold it faſt; if there are any who doubt " our faith, let them think of what importance religion " is to calamity, and forbear to weaken its force; if " they cannot reſtore our happineſs, let them not take " away the ſolace of our affliction."

Mr. H.'s heart was ſmitten; and I have heard him, long after, confeſs, that there were moments when the remembrance overcame him, even to weakneſs; when, amidſt all the pleaſure of philoſophical diſcovery, and the pride of literary fame, he recalled to his mind the venerable figure of the good La Roche, and wiſhed that he had never doubted.

STORY OF INKLE AND YARICO.

ADDISON.

MR. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, in the good ſhip called the Achilles, bound for the Weſt Indies, on the 16th

of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third ſon of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to inſtil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect maſter of numbers, and conſequently giving him a quick view of loſs and advantage, and preventing the natural impulſes of his paſſions, by prepoſſeſſion towards his intereſts. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a perſon every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, ſtrength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair looſely flowing on his ſhoulders. It happened in the courſe of the voyage, that the Achilles, in ſome diſtreſs, put into a creek on the main of America in ſearch of proviſions: the youth who is the hero of my ſtory, among others, went aſhore on this occaſion. From their firſt landing they were obſerved by a party of Indians, who hid themſelves in the woods for that purpoſe. The Engliſh unadviſedly marched a great diſtance from the ſhore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who ſlew the greateſt number of them. Our adventurer eſcaped, among others, by flying into a foreſt. Upon his coming into a remote and pathleſs part of the wood, he threw himſelf, tired and breathleſs, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid ruſhed from a thicket behind him: after the firſt ſurpriſe, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American, the American was no leſs taken with the dreſs, complexion, and ſhape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and conſequently ſolicitous for his preſervation: ſhe therefore conveyed him to a cave, where ſhe gave him a delicious repaſt of fruits, and led him to a ſtream to ſlake his thirſt. In the midſt of theſe good offices, ſhe would ſometimes play with his hair, and delight in the oppoſition of its colour to that of her fingers; then open his boſom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it ſeems, a perſon of diſtinction, for ſhe every day came to him in a different dreſs, of the moſt beautiful ſhells, bugles, and beads. She likewiſe brought him a great many ſpoils, which her other lovers had preſented to her; ſo that his cave was richly adorned with all the ſpotted ſkins of beaſts,

and moſt party coloured feathers of fowls, which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, ſhe would carry him in the duſk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and ſolitudes, and ſhew him where to lie down in ſafety, and ſleep amidſt the falls of waters, and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him aſleep in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occaſions to conſult his ſafety. In this manner did the lovers paſs away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his miſtreſs, how happy he ſhould be to have her in his country, where ſhe ſhould be clothed in ſuch ſilks as his waiſtcoat was made of, and be carried in houſes drawn by horſes, without being expoſed to wind or weather. All this he promiſed her the enjoyment of, without ſuch fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correſpondence theſe lovers lived for ſeveral months, when Yarico, inſtructed by her lover, diſcovered a veſſel on the coaſt, to which ſhe made ſignals; and in the night with the utmoſt joy and ſatisfaction, accompanied him to a ſhip's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes. When a veſſel from the main arrives in that iſland, it ſeems the planters come down to the ſhore, where there is an immediate market for the Indian, and other ſlaves, as with us of horſes and oxen.

To be ſhort, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into Engliſh territories, began ſeriouſly to reflect upon his loſs of time, and to weigh with himſelf how many days' intereſt of his money he had loſt during his ſtay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very penſive and careful what account he ſhould be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which conſiderations, the prudent and frugal young man ſold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant; notwithſtanding that the poor girl to incline him to commiſerate her condition, told him that ſhe was with child by him: but he only made uſe of that information, to riſe in his demands upon the purchaſer.

THE HAPPY PEASANT.

STERNE.

MANY are the ſilent pleaſures of the honeſt peaſant; who riſes cheerfully to his labour:—look into his dwelling—where the ſcene of every happineſs chiefly lies:—he has the ſame domeſtic endearments—as much joy and comfort in his children, and as flattering hopes of their doing well—to enliven his hours and glad his heart, as you could conceive in the moſt affluent ſtation.—And I make no doubt, in general, but if the true account of his joys and ſufferings were to be balanced with thoſe of his betters—that the upſhot would prove to be little more than this, that the rich man had the more meat—but the poor man the better ſtomach; the one had more luxury—more able phyſicians to attend and ſet him to rights;—the other more health and ſoundneſs in his bones, and leſs occaſion for their help; that, after theſe two articles betwixt them were balanced—in all other things they ſtood upon a level:—that the ſun ſhines as warm—the air blows as freſh—and the earth breathes as fragrant upon the one as the other: and that they have an equal ſhare in all the beauties and real benefits of nature.

PLEASURE ARISING FROM BOOKS.

AIKIN.

AT the head of all the pleaſures which offer themſelves to the man of education, may confidently be placed that derived from books; no other can ſtand in competition with it. Imagine that we had it in our power to call up the ſhades of the greateſt and wiſeſt men that ever exiſted, to converſe with us on the moſt intereſting topics—what a privilege ſhould we think it! how ſuperior to all common enjoyments!—but in a well-furniſhed library we, in fact, poſſeſs this. We can

queſtion Xenophon and Cæſar on their campaigns, make Demoſthenes and Cicero plead before us, join in the audiences of Socrates and Plato, and receive demonſtrations from Euclid and Newton. In books we have the choiceſt thoughts of the ableſt men in their beſt dreſs. We can at pleaſure exclude dulneſs, and open our doors to good ſenſe alone. It is needleſs to repeat the high commendations that have been beſtowed on the ſtudy of letters by perſons who had free acceſs to every other ſource of gratification. Inſtead of quoting Cicero to you, I ſhall in plain terms give you the reſult of my own experience on this ſubject. Without books I have never been able to paſs a ſingle day to my entire ſatisfaction; with them no day has been ſo dark as not to have its pleaſure. Even pain and ſickneſs have for a time been charmed away by them. "Sweet pliability of man's ſpirit," cried Sterne, on relating an occurrence of this kind in his Sentimental Journey, "that can at once ſurrender itſelf to illuſions, which cheat expectation and ſorrow of their weary moments!"

Such occurrences have afforded me full proof both of the poſſibility of being cheaply pleaſed, and of the conſequence it is of to the ſum of human felicity, not to neglect minute attentions to make the moſt of life as it paſſes.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

The SHEPHERDS *of the* PYRENEES.

BY MADAME DE GENLIS.

I Travelled about twelve years ago: after having traverſed part of our Southern Provinces, I arrived at that great chain of mountains which ſeparates us from Spain. I ſtopped there in a delightful ſolitude, and hired a pretty little houſe, determined on paſſing the ſummer. —In my peaceful cottage I heard only the majeſtic voice of nature; the ſtriking and rapid fall of the caſcades and torrents; the lowings of the diſperſed flocks in the meadows, the ruſtic ſound of the flageolet, the pipe, and the rural airs the young ſhepherd repeats ſitting on the edge of the rock, in theſe places where the country is ſo charming. I devoted the greateſt part of the day to walking—I explored firſt all the mountains that environed me, I often met the flocks; the ſhepherds that guarded them were all children, or young perſons, the oldeſt of whom was not above fifteen. I remarked that theſe occupied the higheſt mountains, whilſt the children, not yet venturing to climb the ſteep and ſlippery rocks, remained in the paſtures of eaſier acceſs. So that in deſcending the mountains you ſee the ſhepherds diminiſhed in ſize and age, and you only find on the little hills that border the plains, young ſhepherds of eight or nine years old. This obſervation made me imagine, that the flocks of the valleys had ſtill younger guardians, or at leaſt of the ſame age as thoſe of the little hills: I queſtioned one of the children; "Do you ever conduct your goats down there?" I aſked him. "I ſhall go there ſome day," ſaid he, ſmiling, "but before that a conſiderable

time will paſs, and I muſt make many a long journey." —" How then?"—" Why, I muſt go firſt quite to the top, and after that I ſhall work with my father, and when I am ſixty I ſhall go down into the valley," " What, the ſhepherds of the valley are old men, then?—" Yes, our eldeſt brothers are on the mountains, and our grandfathers in the plains." As he finiſhed theſe words, I left him, and deſcended into the delicious and fertile valley of Campan: at firſt I perceived only numerous herds of oxen and flocks of ſheep, which occupied almoſt all the ſpace; but ſoon after I diſtinguiſhed the venerable ſhepherds ſitting or lying on little banks of the meadows; I experienced a painful ſenſation on ſeeing theſe old men inſulated, left to themſelves in ſolitude: I was going to contemplate the more charming picture, theſe mountains peopled with inhabitants ſo young, ſo active, and buſy, this happy reſidence of innocence and gaiety, where the echoes repeat nothing but ſongs of joy, of innocent ſmiles and the ſweet notes of the pipe! I quitted all that is moſt amiable upon earth, infancy and earlieſt youth, and it was with a kind of melancholy that I found myſelf with this multitude of old men; this meeting of the two extremes of life, offered me a contraſt ſo much the more ſtriking, as theſe good ſires, careleſsly ſtretched upon the graſs, ſeemed plunged in a profound and melancholy reverie; their penſive tranquillity ſeemed dejection of ſpirits, and their meditation, ſadneſs cauſed by a cruel deſertion; I ſaw them alone, far from their children, I pitied them, and advanced ſlowly towards them, with a mingled ſentiment of compaſſion and reſpect. Walking thus, I found myſelf oppoſite to one of the old men who engaged all my attention; he had the moſt noble and moſt engaging figure, his hair, of a moſt dazzling whiteneſs, fell in ſilver ringlets on his venerable ſhoulders; candour and goodneſs were painted on his features, and the ſerenity of his brow and of his locks ſhowed the unalterable tranquillity of his mind; he was ſeated at the foot of a mountain, cut to a point in this place, and covered with moſs and herbage; an enormous maſs of rocks placed perpendicularly over him, projected from the top of the mountain, and formed, at an elevation of more than two hundred feet, a ſort of ruſtic canopy which covered his venerable head from the heat of the ſun.

After having obtained permiſſion of the old man to ſeat myſelf by his ſide, I repeated to him what the little ſhepherd of the mountain had juſt told me, and I aſked him for the explanation of it. "Time out of mind," replied the old man, "the men of this country have devoted to the paſtoral life the two ages that ſeem beſt fitted for it, theſe two extremes of life, infancy which is juſt come from the hands of nature, and old age juſt ready to re-enter her boſom. Children, as you have ſeen, conduct the flocks on the mountains, it is there they acquire that vigour, that agility, that hardineſs which particularly diſtinguiſh the inhabitants of the mountain; they are trained to climb the rocks, to croſs torrents; they are accuſtomed to contemplate without fear the depth of the precipices, and often run on the edge of the abyſs to recover a fugitive goat; but at fifteen they quit the ſhepherds' life to become cultivators; at this epoch, the young man, proud of being aſſociated to the labours of his father, abandons without regret his mountain, he joyfully reſigns his crook into weaker hands; henceforth the pick-axe and the ſpade will more worthily employ his nervous arm, yet, before he deſcends into the plains, he caſts a ſorrowful look upon his flock, hitherto the ſole object of all his cares, and he does not receive without a tender regret the laſt careſſes of his faithful dog. Admitted into the claſs of labourers, we remain there till the decline of our ſtrength, but when we can no longer labour at agriculture we humbly reſume our ſcrip and crook, and paſs the reſt of our days in theſe meadows." The old man was ſilent, a ſlight cloud for an inſtant darkened the ſerenity of his brow: I ſaw that he recalled with ſome regret the time when old age had forced him to devote himſelf for ever to a paſtoral life; but he was ſilent and I dared not to interrogate him more; but ſoon after breaking ſilence:—"And for the remainder," reſumed he, "our old age is perfectly happy, it ſlides away in a ſweet tranquillity."—"But," interrupted I, "ſo long a habit of labouring muſt render this eternal repoſe tedious?" "No," replied he—"becauſe this repoſe is uſeful. I ſhould be conſumed with wearineſs if I remained unemployed in our cottages; he who does not render himſelf uſeful to others is a burthen to himſelf; but taking care of theſe flocks, ſitting all day

under theſe rocks, I am as uſeful to my family as when I was able to till the earth and to follow the plough; this thought alone ſuffices to make me love my peaceable retreat. Beſides, think, that when a man has, during fifty years, exerciſed without intermiſſion his arms and his ſtrength, that it is a ſweet reflection to have no other duty to fulfil than that of paſſing his days ſoftly reclining on the turf of the meadow."—"And in this ſtate of inaction do you never experience diſcontent?" "How can I experience diſcontent ſurrounded by ſuch dear objects, and which recall to my memory ſuch dear thoughts! I have traverſed all thoſe mountains which encompaſs us in my earlieſt youth, I can diſcover from here by the ſituation of the groups of fir trees and of the maſs of rocks, the places I ofteneſt frequented; my weakened ſight will not permit me to diſtinguiſh all that your eyes diſcover; but my memory ſupplies the defect, it repreſents faithfully what my eye cannot perceive; this kind of reverie demands a certain attention which increaſes the intereſt. My imagination tranſports me on the elevated hills which are loſt in the clouds; impreſſions never to be obliterated guide me to traverſe thoſe winding routs, thoſe ſteep and ſlippery paths, which interſect and unite them, whilſt my decaying memory abandons me all at once ſometimes on the brink of a torrent, ſometimes on the edge of a precipice; I ſtop, I ſhudder, and if that inſtant I can recollect the road I have loſt, my heart palpitates with as much joy as in the ſpring of my days. It is thus without moving from my place, tranſported on the mountains, I ſee them, I run over them, and I recall all the quick emotions and all the pleaſures of my youth."

As the old man ended theſe words, we heard at a diſtance and at the ſummit of the mountain behind us the notes of a flageolet: "Ah!" ſaid the old man, ſmiling, "There's Tobie come on the rock; he is repeating the air that I love ſo much, it is the romance that I played ſo often at his age!" In ſaying theſe words the good old man marked time ſlowly with his head, and gaiety ſparkled in his eyes. "Who is Tobie?" I aſked. "He is a ſhepherd in his fifteenth year, he loves my

grand-daughter Lina, they are of the ſame age; may I ſee them united before I die! This is the time our grand-daughter brings us ſome refreſhment every morning. Then Tobie always brings his goats to the rock where he knows I repoſe." The old man was ſtill ſpeaking when I perceived at a diſtance at the other end of the valley a number of young girls who advanced neatly dreſſed, and were ſoon diſperſed in the plain: at the ſame time the ſhepherds of the hills all ran together and appeared on the ſteep borders of the mountains that encompaſſed us; one party preſſed forward to the extremity of the precipice, which made one ſhudder to ſee the earth that ſupported them ſhake under their feet; the others had climbed up trees in order to diſcover ſooner the lively and amiable party that attended every day at the ſame hour: at this epoch of the day the flocks of the mountain were abandoned in an inſtant to wander at liberty; all was in movement on the hills and in the plain; curioſity, glowing love, paternal tenderneſs, produced a general emotion among both the young and old ſhepherds. The young villagers ſeparated to ſeek their grand-fathers in the meadow to preſent their pretty oſier baſkets with fruits and cheeſes, they ran with eagerneſs towards theſe good old men who held out their arms to receive them; I admired the grace and light figure of theſe pretty peaſants of the Pyrenees, who were all remarkable for the elegance and beauty of their ſhapes; but my heart was moſt intereſted for Lina; ſhe was ſtill at a hundred paces from us when her grand-father pointed her out from a group of young girls, in ſaying, "There is the prettieſt," and it was not paternal fondneſs, for indeed Lina was charming.—She threw herſelf into the arms of the old man, who preſſed her tenderly to his heart, ſhe then quitted him to fetch her baſket, which one of her companions held; in this motion Lina raiſed her timid eyes towards the ſummit of the mountain, and Tobie, on the point of the rock, received this tender look, for which he had impatiently waited ſince the riſing of Aurora, and which ſweetly recompenced him for all his day's labour! Tobie then threw down a bunch of roſes which fell a few paces from the group formed by Lina and her companions. Lina bluſhed, but dared not pick them up; the old

man enjoyed her confuſion, and the other girls laughing with a little malice and a great deal of gaiety, cried out all together, "*It is for Lina, it is for Lina:*" at laſt Lina was condemned to take the bouquet; with a trembling hand ſhe placed it in her boſom, and to hide her embarraſſment took refuge on the rock with her grandfather, and ſeated herſelf by him. I left them to enjoy the charms of a converſation full of tenderneſs and ſweetneſs, and with my head full of the reſpectable old man, of Lina, and of Tobie, I reached my little habitation, ſaying, if happineſs exiſts on earth, it is here; ſuch are the ſentiments which ought to aſſure us the poſſeſſion.——We have ſeen that the life of a peaſant of the Pyrenees is divided into three remarkable epochs; he is firſt a ſhepherd of the mountain, from the age of eight to fifteen; he then enters the claſs of the labourer, and when he arrives at old age he becomes a ſhepherd of the valley. The moſt brilliant of theſe periods is when the young man is promoted to the rank of a labourer, they celebrate this with great ſolemnity. As ſoon as the ſhepherd of the mountain has attained his fifteenth year, his father goes and conducts him into the fields or vine-yards, which he is from henceforth to cultivate: this memorable day is a day of rejoicing to the young man's family, I wiſhed to ſee this rural ceremony; I ſpoke to my good old friend, Lina's grand-father, who informed me that Tobie in a month would quit for ever the mountain and the rock, to which his love for Lina had ſo often conducted him. And there is another circumſtance which will add ſtill more to the intereſt of this ceremony: Tobie's father, who is ſeventy, will on that day renounce the claſs of a cultivator to enter into that of a ſhepherd; he will aſſemble his four ſons of a firſt marriage; Tobie is a child of the ſecond, and the youngeſt of his brothers is at leaſt thirty. The day fixed for the ceremony at laſt arrived, I was on the plain three hours before ſun ſet. I found all the old ſhepherds aſſembled at the foot of the mountain, where Tobie watched his flock; ſoon after we perceived a crowd of peaſants and villagers advancing of all ages, fantaſtically attired; Lina, conducted by her mother, placed herſelf near me, and without doubt was not the leaſt intereſted in the feſtival. This party preceded

Tobie's father, who gravely advanced, ſurrounded by his four ſons; the old man carried a ſpade, and was ſupported by his eldeſt ſon. Being arrived at the foot of the mountain, all the multitude ſeparated to let him have a free paſſage, but the old man ſtopped, and ſorrowfully ſurveying the ſteep road which led to the ſummit of the mountain, he ſighed, and after a moment's ſilence;—"I ought," ſaid he, "according to the general cuſtom, to go myſelf and fetch my ſon, but I am ſeventy years old, and can only wait for him?"—— "Ah! my father," cried his children, "we will carry you." They received univerſal applauſe for this propoſition, the old man ſmiled, and his ſons formed with their arms twined together a kind of litter, took him gently up, and began the march immediately. All the country women remained in the plain, but I followed the old man, as I wiſhed to be a witneſs of the meeting with Tobie. We walked ſlowly, the old man making them ſtop from time to time, to take breath, and to contemplate the places we were traverſing, and which brought to his memory the ſweet recollection of his youth; he ſtarted at hearing from all quarters the clear ſounds of the bells hung at the necks of the ſheep and goats, and which are only uſed for the flocks of the mountain; he frequently told us of particular objects that we ſhould ſee; but time had often deſtroyed or changed what he had repreſented. He regarded all that was offered to our view on the road with a double intereſt of ſentiment and of curioſity; as we advanced farther on, the expreſſion of his countenance became more lively and animated; joy ſparkled in his eyes, and he ſeemed to renew his life, in breathing, for the laſt time, the invigorating and pure air of the mountain. At laſt we arrived at the end of our journey: they ſet the old man on a rock; he roſe, and ſupporting himſelf on the ſpade which he had not quitted, he contemplated with delight the immenſe countries that he commanded. At this inſtant Tobie came, and threw himſelf at his father's feet; and the old man, embracing him with tenderneſs, "Here, my ſon, (ſaid he) take this ſpade, which has ſerved me half a century; may you keep it as long! to reſign it myſelf into your hands, I have prolonged, beyond the ordinary term, the la-

bour which is painful at my age; I quit to-day our fields, our vineyards, but you are going to replace me." Saying theſe words, the old man gave Tobie the ſpade, and aſked his crook in exchange. "Oh! my father, (ſaid the young man) receive again this faithful dog, who has obeyed me ſeven years, and for the future will follow and defend you, he will never more uſefully ſerve me!" At theſe words the old man could not retain a few tears, which gently rolled down his venerable cheeks; he careſſed the dog his ſon preſented to him; the animal ſtruggled in Tobie's arms, and ſeemed to expreſs by his lamentations his fear of changing his maſter. We all took the road to the valley, where we found all the villagers, and the feſtival was ended by a ruſtic ball, when I had the pleaſure of ſeeing Tobie dance with Lina. The following day I returned into the meadow, where I found my two good old friends, ſeated by the ſide of one another, entertaining themſelves with an account of their youth, but moſtly of their children. Lina brought them punctually at the accuſtomed hour fruits and milk. Tobie was not there, but Lina threw her eyes on the rock, ſhe ſaw with quick delight the mutual friendſhip of the old men, it was for her a tender preſage. In ſhort, I have ſince heard, that the old men enjoyed the happineſs of celebrating the nuptials of Lina and Tobie, and that Lina is now one of the tendereſt and happieſt wives and mothers.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

ADVENTURE

IN THE CONVENT OF THE CARMELITES.

CAMPBELL.

AUGSBURGH is a handſome city; the public buildings in general magnificent, and adorned with fountains, water engines of a curious conſtruction, and ſtatues. On the whole, it is a moſt agreeable place to live in. Touched with the ſenſations natural to a man who loves to ſee his fellow-creatures happy, (for happy here, indeed, the inhabitants ſeemed,) my heart expanded to a ſyſtem of peace and harmony, comprehending the whole globe: my mind expatiated involuntarily on the bleſſings and advantages derived from ſuch a ſyſtem; and, taking flight from the bounds of practicability, to which our feeble nature is pinned on this earth, into the regions of fancy, had reared a fabric of Utopian mold, which, I verily believe, exceeded in extravagance the works of all the Utopian architects that ever conſtructed caſtles in the air.

Hurried on by this delightful viſion, my perſon paid an involuntary obedience to my mind; and the quickneſs of my pace increaſing with the impetuoſity of my thoughts, I found myſelf, before I was aware of it, within the Chapel-door of the Convent of the Carmelites. Obſerving my error, I ſuddenly turned about, in order to depart, when a friar, a goodly perſon of a man, elderly, and of a benign aſpect, called me, and,

advancing toward me, aſked, in terms of politeneſs, and in the French language, why I was retreating ſo abruptly: I was confuſed; but truth is an enemy before whom confuſion ever flies; and I told him the whole of my miſtake, and the thoughts from which it aroſe.

The good father, waving further diſcourſe on the ſubject, but with a ſmile which I thought carried a mixture of benevolence for myſelf, and contempt for my ideas, brought me through the church, and ſhewed me all the rarities of the place, particularly pointing out to me, as a great curioſity, a ſun-dial made in the form of a Madona, the head enriched with rays and ſtars, and in the hand a ſceptre, which marked the hours.

Quitting the chapel, and going toward the refectory, the friar ſtood, and looking at me with a ſmile of gaiety, ſaid, "I have yet ſomething to ſhew you, which, while Lady Madona marks the time, will help us to paſs it; and, as it will make its way with more force and ſubtlety to your ſenſes, than thoſe I have yet ſhewn you, will be likely to be longer retained in remembrance."

He ſpoke a few words in German, which of courſe I did not underſtand, to a viſion bearing the ſhape of a human creature, who, I underſtood, was a lay-brother; and, turning down a long alley, brought me to his cell, where we were ſoon followed by the aforeſaid lay-brother, with a large earthern jug of liquor, two glaſſes, and a plate with ſome delicately white biſcuit.

"You muſt know," ſaid the friar, "that the Convent of Carmelites, at Augſburgh, has, for ages, been famed for beer unequalled in any part of the world; and I have brought you here to have your opinion; for, being an Engliſhman, you muſt be a judge, the Britons being famed for luxury, and a perfect knowledge of the *ſçavoir vivre*." He poured out, and drank to me: it looked more like the cleareſt champaigne than beer. I never taſted any thing to equal it; and he ſeemed highly gratified by the expreſſions of praiſe which I laviſhed upon it.

After we had drank a glaſs each, "I have been reflecting," ſaid the friar, "on the ſingular flight of fancy that directed your ſteps into this convent. Your mind was diſeaſed, my ſon! and a propitious ſuperintending Power has guided your ſteps to a phyſician, if you will but have the goodneſs to take the medicine he offers."

I ſtared with viſible marks of aſtoniſhment.

"You are ſurpriſed," continued he; "but you ſhall hear! When firſt you diſcloſed to me thoſe ſickly flights of your mind, I could on the inſtant have anſwered them: but you are young—you are an Engliſhman—two characters impatient of reproof: the dogmas of a prieſt, I thought, therefore, would be ſufficiently difficult to be digeſted of themſelves, without any additional diſtaſte caught from the chilling auſterity of a chapel."

I looked unintentionally at the earthen jug, and ſmiled.

"It is very true," ſaid he, catching my very inmoſt thoughts from the expreſſion of my countenance, "it is very true! good doctrine may, at certain times, and with certain perſons, be more effectually enforced under the cheering influence of the ſocial board, than by the authoritative declamation and formal ſanctity of the pulpit; nor am I, though a Carmelite, one of thoſe who pretend to think, that a thing, in itſelf good, can be made bad by decent hilarity, and the animation produced by a moderate and wiſe uſe of the goods of this earth."

I was aſtoniſhed.

"You fell into reverie," continued he, "produced by a contemplation of the happineſs of a ſociety exiſting without any difference, and where no human breath ſhould be waſted on a ſigh, no ear tortured with a groan, no tears to trickle, no griefs or calamities to wring the heart."

"Yes, father!" ſaid I, catching the idea with my former enthuſiaſm; "that would be my wiſh—that my greateſt, firſt deſire."

"Then ſeeſt thou," interrupted he, "the extent of thy wiſh, ſuppoſe you could realize it, which thank God! you cannot."

"What! thank God that I cannot? are theſe your thoughts?"

"Yes, my ſon; and ere Madona marks the progreſs of ten minutes with her ſceptre, they will be yours too."

"Impoſſible!"

"Hear me, my ſon!—Is not death a horrible precipice to the view of human creatures?"

"Aſſuredly," ſaid I; "the moſt horrible—human laws declare that, by reſorting to it for puniſhment, as the ultimatum of all terrible inflictions."

"When, then," ſaid he, "covered as we are with miſery, to leave this world is ſo inſupportable to the human reflection, what muſt it be if we had nothing but joy and felicity to taſte of in this life? Mark me, child!" ſaid he, with an animated zeal that gave an expreſſion to his countenance beyond any thing I had ever ſeen: "the miſeries, the calamities, the heart-rendings, and the tears, which are ſo intimately interwoven by the great Artiſt in our natures, as not to be ſeparated in a ſingle inſtance, are in the firſt place our ſecurity of a future ſtate, and in the next place ſerve to ſlope the way before us, and, by gradual operation, fit our minds for viewing, with ſome ſort of fortitude, that hideous chaſm that lies between us and that ſtate—death. View thoſe miſeries, then, as the ſpecial acts of mercy and commiſeration of a beneficent Creator, who, with every calamity, melts away a link of that earthly chain that fetters our wiſhes to this diſmal world. Accept his bleſſings and his goods when he ſends them, with gratitude and enjoyment: receive his afflictions too, with as joyous acceptance, and as hearty gratitude. Thus, and not otherwiſe, you will realize all your Utopian flights of deſire, by turning every thing to matter of comfort, and living contented with diſpenſations which you can-

not alter, and, if you could, would moſt certainly alter for the worſe."

I ſat abſorbed in reflection—the friar, after ſome pauſe, proceeded—

"Errors ariſing from virtuous diſpoſitions and the love of our fellow-creators, take their complexion from their parent motives, and are virtuous. Your wiſhes, therefore, my ſon! though erroneous, merit reward, and I truſt will receive it from that Being who ſees the receſſes of the heart; and if the truths I have told you have not failed to make their way to your underſtanding, let your adventure of to-day impreſs this incontrovertible maxim on your mind—ſo limited is man, ſo imperfect in his nature, that the extent of his virtue borders on vice, and the extent of his wiſdom on error."

I thought he was inſpired; and, juſt as he got to the laſt period, every organ of mine was open to take in his words.

"Tis well, my ſon!" ſaid he, "I perceive you like my doctrine: then (changing his manner of ſpeaking, his expreſſive countenance the whole time almoſt anticipating his words) take ſome more of it," ſaid he gaily, pouring out a freſh glaſs. I pleaded the fear of inebriety.—"Fear not," ſaid he; "the beer of this convent never hurts the intellect."

Our converſation continued till near dinner-time; for I was ſo delighted, I ſcarcely knew how to ſnatch myſelf away: ſuch a happy mixture of piety and pleaſantry, grave wiſdom and humour, I had never met. At length the convent-bell tolling, I roſe: he took me by the hand, and, in a tone of the moſt complacent admonition, ſaid, "Remember, my child! as long as you live, remember the Convent of the Carmelites; and in the innumerable evils that certainly await you, if you are to live long, the words you have heard from old friar Auguſtine will afford you comfort."

"Father!" returned I, "be aſſured I carry away from you a token that will never ſuffer me to forget the

hoſpitality, the advice, or the politeneſs of the good father Auguſtine. Poor as I am in natural means, I can make no other return than my good wiſhes, nor leave any impreſſion behind me: but as my eſteem for you, and perhaps my vanity, make me wiſh not to be forgotten, accept this, (a ſeal ring, with a device in hair, which I happened to have on my finger;) and whenever you look at it, let it remind you of one of thoſe (I dare ſay innumerable) inſtances, in which you have contributed to the happineſs and improvement of your fellow-creatures."

The good old man was affected, took the ring, and attended me to the convent gate, pronouncing many bleſſings, and charging me to make Augſburg my way back again to England, if poſſible, and take one glaſs more of the convent ale.

HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

SOME years ſince reſided in a country village a poor but worthy clergyman; who, with the ſmall ſtipend of 40l. per annum, ſupported himſelf, a wife, and ſeven children. At one time walking and meditating in the fields, in much diſtreſs from the narrowneſs of his circumſtances, he ſtumbled on a purſe of gold. Looking round in vain to find its owner, he carried it home to his wife, who adviſed him to employ, at leaſt a part of it, in extricating them from their preſent difficulty: but he conſcientiouſly refuſed until he had uſed his utmoſt endeavours to find out its former proprietor; aſſuring her, that *honeſty is always the beſt policy*. After a ſhort time it was owned by a gentleman who lived at ſome little diſtance, to whom the clergyman returned it, with no other reward than thanks. On the good man's return, his wife could not help reproaching the gentleman with ingratitude, and cenſuring the over-ſcrupulous honeſty of her huſband, but he only replied as before, *honeſty is the beſt policy*. A few months after this, the curate received an invitation to dine with the afore-

ſaid gentleman; who, after hoſpitably entertaining him, gave him the preſentation to a living of 300l. per annum, to which he added a bill of 50l. for his preſent neceſſities. The curate, after making ſuitable acknowledgements to his benefactor, returned with joy to his wife and family, acquainting them with the happy change in his circumſtances, and adding, that he hoped ſhe would now be convinced that *honeſty was the beſt policy*; to which ſhe readily aſſented.

The CHOICE *and* CRITERION *of* RELIGION.

J. MOIR.

WOULD you wiſh, amidſt the vaſt variety of religious ſyſtems in vogue, to make a diſtinction, and prefer the beſt? Recollect the character of Chriſt: keep a ſteady eye on that univerſal and permanent goodwill to men, in which he lived, by which he ſuffered, for which he died. What now would you expect from a mind ſo purely and habitually benign? Is it poſſible to ſuppoſe that a heart thus warm and wide could harbour a narrow wiſh, or utter a partial ſentiment? Moſt luckily, in this point, the fulleſt ſatisfaction is in every man's power. Go, ſearch the religion he has left, to the bottom: not in thoſe artificial theories, however, which have done it the moſt eſſential and laſting injury; not in their manner who aſſume his name, but overlook his example, and who are talking for ever about the merits of his death, at the expence of thoſe virtues which adorned his life; not in thoſe wild and romantic opinions, which, to make us chriſtians, would make us fools: but in thoſe writings, and in thoſe alone, which contain his genuine hiſtory and goſpel; and which, in the moſt peculiar and excluſive ſenſe, are the words of eternal life. Commentators are good for nothing but perplexing the head, and repreſſing the ardour of the heart. Do ye want ſentiment? ſo do they; do ye want devotion? ſo do they; do ye want information? ſo do they. For my own part, I never ſaw one in my life, which was not a thouſand times more unintelligible than

the text. Do read the Scriptures then as you would the LAST WILL of ſome deceaſed friend, in which you expected a large bequeſt; and tell me, in the ſincerity of your ſoul, what you ſee there to circumſcribe the ſocial affections, to quaſh the riſings of benevolence, to check the generous effuſions of humanity? Littleneſs of mind and narrowneſs of temper were certainly no parts of our Saviour's character; and he enjoins nothing which he did not himſelf uniformly and minutely exemplify. Strange! that an inſtitution, which begins and ends in benignity, ſhould be proſtituted to countenance the workings of malevolent paſſions, ſhould produce animoſities among thoſe minds it was intended to unite! But there is not a corruption in the human heart which has not ſometimes borrowed the garb of religion. Chriſtianity, however, it not the leſs precious to the honeſt, that knaves and hypocrites have ſo long abuſed her: and let bigots and ſceptics ſay what they will, ſhe ſoftens and enlarges the heart, warms and impregnates the mind of man, as certainly, and as ſenſibly too, as the ſun does the earth. This CRITERION is as obvious as it is deciſive. True generoſity is always open, always acceptable, and always known. Whoever would be thought pious, without this genuine ſignature of piety; be his behaviour as ſtarch, and his face as ſad and ſanctimonious as you will, mark him down for a hypocrite. But he whoſe boſom heaves with kindneſs, who would not ſay or do a thing to hurt another for the world, whoſe ruling diſpoſition is to be obliging and beneficent, (whatever ſyſtem he has adopted,) lives under the viſible influence of true goodneſs. Eſteem him as a brother and kinſman: the ſame ſpirit which lives in you lives in him: the divine image is ſtamped on him, as well as on you; and he copies that example which leads us all to immortality.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

ADVENTURES OF A BASHFUL MAN.

FROM VARIETY.

I Labour under a ſpecies of diſtreſs, which I fear will at length drive me utterly from that ſociety in which I am moſt ambitious to appear; but I will give you a ſhort ſketch of my origin and preſent ſituation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity ſchool; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education.—I was ſent to a country grammar-ſchool, and from thence to the univerſity, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here, having but a ſmall allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and baſhful diſpoſition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native aukwardneſs, which is the fatal cauſe of all my unhappineſs, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. You muſt know that in my perſon I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of ſuch extreme ſuſceptibility of ſhame, that on the ſmalleſt ſubject of confuſion, my blood all ruſhes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown roſe. The conſciouſneſs of this unhappy failing, made me avoid ſociety, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected, that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore

had reſolved on living at the univerſity and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the poſture of my affairs, viz. my father's death and the arrival of an uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long ſince dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to cloſe his brother's eyes. I am aſhamed to confeſs, what I believe has been often experienced by thoſe whoſe education has been better than their parents, that my poor father's ignorance and vulgar language, had often made me bluſh to think I was his ſon; and at his death I was not inconſolable for the loſs of that, which I was not unfrequently aſhamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been ſeparated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which he uſed to brag would make a nabob happy; in ſhort, he had brought over with him the enormous ſum of thirty thouſand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happineſs. While he was planning ſchemes of greatneſs and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cauſe I know not, but he was ſnatched from all his dreams of joy by a ſhort illneſs, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well-ſtocked with Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, poſſeſſed of an ample fortune, but ſo aukward and unverſed in every gentleman-like accompliſhment, that I am pointed at by all who ſee me, as the *wealthy learned clown*.

I have lately purchaſed an eſtate, in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a faſhionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the ſurrounding families, (eſpecially by thoſe who have marriageable daughters:) from theſe gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the moſt preſſing invitations, and though I wiſhed to accept their offered friendſhip, I have repeatedly excuſed myſelf under the pretence of not being quite ſettled; for the truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full in-

tention to return their ſeveral viſits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, reſolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and, three days ago, accepted of an invitation to dine this day with one whoſe open eaſy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles diſtant, is a baronet, with about two thouſand pounds a year eſtate, joining to that I purchaſed; he has two ſons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden ſiſter of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly-Hall, dependent on their father. Conſcious of my unpoliſhed gait, I have for ſome time paſt taken private leſſons of a profeſſor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at firſt found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious uſe, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjuſtment of the centre of gravity to the five poſitions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to ſee the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of *theory*, when unſupported by habitual *practice*. As I approached the houſe, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, leſt I had ſpoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impreſſed with this idea, I bluſhed the deepeſt crimſon, as my name was repeatedly announced by the ſeveral livery ſervants, who uſhered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I ſaw; at my firſt entrance, I ſummoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to lady Friendly, but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third poſition, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed cloſe at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confuſion this occaſioned in *me* is hardly to be conceived, ſince none but baſhful men *can* judge of my diſtreſs, and of that deſcription the number I believe is very ſmall. The Baronet's politeneſs by degrees diſſipated my concern, and I was aſtoniſhed to ſee how far good breeding

could enable him to ſuppreſs his feelings, and to appear with perfect eaſe, after ſo painful an accident.

The cheerfulneſs of her Ladyſhip, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, inſenſibly led me to throw off my reſerve and ſheepiſhneſs, till at length I ventured to join in converſation, and even to ſtart freſh ſubjects. The library being richly furniſhed with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the ſeveral editions of the Greek claſſics, in which the Baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this ſubject I was led, by obſerving an edition of Xenophon in ſixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of ſuch a thing) greatly excited my curioſity, and I roſe up to examine what it could be: Sir Thomas ſaw what I was about, and (as I ſuppoſe) willing to ſave me trouble, roſe to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and, haſtily laying my hand on the firſt volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! inſtead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like ſixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkſtand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas aſſure me, there was no harm; I ſaw the ink ſtreaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and ſcarcely knowing what I did, attempted to ſtop its progreſs with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confuſion, we were informed that dinner was ſerved up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at firſt had ſo alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and ſuit of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my ſcattered ſenſes, and was deſired to take my ſeat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldeſt daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was juſt beginning to recover myſelf, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and bluſhes. Having ſet my plate of ſoup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miſs Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waiſtcoat, I

tumbled the whole ſcalding contents into my lap. In ſpite of an immediate ſupply of napkins to wipe the ſurface of my clothes, my black ſilk breeches were not ſtout enough to ſave me from the painful effects of this ſudden fomentation, and for ſome minutes my legs and thighs ſeemed ſtewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had diſguiſed his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in ſilence, and ſat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidſt the ſtifled giggling of the ladies and the ſervants.

I will not relate the ſeveral blunders which I made during the firſt courſe, or the diſtreſs occaſioned by my being deſired to carve a fowl, or help to various diſhes that ſtood near me, ſpilling a ſauce-boat, and knocking down a ſalt-cellar; rather let me haſten to the ſecond courſe, "where freſh diſaſters overwhelm'd me quite."

I had a piece of rich ſweet pudding on my fork, when Miſs Louiſa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that ſtood near me; in my haſte, ſcarcely knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impoſſible to conceal my agony, my eyes were ſtarting from their ſockets. At laſt, in ſpite of ſhame and reſolution, I was obliged to drop the cauſe of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compaſſionated my misfortune, and each adviſed a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was beſt for drawing out the fire; and a glaſs of ſherry was brought me from the ſide-board, which I ſnatched up with eagerneſs: but, oh! how ſhall I tell the ſequel? whether the butler by accident miſtook, or purpoſely deſigned to drive me mad, he gave me the ſtrongeſt brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and bliſtered; totally unuſed to every kind of ardent ſpirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not ſwallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the curſed liquor ſquirted through my noſe and fingers like a fountain, over all the diſhes; and I cruſhed by burſts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the ſervants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the meaſure of

my ſhame and their diverſion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable ſtate of perſpiration, which this accident had cauſed, without conſidering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was ſtill wet from the conſequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with ſtreaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himſelf could not ſupport this ſhock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I ſprung from the table in diſpair, ruſhed out of the houſe, and ran home in an agony of confuſion and diſgrace, which the moſt poignant ſenſe of guilt could have excited.

Thus without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am ſuffering torments like "a goblin damn'd." The lower half of me has been almoſt boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet theſe are but trifling conſiderations, to the everlaſting ſhame which I muſt feel, whenever this adventure ſhall be mentioned.

A NOTION OF HONOUR.

PRATT.

TALK not ſo formally; I am ſo much a deſpiſer of it, that I never ſuffer a ſlip of buckram even my coat. I heard that you were inſulted, and, for the want of a few ſcoundrel guineas, unable to redreſs yourſelf. Now, inſult I am ſo far from bearing myſelf, that I cannot endure it ſhould be inflicted on another. If you had a purſe in your pocket, a ſword at your ſide, and a cane in your hand: if, ſir, Providence had thought proper to accoutre you in this manner, I ſhould have left you to revenge your own cauſe, and fight your own battles: and had you heſitated to do this, under ſuch advantages, I ſhould have rejoiced to hear, that the purſe had been taken from you, the ſword run through your body, or the cane laid acroſs your ſhoulders; becauſe, for *man* to fear *man*, in my opinion, is the laſt error of idolatry, and ten times a greater ſhame, than bowing the knee to Baal.

THE DISTRESSED OFFICER.

A FRAGMENT.

HE was in a military dreſs;—his figure, his face, and his walk evinced the gentleman—yet poverty contracted his countenance, and a ſucceſſion of bluſhes which fluſhed into his cheek while he traverſed the coffee-room, and to which deep ſighs were the harbingers, ſhewed that his heart ſuffered.—

He, at laſt, leaned upon the bar, and whiſpered the miſtreſs of the coffee-room, a good natured creature, and ſhe inſtantly curtſied with a degree of reſpect, that induced me to believe I had miſtaken the index of the officer's mind—that inſtead of ſtanding in need of a favour, notwithſtanding his appearance, he had been conferring an obligation.

On quitting the bar and taking his ſeat, the miſtreſs of the coffee-room ordered a pot of coffee and toaſt to the table where he ſat—his eyes ſparkled at the ſight, and the toaſt was devoured with a degree of avidity that indicated not ſo much the wholeſome appetite, as the keenneſs of actual want—he ate with every mark of real hunger.

The firſt plate of toaſt being diſpatched, the miſtreſs of the coffee-room ordered a ſecond to be placed before him—but ſhe gave her orders privately, and the waiter laid it on the table with a look the moſt pitiable. The officer ſeized the toaſt—the waiter wiped his eyes with his napkin; and the miſtreſs of the coffee-room, drawing up her breath ſighed it out again in a tone ſo ſoft, ſo tender, and ſo ſweet, as harmonized every nerve of thoſe who heard it, into that delightful uniſon of pity, which is only felt when the finger of charity touches the ſympathetic chords of the heart.

The officer having finiſhed his breakfaſt and taking leave of his hoſteſs at the bar, an impulſe, which certainly was not curioſity, induced me to inquire after his name and ſituation. Of theſe particulars the woman

was ignorant—ſhe had never ſeen him before—ſhe knew nothing of him but this—he had ordered a breakfaſt at the bar, and aſſured her he would call and pay for it at ſome future day.

Till the day arrived when he ſhould be able to pay, ſhe deſired he might conſtantly call and breakfaſt at her houſe on credit—and he is welcome, ſaid ſhe to me, though that day ſhould be the day of judgment—And when the day of judgment arrives, ſaid I, you will hear of this matter—you have done that which will ſtand in account and gain you credit in the book of fate—if your ſins are even multitudinous, your charity has covered them.

But let us ſee if ſomething more cannot be done for this poor officer—lend him, ſaid I, theſe few guineas, ſhould he call here to-morrow, as if coming from yourſelf—the next day he received the caſh.

I never heard more of my money for ſix years; at the end of that time the miſtreſs of the coffee-room told me, that Enſign ———, now a lieutenant-colonel, had returned from abroad—had repaid her the ſum borrowed, and given her a ring, worth one hundred pounds, by way of intereſt.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

OLD ALBANY.

MISS BURNEY.

IN this firſt indulgence of grief which ſhe had granted to her diſappointment, ſhe was ſoon interrupted by a ſummons down ſtairs to a gentleman.

Unfit and unwilling to be ſeen, ſhe begged that he might leave his name, and appoint a time for calling again.

Her maid brought for anſwer, that he believed his name was unknown to her, and deſired to ſee her now, unleſs ſhe was employed in ſome matter of moment.

She then went into the parlour, where ſhe beheld Mr. Albany.

'How little, ſir,' ſhe cried, 'did I expect this pleaſure.'

'This pleaſure,' repeated he, 'do you call it?—what ſtrange abuſe of words! what cauſeleſs trifling with honeſty! Is language of no purpoſe but to wound the ear with untruths? Is the gift of ſpeech only granted us to pervert the uſe of underſtanding? I can give you no pleaſure, I have no power to give it any one; you can give none to me—the whole world could not inveſt you with the means!'

'Well, ſir,' ſaid Cecilia, who had little ſpirit to defend herſelf, 'I will not vindicate the expreſſion, but of this I will unfeignedly aſſure you, I am at leaſt as glad to ſee you juſt now, as I ſhould be to ſee any body."

'Your eyes,' cried he, 'are red, your voice is inarticulate;—young, rich, and attractive, the world at your feet; that world yet untried, and its falſehood unknown, how have you thus found means to anticipate

miſery? which way have you uncovered the cauldron of human woes? Fatal and early anticipation! that cover once removed, can never be replaced; thoſe woes, thoſe boiling woes, will pour out upon you continually, and only when your heart ceaſes to beat, will their ebullition ceaſe to torture you!'

'Alas!' cried Cecilia, ſhuddering, 'how cruel, yet how true!'

'Why went you,' cried he, 'to the cauldron, it came not to you? Miſery ſeeks not man, but man miſery. He walks out in the ſun, but ſtops not for a cloud; confident, he purſues his way, till the ſtorm, which, gathering, he might have avoided, burſts over his devoted head. Scared and amazed, he repents his temerity; he calls, but it is then too late; he runs, but it is thunder which follows him! Such is the preſumption of man, ſuch at once is the arrogance and ſhallowneſs of his nature! And thou, ſimple and blind! haſt thou, too, followed whither fancy has led thee, unheeding that thy career was too vehement for tranquillity, nor miſſing that lovely companion of youth's early innocence, till, adventurous and unthinking, thou haſt loſt her for ever!'

'It is too true,'—ſaid Cecilia, and the tears ſhe had juſt, and with difficulty, reſtrained, again forced their way down her cheeks—'I have loſt her for ever!'

'Poor thing!' ſaid he, while the rigour of his countenance was ſoftened into the gentleſt commiſeration, 'ſo young!—looking, too, ſo innocent!—'tis hard!—And is nothing left thee? no ſmall remaining hope, to cheat, humanely cheat, thy yet not wholly extinguiſhed credulity?'

Cecilia wept without anſwering.

'Let me not,' ſaid he, 'waſte my compaſſion upon nothing; compaſſion is with me no effuſion of affectation; tell me, then, if thou deſerveſt it, or if thy misfortunes are imaginary, and thy grief is factitious?'

'Factitious,' repeated ſhe, 'good Heaven!'

'Anſwer me, then, theſe queſtions, in which I ſhall compriſe the only calamities for which ſorrow has no controul, or none from human motives. Tell me, then, have you loſt by death the friend of your boſom?'

'No!'

'Is your fortune diſſipated by extravagance, and your power of relieving the diſtreſſed at an end?'

'No; the power and the will are, I hope, equally undiminiſhed.'

'O then, unhappy girl! have you been guilty of ſome vice, and hangs remorſe thus heavy on your conſcience?'

'No, no; thank Heaven, to that miſery, at leaſt, I am a ſtranger!'

His countenance now again reſumed its ſeverity, and in the ſterneſt manner, 'Whence, then,' he ſaid, 'theſe tears? and what is this caprice you dignify with the name of ſorrow?—ſtrange wantonneſs of indolence and luxury! perverſe repining of ungrateful plentitude! oh, hadſt thou known what *I* have ſuffered!'—

'Could I leſſen what you have ſuffered,' ſaid Cecilia, 'I ſhould ſincerely rejoice; but heavy indeed muſt be your affliction, if mine in its compariſon deſerves to be ſtiled caprice!'

'Caprice!' repeated he, 'tis joy! 'tis extacy, compared with mine!—Thou haſt not in licentiouſneſs waſted thy inheritance! thou haſt not by remorſe barred each avenue to enjoyment! nor yet has the cold grave ſeized the beloved of thy ſoul!'

'Neither,' ſaid Cecilia, 'I hope, are the evils you have yourſelf ſuſtained ſo irremediable!'

'Yes, I have borne them all!—*have* borne? I bear them ſtill; I ſhall bear them while I breathe! I may rue them perhaps yet longer.'

'Good God!' cried Cecilia, ſhrinking, 'what a world is this! how full of woe and wickedneſs!'

'Yet thou, too, canſt complain,' cried he, 'though happy in life's only bleſſing, Innocence! thou, too, canſt murmur, though a ſtranger to death's only terror, Sin! O yet, if thy ſorrow is unpolluted with guilt, be regardleſs of all elſe, and rejoice in thy deſtiny!'

'But who,' cried ſhe, deeply ſighing, 'ſhall teach me ſuch a leſſon of joy when all within riſes to oppoſe it?'

'I,' cried he, 'will teach it thee, for I will tell thee my own ſad ſtory. Then wilt thou find how much happier is thy lot, then wilt thou raiſe thy head in thankful triumph.'

'O no! triumph comes not ſo lightly!—yet if you will venture to truſt me with ſome account of yourſelf, I ſhall be glad to hear it, and much obliged by the communication.'

'I will,' he anſwered, 'whatever I may ſuffer: to awaken thee from this dream of fancied ſorrow I will open all my wounds, and thou ſhalt probe them with freſh ſhame.'

'No, indeed,' cried Cecilia, with quickneſs, 'I will not hear you, if the relation will be ſo painful."

'Upon *me* this humanity is loſt,' ſaid he, 'ſince puniſhment and penitence alone give me comfort. I will tell thee, therefore, my crimes, that thou mayſt know thy own felicity, leſt, ignorant, it means nothing but innocence, thou ſhouldſt loſe it, unconſcious of its value. Liſten then to me, and learn what miſery is! Guilt is alone the baſis of laſting unhappineſs;—Guilt is the baſis of mine, and therefore I am a wretch for ever!'

Cecilia would again have declined hearing him, but he refuſed to be ſpared: and as her curioſity had long been excited to know ſomething of his hiſtory, and the motives of his extraordinary conduct, ſhe was glad to have it ſatisfied, and gave him the utmoſt attention.

'I will not ſpeak to you of my family,' ſaid he; 'hiſtorical accuracy would little anſwer to either of us. I am a native of the Weſt-Indies, and I was early ſent hither to be educated. While I was yet at the univerſity, I ſaw, I adored, and I purſued the faireſt flower that ever put forth its ſweet buds, the ſofteſt heart that ever was broken by ill uſage! She was poor and unprotected, the daughter of a villager; ſhe was untaught and unpretending, the child of ſimplicity! But fifteen ſummers had ſhe bloomed, and her heart was an eaſy conqueſt; yet, once made mine, it reſiſted all allurement to infidelity. My fellow-ſtudents attacked her; ſhe was aſſaulted by all the arts of ſeduction, flattery, bribery, ſupplication, all were employed, yet all failed; ſhe was wholly my own; and with ſincerity ſo attractive, I determined to marry her in defiance of all worldly objections.

'The ſudden death of my father called me haſtily to Jamaica; I feared leaving this treaſure unguarded, yet

in decency could neither marry nor take her directly; I pledged my faith, therefore, to return to her as ſoon as I had ſettled my affairs, and I left to a boſom friend the inſpection of her conduct in my abſence.

'To leave her was madneſs,—to truſt in man was madneſs.—Oh, hateful race! how has the world been abhorrent to me ſince that time! I have loathed the light of the ſun, I have ſhrunk from the commerce of my fellow-creatures; the voice of man I have deteſted, his ſight I have abominated!—but, oh! more than all ſhould I be abominated myſelf!

'When I came to my fortune, intoxicated with ſudden power, I forgot this fair bloſſom, I revelled in licentiouſneſs and vice, and left it expoſed and forlorn, Riot ſucceeded riot, till a fever, incurred by mine own intemperance, firſt gave me time to think. Then was ſhe revenged, for then firſt remorſe was my portion: her image was brought back to my mind with frantic fondneſs, and bittereſt contrition. The moment I recovered, I returned to England; I flew to claim her,—but ſhe was loſt! no one knew whither ſhe was gone; the wretch I had truſted pretended to know leaſt of all; yet, after a furious ſearch, I traced her to a cottage, where he had concealed her himſelf!

'When ſhe ſaw me, ſhe ſcreamed, and would have flown, I ſtopt her; and told her I came faithfully and honourably to make her my wife:—her own faith and honour, though ſullied, were not extinguiſhed, for ſhe inſtantly acknowledged the fatal tale of her undoing!

'Did I recompenſe this ingenuouſneſs? this unexampled, this beautiful ſacrifice to intuitive integrity? Yes! with my curſes!—I loaded her with execrations, I reviled her in language the moſt opprobrious, I inſulted her even for her confeſſion! I invoked all evil upon her from the bottom of my heart!—She knelt at my feet, ſhe implored my forgiveneſs and compaſſion, ſhe wept with the bitterneſs of deſpair,—and yet I ſpurned her from me!—Spurned?—let me not hide my ſhame! I barbarouſly ſtruck her!—nor ſingle was the blow!—it was doubled, it was reiterated!—O wretch, unyielding and unpitying! where ſhall hereafter be clemency for thee!—So fair a form! ſo young a culprit! ſo infamouſly ſeduced! ſo humbly penitent!

'In this miſerable condition, helpleſs and deplorable, mangled by theſe ſavage hands, and reviled by this inhuman tongue, I left her, in ſearch of the villain who had deſtroyed her: but, cowardly as treacherous, he had abſconded. Repenting my fury, I haſtened to her again; the fierceneſs of my cruelty ſhamed me when I grew calmer, the ſoftneſs of her ſorrow melted me upon recollection: I returned, therefore, to ſooth her,—but again ſhe was gone! terrified with expectation of inſult, ſhe hid herſelf from all my inquiries. I wandered in ſearch of her two long years to no purpoſe, regardleſs of my affairs, and of all things but that purſuit. At length I thought I ſaw her—in London, alone, and walking in the ſtreets at midnight,—I fearfully followed her,—and followed her into a houſe of infamy!

'The wretches by whom ſhe was ſurrounded were noiſy and drinking, they heeded me little,—but ſhe ſaw and knew me at once! She did not ſpeak, nor did I,—but in two moments ſhe fainted, and fell.

'Yet did I not help her; the people took their own meaſures to recover her, and when ſhe was again able to ſtand, would have removed her to another apartment.

'I then went forward, and forcing them away from her, with all the ſtrength of deſperation, I turned to the unhappy ſinner, who to chance only ſeemed to leave what became of her, and cried, 'From this ſcene of vice and horror let me yet reſcue you! you look ſtill unfit for ſuch ſociety, truſt yourſelf, therefore, to me.' I ſeized her hand, I drew, I almoſt dragged her away. She trembled, ſhe could ſcarce totter, but neither conſented nor refuſed, neither ſhed a tear, nor ſpoke a word, and her countenance preſented a picture of affright, amazement, and horror.

'I took her to a houſe in the country, each of us ſilent the whole way. I gave her an apartment and a female attendant, and ordered for her every convenience I could ſuggeſt. I ſtaid myſelf in the ſame houſe, but diſtracted with remorſe for the guilt and ruin into which I had terrified her, I could not bear her ſight.

'In a few days her maid aſſured me the life ſhe led muſt deſtroy her; that ſhe would taſte nothing but bread and water, never ſpoke, and never ſlept.

'Alarmed by this account, I flew into her apartment; pride and reſentment gave way to pity and fondneſs, and I beſought her to take comfort. I ſpoke, however, to a ſtatue, ſhe replied not, nor ſeemed to hear me. I then humbled myſelf to her, as in the days of her innocence and firſt power, ſupplicating her notice, entreating even her commiſeration! all was to no purpoſe; ſhe neither received nor repulſed me, and was alike inattentive to exhortation and to prayer.

'Whole hours did I ſpend at her feet, vowing never to riſe till ſhe ſpoke to me,—all, all, in vain! ſhe ſeemed deaf, mute, inſenſible; her faced unmoved, a ſettled deſpair fixed in her eyes,—thoſe eyes that had never looked at me but with dove-like ſoftneſs and compliance!—She ſat conſtantly in one chair, ſhe never changed her dreſs, no perſuaſions could prevail with her to lie down, and at meals ſhe ſwallowed juſt ſo much dry bread as might ſave her from dying for want of food.

'What was the diſtraction of my ſoul, to find her bent upon this courſe to her laſt hour!—quickly came that hour, but never will it be forgotten! rapidly it was gone, but eternally will it be remembered!

'When ſhe felt herſelf expiring, ſhe acknowledged ſhe had made a vow, upon entering the houſe, to live ſpeechleſs and motionleſs, as a penance for her offences.

'I kept her loved corpſe till my own ſenſes failed me,—it was then only torn from me,—and I have loſt all recollection of three years of my exiſtence!

'The ſcene to which my memory firſt leads me back is viſiting her grave; ſolemnly upon it I returned her vow, though not by one of equal ſeverity. To her poor remains did I pledge myſelf, that the day ſhould never paſs in which I would receive nouriſhment, nor the night come in which I would take reſt, till I had done, or zealouſly attempted to do, ſome ſervice to a fellow-creature.

'For this purpoſe have I wandered from city to city, from the town to the country, and from the rich to the poor. I go into every houſe where I can gain admittance, I admoniſh all who will hear me, I ſhame even thoſe who will not. I ſeek the diſtreſſed wherever they are hid, I follow the proſperous to beg a mite to ſerve them. I look for the diſſipated in public, where,

amidſt their licentiouſneſs, I check them; I purſue the unhappy in private, where I counſel and endeavour to aſſiſt them. My own power is ſmall; my relations, during my ſufferings, limiting me to an annuity; but there is no one I ſcruple to ſolicit, and by zeal I ſupply ability.

'O life of hardſhip and penance! laborious, toilſome, and reſtleſs! but I have merited no better, and I will not repine at it; I have vowed that I will endure it, and I will not be forſworn.

'One indulgence alone from time to time I allow myſelf,—'tis muſic! which has power to delight me even to rapture! it quiets all anxiety, it carries me out of myſelf, I forget through it every calamity, even the bittereſt anguiſh.

'Now then, that thou haſt heard me, tell me, haſt *thou* cauſe of ſorrow?

GENEROSITY.

PRATT.

O Generoſity! what a ſource of joy art thou to thyſelf and others! Thou art the ſun of the ſoul: the clouds of diſtreſs flee from before thee; the ſtorms of miſery are diſperſed; and as thy impartial beam ſpreads comforts and bleſſings on every ſide, thou appeareſt only to ſhine the brighter, in proportion to the felicity that is thus benignly extended! Continue then, oh, continue to illume my boſom: let this hand forget its employment, and this heart ceaſe its motion, when it ceaſes to feel thy amiable energy!

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

GOLDSMITH.

NO obſervation is more common, and at the ſame time more true, than that, One half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble ſufferers: the great, under the preſſure of calamity, are conſcious of ſeveral others ſympathizing with their diſtreſs; and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in ſuch circumſtances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peaſant or courtier, he deſerves admiration, and ſhould be held up for our imitation and reſpect.

While the ſlighteſt inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their ſufferings in all the ſtrains of eloquence; the miſeries of the poor are entirely diſregarded; and yet ſome of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardſhips in one day than thoſe of a more exalted ſtation

ſuffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meaneſt of our common ſailors and ſoldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without paſſionately declaiming againſt Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of miſery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardſhips, whoſe greateſt calamity was that of being unable to viſit a certain ſpot of earth, to which they had fooliſhly attached an idea of happineſs! Their diſtreſſes were pleaſures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and ſlept; they had ſlaves to attend them; and were ſure of ſubſiſtence for life; while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or aſſiſt them, and even without ſhelter from the ſeverity of the ſeaſon.

I have been led into theſe reflections from accidentally meeting, ſome days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dreſſed in a ſailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honeſt and induſtrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his preſent ſituation. Wherefore, after having given him what I thought proper, I deſired to know the hiſtory of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his preſent diſtreſs. The diſabled ſoldier, for ſuch he was, though dreſſed in a ſailor's habit, ſcratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himſelf into an attitude to comply with my requeſt, and gave me his hiſtory as follows:

'As for my misfortunes, maſter, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loſs of my limb, and being obliged to beg, I don't know any reaſon, thank Heaven! that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has loſt both his legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven! it is not ſo bad with me yet.

'I was born in Shropſhire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; ſo that I was put upon the pariſh. As he had been a wandering ſort of a man, the pariſhioners were not able to tell to what pariſh I belonged, or where I was born, ſo they ſent me to another pariſh, and that pariſh ſent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept ſending me about ſo long, that they would not let me be born in any pariſh at all; but at laſt, however, they fixed me. I had ſome diſpoſition to be a ſcholar, and was reſolved, at leaſt, to know my letters; but the maſter of the workhouſe put me to buſineſs as ſoon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an eaſy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not ſuffered to ſtir out of the houſe, for fear, as they ſaid, I ſhould run away; but what of that, I had the liberty of the whole houſe, and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my buſineſs well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myſelf; ſo I was reſolved to go ſeek my fortune.

'In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and ſtarved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field, belonging to a juſtice of peace, I ſpied a hare croſſing the path juſt before me; and I believe the devil put it into my head to fling my ſtick at it;—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the juſtice himſelf met me; he called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, deſired I would give an account of myſelf. I fell upon my knees, begged his worſhip's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, ſeed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the juſtice ſaid I could give no account; ſo I was indicted at ſeſſions, found guilty of being poor, and ſent up to London to Newgate, in order to be tranſported as a vagabond.

'People may ſay this and that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly-full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to laſt for ever; ſo I was taken out of priſon, after five months, put on board a ſhip, and ſent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent paſſage, for being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of ſweet air; and thoſe that remained were ſickly enough, God knows. When we came aſhore, we were ſold to the planters, and I was bound for ſeven years more. As I was no ſcholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I ſerved out my time, as in duty bound to do.

'When my time was expired, I worked my paſſage home, and glad I was to ſee Old England again, becauſe I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I ſhould be indicted for a vagabond once more, ſo I did not much care to go down into the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them. I was very happy in this manner for ſome time, till one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then deſired me to ſtand. They belonged to a preſs-gang: I was carried before the juſtice, and, as I could give no account of myſelf, I had my choice left, whether to go on board a man of war, or liſt for a ſoldier: I choſe the latter; and in this poſt of a gentleman I ſerved two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound, through the breaſt here; but the doctor of our regiment ſoon made me well again.

'When the peace came on I was diſcharged; and, as I could not work, becauſe my wound was ſometimes troubleſome, I liſted for a landman in the Eaſt India company's ſervice. I have fought the French in ſix pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I ſoon fell ſick, and ſo got leave to return home again with forty pounds in my pocket. This

was at the beginning of the preſent war, and I hoped to to be ſet on ſhore, and to have the pleaſure of ſpending my money; but the government wanted men, and ſo I was preſſed for a ſailor before I could ever ſet foot on ſhore.

'The boatſwain found me, as he ſaid, an obſtinate fellow: he ſwore he knew that I underſtood my buſineſs well, but that I ſhammed Abraham, to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of ſea-buſineſs, and he beat me, without conſidering what he was about. I had ſtill, however, my forty pounds, and that was ſome comfort to me under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ſhip was taken by the French, and ſo I loſt all.

'Our crew was carried into Breſt, and many of them died, becauſe they were not uſed to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was ſea-ſoned. One night, as I was aſleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was awakened by the boatſwain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand: 'Jack,' ſays he to me, 'will you knock out the French ſentry's brains?' 'I don't care,' ſays I, ſtriving to keep myſelf awake, 'if I lend a hand.' 'Then follow me,' ſays he, 'and I hope we ſhall do buſineſs.' So up I got, and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes I had, about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French, becauſe they are all ſlaves, and wear wooden ſhoes.

'Though we had no arms, one Engliſhman is able to beat five French at any time; ſo we went down to the door, where both the ſentries were poſted, and, ruſhing upon them, ſeized their arms in a moment, and knocked them down. From thence nine of us ran together to the quay, and, ſeizing the firſt boat we met, got out of the harbour, and put to ſea. We had not been here three days before we were taken up by the Dorſet privateer, who were glad of ſo many good hands, and we conſented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days

we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three; ſo to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight laſted for three hours, and I verily believe we ſhould have taken the Frenchman, had we but had ſome more men left behind; but, unfortunately, we loſt all our men juſt as we were going to get the victory.

'I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me had I been brought back to Breſt; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper, I had almoſt forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement I was wounded in two places; I loſt four fingers off the left hand, and my leg was ſhot off. If I had had the good fortune to have loſt my leg and uſe of my hand on board a king's ſhip, and not aboard a privateer, I ſhould have been entitled to clothing and maintenance during the reſt of my life, but that was not my chance: one man is born with a ſilver ſpoon in his mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. However, bleſſed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England for ever, huzza!'

Thus ſaying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with miſery ſerves better than philoſophy to teach us to deſpiſe it.

THE SECRET OF BEING ALWAYS EASY.

AN Italian Biſhop ſtruggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much oppoſition in the diſcharge of his epiſcopal function, without betraying the leaſt impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired thoſe virtues which he thought it impoſſible to imitate, one day aſked the prelate if he could communicate the ſecret of being *always eaſy*. "Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you my

ſecret, and with great facility: it conſiſts in nothing more than in making a right uſe of my eyes." His friend begged him to explain himſelf. "Moſt willingly," returned the biſhop: "in whatever ſtate I am, I firſt of all look up to heaven, and remember that my principal buſineſs here is to get there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how ſmall a ſpace I ſhall occupy in it, when I come to be interred. I then look abroad into the world, and obſerve what multitudes there are who, in all reſpects, are more unhappy than myſelf. Thus I learn where true happineſs is placed, where all our cares muſt end, and how very little reaſon I have to repine or to complain."

THE UNFEELING FATHER.

A FRAGMENT.

"DOES nature refuſe to plead for me?" ſaid Charlotte, kneeling before her father; "or does ſhe plead in vain?" "You broke the ſacred bonds of nature," ſaid the old gentleman, "when you left a father's fond protection, and a mother's tender care, to purſue the fortunes of the only man on earth whom they deteſted." "An heavenly father," exclaimed Charlotte, "would forgive an humble repenting child, and ſhall an earthly parent ſpurn ſuch a child from his preſence?" "To that heavenly father you ſpeak of I then conſign you," replied he, "for my doors are no longer open to you. Let your huſband's friends protect his darling; you are mine no more!" "But my children, my children! alas, what is their crime? I am forlorn, loſt, abandoned; left to a hard deſtiny; but pity, O pity theſe two children,—ſuffer them not to periſh!" "They are not mine," ſaid the inexorable parent—"they will never claſp my knees—I will not foſter ingratitude! Let their father take the ſpade and the mattock, and let him find them bread. No office is beneath the affection of a parent, when children have not been diſobedient. I am your father no more."

This fatal dialogue paſſed between Charlotte and Arſpatio in the porch of his houſe. He denied her farther entrance. He ſhut the door againſt her, and retired to his chamber. The night was dreadfully tempeſtuous; ſhe could not encounter the hard wind and beating ſnow. She remained therefore in the porch; preſſed to her boſom, in turns, her ſhivering babes; bade them cling to her; hoping that the dawn of morn would bring mercy. But when the morning dawned, her repoſe did not break, ſhe had ſlept the tranquil, peaceful ſleep of death. The ſervants found her a ſtiffened corſe; her children weeping beſide her.

When the hardened Arſpatio reached this ſcene of horror, his nerves relaxed, and he ſunk on the floor.—Peace abandoned him for ever. He now endeavours to repair his cruelty by tenderneſs to the children. When in the ſimplicity of innocence they prattle of mamma, he mutters to himſelf, "Ah, murderer! where ſhall be clemency for thee! So young a victim, ſo ſeverely repentant!"

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

AFRICAN HOSPITALITY.

MUNGO Park, the ingenious traveller, who has lately returned from exploring the interior of Africa, relates the following inſtance of kindneſs and hoſpitality extended to himſelf by a female of that poor, deſpiſed, and perſecuted people, the Negroes.

Having to wait the orders of an African king, relative to his departure from a village called Sego, where he arrived, after having been harraſſed and ſtripped by the Moors, himſelf and horſe being nearly exhauſted, he turned his horſe looſe, and ſought ſhelter, from a ſtorm of thunder and rain, under a tree.

At length, as night approached, that kindneſs and humanity inherent in the female ſex, to which he had often been indebted on former occaſions, came to his relief on the preſent. A poor negro woman, returning from the labours of the field, obſerved that he was wet, weary, and dejected; and, taking up his ſaddle and bridle, told him to follow her. She led him to her cottage, lighted up a lamp, procured him an excellent ſupper of fiſh, and plenty of corn for his horſe; after which, ſhe ſpread a mat upon the floor, and ſaid he might remain there for the night. For this well-timed bounty, our traveller preſented her with two of the four braſs buttons which remained on his waiſtcoat.

Mr. Park adds other particulars concerning his benefactreſs, which heighten the picture. He relates, that

the good woman, having performed the rites of hoſpitality towards himſelf, called in the female part of her family, and made them ſpin cotton for a great part of the night. They lightened their labour by ſongs; one of which muſt have been compoſed extempore, for our traveller was himſelf the ſubject of it; and the air was, in his opinion, the ſweeteſt and moſt plaintive he ever had heard. The words, as may be expected, were ſimple, and may be literally tranſlated as follows: "The winds roared, and the rain fell: the poor white man, faint and weary, came and ſat under our tree: he has no mother to bring him milk; no wife to grind his corn." Chorus. "Let us pity the white man, no mother has he," &c. Simple as thoſe words are, they are natural and affecting; and contain a curious alluſion to the ſtate of manners in ſavage life, in which the women perform all the domeſtic duties.

SLAVERY.

Extract of a Letter from a Perſon in Maryland to his Friend in Philadelphia.

I Am ſo happy as to think as you do, with reſpect to trading in man, or keeping him a ſlave: the cuſtom is moſt wicked and iniquitous; neither conſonant to reaſon, nor to the laws of God or man. Poor unhappy ſlaves, particularly thoſe forced from the places of their nativity, are moſt certainly deplorable objects of commiſeration.

I never bought more than two, during twenty years reſidence here. One proved to be the ſon of an African prince; he was a moſt comely youth. Having obſerved his uncommon good parts, I ſent him to ſchool, and uſed him like a freeman during his ſtay with me.

The directors of the African company having inquired and offered a reward for him, I, by a public act, preſented the poor creature with his freedom, gave him an order for the reward aforeſaid, and ſent him to London; from whence, the following year, he remitted me

the ſum which he coſt me, and ſundry rich goods to the amount of three hundred pounds and upwards, and therewith a letter in his native language.

The next I purchaſed was an unhappy lad, kidnapped or ſtolen from his free parents at the taking of Guadaloupe. During his ſtay with me, he decayed and pined ſo much, and expreſſed ſo ſenſible a ſorrow at his cruel ſeparation from his aged parents, relations, and countrymen, that, actuated by the unerring good providence which directs us in all good deeds, I ſet the poor creature free, and ſent him to his native place.

Providence again cauſed my being further rewarded, for performing this my duty as a Chriſtian. The truly honeſt father, from the produce of his plantation, has made me preſents to the amount of fifty pounds ſterling, with directions to draw upon him for the full coſt of the poor youth, which I never intend to do, being more than paid by preſents.

I write this to convince you that the inhabitants of Africa are not ſuch ſenſeleſs, brutiſh creatures as thoughtleſs authors repreſent them to be; they undoubtedly are capable of receiving inſtruction, and far outdo Chriſtians in many commendable virtues. Poor creatures! their greateſt unhappineſs is being acquainted with Chriſtians.

The following is the letter written by the Negro Prince, ſome time after his arrival in London, to his maſter in Maryland, tranſlated by Dr. Diſaguillier, of Cambridge, 1743.

From the great City, 3d Moon ſince my Releaſe.

O my kind, merciful maſter! my good white brother! thou good, very good ſon of a good woman, and of a good, very good old man, created good people by the great Spirit who made my country! thy poor, (I ſhould ſay, heretofore poor,) moſt grateful black priſoner, now become rich by thy goodneſs and mercy, is moſt dead, moſt drunk, moſt mad with joy; and why

is he ſo? becauſe he is going to his good warm country, to his good old mother, his good old father, to his little ſiſter, and his brother.

In my good warm country all things are good, except the white people, who live there, and come there, in flying houſes, to take away poor black priſoners from their mothers, their fathers, ſiſters, and brothers, to kill them all with hunger and filth, in the cellars of their flying houſes; wherein if they do not die faſt enough, and poor priſoners call for bread and water, and want to feel the wind, and ſee the great Spirit, to complain to him and tell him all, or to ſee the trees of their good warm country once more for the laſt time, the king of the white people *(probably the negro meant the captain)* orders the officer, called Jack, to kill many of the poor black priſoners, with whips, with ropes, knives, axes, and ſalt.

The governor of thy ſwimming or flying houſe has been to ſhew me that which is to carry me and him to my good warm country. I am glad, very glad indeed. He goes there with wine: ſhould he be ſick, which white people ſeldom eſcape being there, becauſe of thee, my kind, merciful maſter, and good white brother! and becauſe he has been good to me, and is a very good white man too, I will nurſe him myſelf; my mother, my father, my little ſiſter, and my brother, ſhall be his brother, his mother, his father, and his ſiſter too. He ſhall have one large heap of elephants' teeth, and gold for thee, my kind, merciful maſter, and kind brother! and one for himſelf alſo, but ſmaller. He, at preſent, is my father: I do call at his houſe, and lie there, likewiſe, on the bed thou preſenteddſt me with: his woman is my mother, and kindly nurſes me, being very ſick of the ice, and fire made of the black ſtones.

I have received a great quantity of gold, beſides what thou didſt preſent me with, by means of thy handwriting to thoſe people who are to ſend me into my country; ſome part whereof I have given to the governor of thy ſwimming houſe, to be ſent to thee: had I a houſe full, ſhould ſend the whole with equal plea-

ſure; however, thou ſhalt hereafter ſee that black people are not beaſts, but do know how to be grateful.

After thou, my kind, merciful maſter, and good white brother! leſteſt me in thy ſwimming houſe, we, thy white people and grateful black priſoner, were, by the great Spirit who was angry with us, ſent by the wind into an immenſe great river, where we had like to have been drowned, and where we could ſee neither ſun nor moon for ſix days and nights: I was dying during a whole moon. The governor was my father, and gave me thoſe good things thou preſentedſt me with on my bed; and he lodged me in the little room thy carpenter built for me. Thou gaveſt me more clothes than I could carry, yet I was very cold, nothing availed with thy poor black priſoner, till, at laſt, having aſked the great Spirit to ſend me to thy houſe on ſhore, I thought I was carried there, *(this appears to have been a dream,)* where thou, my good white brother! didſt uſe me with thy wonted goodneſs, ſpakeſt to the great Spirit for me, nurſedſt and gaveſt me healing things thyſelf, and madeſt me healthy again, and orderedſt me to ſpeak to the great Spirit and his ſon, that I might be kept ſo during the voyage, and afterwards; which they have done for thy ſake: they will always do me good, becauſe of thee, my good white brother! therefore, my kind, merciful maſter! do not forget thy poor black priſoner, when thou doſt ſpeak to the great Spirit, and to his ſon. I do know he will hear thee; I ſhall never be ſick more, for which ſhall be thankful to thee: pray ſpeak for my good old mother and my good old father, my little ſiſter, and brother: I wiſh they too may be healthy many, very many moons, as many as the hairs of my head; I love them all much; yet, I think, not ſo much as I do thee: I would die in my country for thee, could I do thee any kindneſs; indeed the great Spirit will know I mean no lie, ſhall always ſpeak to him for thy good: believe me, my good white brother! thy poor black priſoner is not a liar.

DGIAGOLADHA,

A ſon of Dgiagotadha, prince of Foat, Africa.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

"PRAY, buy a noſegay of a poor orphan!" ſaid a female voice, in a plaintive and melodious tone, as I was paſſing by the corner of the Haymarket. I turned haſtily, and beheld a girl of fourteen; whoſe drapery, though ragged, was clean, and her form ſuch as a painter might have choſen for a youthful Venus. Her neck, without covering, was of the pureſt white; and her features, though not regularly beautiful, were intereſting, and ſet off by a tranſparent complexion; her eyes, dark and intelligent, were ſhaded by looſe ringlets of raven black, and ſhed their ſweetly ſupplicating beams through the ſilken ſhade of long laſhes. On one arm hung a baſket full of roſes,—the other was ſtretched towards me with a roſe-bud. I drew out of my pocket ſome money,—'Take this, ſweet innocent!' ſaid I, putting it into her hand, 'and may thy exiſtence and thy virtue be long preſerved!' I was turning from her, when ſhe burſt into a flood of tears. Her look touched my ſoul;—I was melted by the artleſs gratitude of this poor flower-girl, and a drop of ſympathy fell from my own cheek. I returned to conſole her, when ſhe ſubjoined as follows. "Yours, ſir, have been the firſt kind words I have heard ſince I loſt all that was dear to me on earth." A ſob interrupted her diſcourſe. "O, ſir," ſhe contiuued, "I have no father, no mother, no relation; alas! I have no friend in the world!" She was ſilent for a moment before ſhe could proceed. "My only friend is God; on him therefore will I rely. O, may I ſupport, with fortitude, the miſeries I am born to experience, and may that God ever protect you!" She dropped a courteſy full of humility and native grace. I returned her benediction, and went on.—

'And can I thus leave this poor creature?' ſaid I, as I walked penſively on;—'can I leave her for ever without emotion? What have I done for her that can entitle me to her prayers? Preſerved her a few days from death—that is all! And ſhall I quit thee, fair flower! to ſee thee no more? to be deſtroyed by the rude blaſt of adverſity! to be cropped by ſome cruel

ſpoiler! to droop thy lovely head, beneath the blight of early ſorrow! No; thou haſt been nurtured by the ſweet tears of maternal affection; thou haſt once bloomed beneath the ſweet ſun of domeſtic content; and under it thou ſhalt bloom again!' I returned to her, my heart beating with its newly formed purpoſe.—The beautiful flower-girl was again before me. I took her hand—the words of triumphant virtue burſt from my lips. 'Come, lovely forlorn one! come and add one more to the happy group who call me father! Their home ſhall be thine; thou ſhalt ſhare their comforts; thou ſhalt be taught with them that virtue alone conſtitutes true happineſs.' Her eyes flaſhed with frantic joy: ſhe flung herſelf on her knees before me, and burſt into rapturous tears. I raiſed her in my arms; I huſhed her eloquent gratitude; I led her to a home of peace and tranquillity. She loves my children; ſhe loves their father: and the poor orphan of the Haymarket is now the wife of my ſon!

The CHARACTER *of a* TRUE FRIEND.

ENFIELD.

CONCERNING the man you call your friend—tell me, will he weep with you in the hour of diſtreſs? Will he faithfully reprove you to your face, for actions for which others are ridiculing or cenſuring you behind your back? Will he dare to ſtand forth in your defence, when detraction is ſecretly aiming its deadly weapons at your reputation? Will he acknowledge you with the ſame cordiality, and behave to you with the ſame friendly attention, in the company of your ſuperiors in rank and fortune, as when the claims of pride or vanity do not interfere with thoſe of friendſhip? If misfortune and loſſes ſhould oblige you to retire into a walk of life, in which you cannot appear with the ſame diſtinction, or entertain your friends with the ſame liberality as formerly, will he ſtill think himſelf happy in your ſociety, and, inſtead of gradually

withdrawing himſelf from an unprofitable connexion, take pleaſure in profeſſing himſelf your friend, and cheerfully aſſiſt you to ſupport the burden of your afflictions? When ſickneſs ſhall call you to retire from the gay and buſy ſcenes of the world, will he follow you into your gloomy retreat, liſten with attention to your "tale of ſymptoms," and miniſter the balm of conſolation to your fainting ſpirit? And laſtly, when death ſhall burſt aſunder every earthly tie, will he ſhed a tear upon your grave, and lodge the dear remembrance of your mutual friendſhip in his heart, as a treaſure never to be reſigned? The man who will not do all this, may be your companion—your flatterer—your ſeducer—but, depend upon it, he is not your friend.

ON BEAUTY.

A Beautiful woman, without internal perfections, is like a moſt ſumptuous and magnificent piece of furniture in a room, in which are nothing beſides but broken glaſſes, chairs, and tables, and thoſe of the coarſeſt materials.

Nature has undoubtedly diſtributed her bounty with a more impartial hand than we are generally willing to allow. If ſhe has given incomparable beauty to one woman, ſhe has perhaps lowered that gift by the alloy of vanity, folly, pride, and affectation; and if ſhe has denied to another every external accompliſhment, ſhe has perhaps recompenſed that defect by greatneſs of ſoul, a love of honour, and an union of all the perfections of female virtue.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

WOLKMAR AND HIS DOG.

FROM THE SPECULATOR.

IT was evening, when Wolkmar and his dog, almoſt ſpent with fatigue, deſcended one of the mountains in Switzerland; the ſun was dilated in the horizon, and threw a tint of rich crimſon over the waters of a neighbouring lake; on each ſide, rocks of varied forms, their green heads glowing in the beam, were ſwarded with ſhrubs, that hung feathering from their ſummits, and at intervals was heard the ruſhing of a troubled ſtream.

Amid this ſcenery, our traveller, far from any habitation, wearied, and uncertain of the road, ſought for ſome excavation in the rock, wherein he might repoſe himſelf; and having at length diſcovered ſuch a ſituation, fell faſt aſleep upon ſome withered leaves. His dog ſat watching at his feet, a ſmall bundle of linen and a ſtaff were placed beſide him, and the red rays of the declining ſun, having pierced through the ſhrubs that concealed the retreat, gleamed on the languid features of his beloved maſter.

And long be thy reſt, O Wolkmar! may ſleep ſit pleaſant on thy ſoul! Unhappy man! war hath eſtranged thee from thy native village; war, unnatural war, ſnatched thee from thy Fanny and her infant. Where art thou, beſt of wives? thy Wolkmar lives! 'twas error ſpread his death. Thou fledd'ſt; thy beauty caught the eye of power; thou fledd'ſt with thy infant and thy aged father. Unhappy woman! thy huſband ſeeketh

thee over the wilds of Switzerland. Long be thy reſt, O Wolkmar! may ſleep ſit pleaſant on thy ſoul!

Yet not long did Wolkmar reſt; ſtarting, he beheld the dog, who, ſeizing his coat, had ſhaken it with violence; and having thoroughly awakened him, whining, licked his face, and ſprang through the thicket. Wolkmar, eagerly following, diſcerned, at ſome diſtance, a man gently walking down the declivity of the oppoſite hill, and his own dog running with full ſpeed towards him. The ſun yet threw athwart the vale rays of a blood-red hue, the ſky was overcaſt, and a few big round drops ruſtled through the drooping leaves. Wolkmar ſat him down, the dog now fawned upon the man, then, bounding, ran before him. The curioſity of Wolkmar was rouſed, he roſe to meet the ſtranger, who, as he drew near, appeared old, very old, his ſteps ſcarce ſupporting with a ſtaff; a blue mantle was wrapped around him, and his hair and beard, white as ſnow, and waving to the breeze of the hill, received, from beneath a dark cloud, the laſt deep crimſon of the ſetting ſun.

The dog now ran, wagging his tail, firſt to his maſter, and then to the ſtranger, leaping upon each with marks of the utmoſt rapture, till too rudely expreſſing his joy, the old man, tottering, fell, at the foot of a blaſted beech, that ſtood at the bottom of the hill. Wolkmar haſtened to his relief, and had juſt reached the ſpot, when, ſtarting back, he exclaimed, "My father, O my father!" Gothre, for ſo the old man was called, ſaw and knew his ſon, a ſmile of extacy lighted up his features, a hectic fluſhed his cheek, his eyes beamed tranſport through the waters that ſuffuſed them, and, ſtretching forth his arms, he faintly uttered, "My beloved ſon!" Nature could no more: the bloom upon his withered cheek fled faſt away, the dewy luſtre of his eye grew dim, the throbbing of his heart oppreſſed him, and, ſtraining Wolkmar with convulſive energy, the laſt long breath of aged Gothre fled cold acroſs the cheek of his ſon.

The night grew dark and unlovely, the moon ſtruggled to appear, and, by fits, her pale light ſtreamed a-

croſs the lake, a ſilence deep and terrible prevailed, unbroken but by a cold ſhriek, that at intervals died along the valley. Wolkmar lay entranced upon the dead body of his father, the dog ſtood motionleſs by his ſide; but at laſt alarmed, he licked their faces, and pulled his maſter by the coat, till having in vain endeavoured to awaken them, he ran howling dreadfully along the valley; the demon of the night trembled on his hill of ſtorms, and the rocks returned a deepening echo.

Wolkmar at laſt awoke, a cold ſweat trickled over his forehead, every muſcle ſhook with horror, and, kneeling by the body of Gothre, he wept aloud. "Where is my Fanny?" he exclaimed, "where ſhall "I find her? Oh! that thou hadſt told me ſhe yet liv-"ed, good old man! if alive, my God, ſhe muſt be "near: the night is dark, theſe mountains are un-"known to me." As he ſpoke, the illumined edge of a cloud ſhone on the face of Gothre, a ſmile yet dwelt upon his features; "Smileſt thou, my father?" ſaid Wolkmar, "I feel it at my heart; all ſhall yet be "well." The night again grew dark, and Wolkmar, retiring a few paces from his father, threw himſelf on the ground.

He had not continued many minutes in this ſituation, before the diſtant ſound of voices ſtruck his ear; they ſeemed to iſſue from different parts of the valley, and two or three evidently approached the ſpot where Gothre lay; the name of Gothre was at length loudly repeated, and Gothre! Gothre! mournfully ran from rock to rock. Wolkmar, ſtarting from the ground, ſighed with anxiety and apprehenſion, leaning forward, he liſtened with fearful apprehenſion, but the beating of his heart appalled him. The dog who, at firſt alarmed, had crept to his maſter's feet, began now to bark with vehemence; ſuddenly the voices ceaſed, and Wolkmar thought he heard the ſoft and quick tread of people faſt approaching. At this moment, the moon burſt from behind a dark cloud, and ſhone full on the dead body of Gothre. A ſhrill ſhriek pierced the air, and a young woman, ruſhing forward, fell on the body of Gothre. "Oh, my Billy," ſhe exclaimed to a little boy, who

ran up to her out of breath, " ſee your beloved Gothre! " he is gone for ever, gone to heaven and left us. O " my poor child! (claſping the boy, who cried moſt " bitterly,) what ſhall we do without him, what will " become of us? we will die alſo, my Billy! Gothre " is gone to your own dear father, and they are both " happy yonder, my Billy," pointing to the moon.

Wolkmar, in the mean time, ſtood enveloped with ſhade, his arms ſtretched out, motionleſs, and fixed in ſilent aſtoniſhment; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he faintly and with difficulty uttered, " My Fanny, my child!" His accents reached her ear, ſhe ſprang wildly from the ground. " It is my Wolkmar's ſpirit," ſhe exclaimed. The ſky inſtantly cleared all around, and Wolkmar burſt upon her ſight. They ruſhed together, ſhe fainted. " God of mercies!" cried Wolkmar, " if thou wilt not drive me mad, reſtore " her to life: ſhe breathes, I thank thee, O my God, " ſhe breathes! the wife of Wolkmar lives!" Fanny, recovering, felt the warm embrace of her beloved huſband; " Dear, dear Wolkmar," ſhe faintly whiſpered, " thy Fanny—I cannot ſpeak; my Wolkmar, I am too " happy; ſee our Billy!" The boy had crept cloſe to his father, and was claſping him round the knees. The tide of affection ruſhed impetuouſly through the the boſom of Wolkmar, " It preſſes on my heart," he ſaid, " I cannot bear it." The domeſtics, whom Fanny had brought with her, crowded round: " Let us kneel," ſaid Wolkmar, " round the body of aged Gothre:" they knelt around, the moon ſhone ſweetly on the earth, and the ſpirit of Gothre paſſed by, he ſaw his children, and was happy.

PLEASURES *and* ADVANTAGES *of* RELIGION.

J. MOIR.

RELIGION is the daughter of Heaven, parent of all our virtues, and guardian of all our pleaſures; who alone gives peace and contentment, diveſts the heart of care and the life of trouble, burſts on the mind a

flood of joy, and ſheds unmingled and perpetual ſunſhine in the virtuous breaſt. By her the ſpirits of darkneſs are baniſhed the earth, and miniſters of grace thicken unſeen the ſcenes of mortality. She promotes love and good-will among men, lifts up the head that hangs down, heals the wounded ſpirit, diſſipates the gloom of ſorrow, ſweetens the cup of affliction, blunts the ſting of death, and wherever ſeen, or felt, or heard, breathes around her an everlaſting ſpring. Religion raiſes men above themſelves; irreligion ſinks them beneath the brutes: the one makes them angels, the other makes them devils; *this* binds them down to a poor pitiable ſpeck of periſhable earth; *that* opens up a viſta to the ſkies, and lets looſe all the principles of an immortal mind among the glorious objects of an eternal world.

Lift up your head, O Chriſtian, and look forward to yon calm unclouded regions of mercy, unſullied by vapours, unruffled by ſtorms; where Friendſhip, the loveliеſt form in heaven, never dies, never changes, never cools! Ere long, thou ſhalt burſt this brittle cage of confinement, break through the fetters of mortality, ſpring to life, and mingle with the ſkies. Corruption has but a limited duration. Happineſs is even now in the bud: a few days, or weeks, or months, or years at moſt, and that bud ſhall be fully blown. Here Virtue droops under a thouſand preſſures; but, like the earth with the returning ſpring, ſhall then renew her youth, renew her verdure, riſe and reign in everlaſting and undiminiſhed luſtre. It does not ſignify what thy proſpects now are; what thy ſituation now is. In the preſent condition, thy heart, indeed, may ſob and bleed its laſt, before thou ſhalt meet with one who has either the generoſity to relieve, or the humanity to pity thee. Thou haſt, however, in thy compaſſionate Parent of Nature, a moſt certain reſource in the deepeſt extremity. Caſt thine eyes but a little beyond this ſtrange, myſterious, and perplexing ſcene, which at preſent intercepts thy views of futurity. Behold a bow ſtamped in the darkeſt cloud that lowers in the face of heaven, and the whole ſurrounding hemiſphere brightening as thou approacheſt! Say, does not yon bleſſed opening, which overlooks the dark dominion of the grave, more

than compenſate all the ſighs and ſufferings which chequer the preſent, paſſing, intervening ſcene? Lo! there thy long-loſt friend, who ſtill lives in thy remembrance, and warms thy inmoſt heart, whoſe preſence gave thee more delight than all that life could afford, and whoſe abſence coſt thee more groans and tears than all that death can take away—beckons thee to him, that where he is thou mayeſt be alſo. " Here," he ſays, " dwell unmingled pleaſures, unpolluted joys, inex- " tinguiſhable love; immortal, unbounded, unmoleſted " friendſhip. All the ſorrows and imperfections of " mortality are to us as though they had never been; " and nothing lives in heaven, but pure, unadulterated " virtue. Our hearts, ſwelled with rapture, ceaſe to " murmur; our breaſts, warm with gratitude, to ſigh; " our eyes, charmed with celeſtial viſions, to water; " our hands, enriched with palms of victory, to trem- " ble; and our heads, encircled with glory, to ache. " We are juſt as ſafe as infinite power, as joyful as in- " finite fulneſs, and as happy as infinite goodneſs, can " make us. Ours is peace without moleſtation, plenty " without want, health without ſickneſs, day without " night, pleaſure without pain, and life without the " leaſt mixture or dread of death."

Happy thou, to whom life has no charm, for which thou canſt wiſh it protracted! Thy troubles will ſoon vaniſh like a dream, which mocks the power of memory: and what ſignify all the ſhocks which thy delicate and feeling ſpirit can meet with in this ſhocking world? A moment longer, and thy complaints are at an end; thy diſeaſes of body and mind ſhall be felt no more; the ungenerous hints of churliſh relations diſtreſs no more; fortune frown, futurity intimidate, no more. Then ſhall thy voice, no longer breathing the plaintive ſtrains of melancholy, but happily attuned to ſongs of gladneſs, mingle with the hoſts of heaven in the laſt and ſweeteſt anthem that ever mortals or immortals ſung, " O Death! where is thy plague? O Grave! where " is thy victory?

ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

R. ROBINSON.

SEE, here, I hold a Bible in my hand, and you ſee the cover, the leaves, the letters, the words; but you do not ſee the writers, or the printer, the letter-founder, the ink-maker, the paper-maker, or the binder. You never did ſee them, you never will ſee them, and yet there is not one of you who will think of diſputing or denying the being of theſe men. I go farther: I affirm that you ſee the very ſouls of theſe men, in ſeeing this book, and you feel yourſelves obliged to allow that they had ſkill, contrivance, deſign, memory, fancy, reaſon, and ſo on. In the ſame manner, if you ſee a picture, you judge there was a painter; if you ſee a houſe, you judge there was a builder of it; and if you ſee one room contrived for this purpoſe, and another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude the builder was a perſon of ſkill and forecaſt, who formed the houſe with a view to the accommodation of its inhabitants. In this manner examine the world, and pity the man who, when he ſees the ſign of the wheat-ſheaf, hath ſenſe enough to know that there is a joiner, and ſomewhere a painter; but who, when he ſees the wheat-ſheaf itſelf, is ſo ſtupid as not to ſay to himſelf, this had a wiſe and good Creator.

EXAMPLE OF VERACITY.

PERCIVAL.

A Spaniſh cavalier, having aſſaſſinated a Mooriſh gentleman, inſtantly fled from juſtice. He was vigorouſly purſued; but availing himſelf of a ſudden turn in the road, he leaped, unperceived, over a garden wall. The proprietor, who was alſo a Moor, happened to be at that time walking in the garden: the Spaniard fell upon his knees before him, acquainted him with his

caſe, and, in the moſt pathetic manner, implored concealment. The Moor liſtened to him with compaſſion, and generouſly promiſed his aſſiſtance. He then locked him in a ſummer-houſe, and left him, with an aſſurance that, when night approached, he would provide for his eſcape. A few hours afterwards, the dead body of his ſon was brought to him; and the deſcription of the murderer exactly agreed with the appearance of the Spaniard, whom he had then in cuſtody. He concealed the horror and ſuſpicion which he felt; and retiring to his chamber, remained there till midnight. Then going privately into the garden, he opened the door of the ſummer-houſe, and thus accoſted the cavalier. "Chriſtian," ſaid he, "the youth whom you have murdered, was "my only ſon. Your crime merits the ſevereſt puniſh-"ment. But I have ſolemnly pledged my word for "your ſecurity: and I diſdain to violate even a raſh "engagement with a cruel enemy." He conducted the Spaniard to the ſtables, and, furniſhing him with one of his ſwifteſt mules, "Fly," ſaid he, "whilſt the "darkneſs of the night conceals you. Your hands are "polluted with blood; but God is juſt; and I hum-"bly thank him that my faith is unſpotted, and that I "have reſigned judgment unto him."

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

As clearly ſhown in the Preface of an old Penſylvanian Almanack, entitled, "Poor Richard improved."

FRANKLIN.

Courteous Reader,

I Have heard, that nothing gives an author ſo much pleaſure, as to find his works reſpectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how I muſt have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I ſtopped my horſe, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of ſale not being come, they were converſing on the badneſs of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, 'Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not thoſe heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How ſhall we be ever able to pay them? What would you adviſe us to?'——Father Abraham ſtood up, and replied, 'If you would have my advice, I will give it you in ſhort; "for a word to the wiſe is enough," as poor Richard ſays.' They joined in deſiring him to ſpeak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

'Friends,' ſaid he, 'the taxes are, indeed, very heavy; and, if thoſe laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more eaſily diſcharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to ſome of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleneſs, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from theſe taxes the

commiſſioners cannot eaſe or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and ſomething may be done for us; "God helps them "that help themſelves," as poor Richard ſays.'

I. 'It would be thought a hard government that ſhould tax its people one tenth part of their time to be employed in its ſervice; but idleneſs taxes many of us much more; ſloth, by bringing on diſeaſes, abſolutely ſhortens life. "Sloth, like ruſt, conſumes faſter than "labour wears, while the uſed key is always bright," as poor Richard ſays—"But doſt thou love life, then "do not ſquander time, for that is the ſtuff life is made "of," as poor Richard ſays.—How much more than is neceſſary do we ſpend in ſleep! forgetting that "The "ſleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be "ſleeping enough in the grave," as poor Richard ſays.

'If time be of all things the moſt precious, "waſt-"ing time muſt be," as poor Richard ſays, "the "greateſt prodigality;" ſince, as he elſewhere tells us, "Loſt time is never found again; and what we call "time enough always proves little enough." Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpoſe; ſo by diligence we ſhall do more with leſs perplexity. "Sloth "makes all things difficult, but induſtry all eaſy; and "he that riſeth late, muſt trot all day, and ſhall ſcarce "overtake his buſineſs at night; while lazineſs travels "ſo ſlowly, that poverty ſoon overtakes him. Drive "thy buſineſs, let not that drive thee; and,

"Early to bed, and early to riſe,
"Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wiſe;"

as poor Richard ſays.

'So what ſignifies wiſhing and hoping for better times? We may make theſe times better, if we beſtir ourſelves. "Induſtry need not wiſh, and he that lives "upon hope will die faſting. There are no gains with-"out pains; then help hands, for I have no lands," or, if I have, they are ſmartly taxed. "He that hath "a trade, hath an eſtate; and he that hath a calling, "hath an office of profit and honour," as poor Rich-ard ſays; but then the trade muſt be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the eſtate nor the of-fice will enable us to pay our taxes.—If we are induſtri-ous, we ſhall never ſtarve; for, "At the working man's

" houſe hunger looks in, but dares not enter." Nor will the bailiff or the conſtable enter, for, " Induſtry " pays debts, while deſpair increaſeth them." What though you have found no treaſure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, " Diligence is the mother of " good luck, and God gives all things to induſtry.

" Then plough deep, while ſluggards ſleep,
" And you ſhall have corn to ſell and to keep."

Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. " One to-day " is worth two to-morrows," as poor Richard ſays; and farther, " Never leave that till to-morrow, which you " can do to-day."—If you were a ſervant, would you not be aſhamed that a good maſter ſhould catch you idle? Are you then your own maſter? be aſhamed to catch yourſelf idle, when there is ſo much to be done for yourſelf, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens: remember, that " The cat in gloves catches no mice," as poor Richard ſays. It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps you are weak-handed; but ſtick to it ſteadily, and you will ſee great effects! for, " Conſtant dropping " wears away ſtones; and by diligence and patience the " mouſe ate in two the cable; and little ſtrokes fell " great oaks."

' Methinks I hear ſome of you ſay, " Muſt a man " afford himſelf no leiſure?" I will tell thee, my friend, what poor Richard ſays; " Employ thy time " well, if thou meaneſt to gain leiſure; and, ſince thou " art not ſure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leiſure is time for doing ſomething uſeful; this leiſure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for, " A life of leiſure and a life of lazineſs are two " things. Many, without labour, would live by their " wits only, but they break for want of ſtock;" whereas induſtry gives comfort, and plenty, and reſpect. " Fly " pleaſures, and they will follow you. The diligent " ſpinner has a large ſhift; and now I have a ſheep and " a cow, every body bids me good morrow."

II. ' But with our induſtry we muſt likewiſe be ſteady, ſettled, and careful, and overſee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not truſt too much to others; for, as poor Richard ſays,

" I never ſaw an oft-removed tree,
" Nor yet an oft-removed family,
" That throve ſo well as thoſe that ſettled be."

And again, " Three removes are as bad as a fire:" and again, " Keep thy ſhop, and thy ſhop will keep " thee:" and again, " If you would have your buſi- " neſs done, go; if not, ſend." And again,

" He that by the plough would thrive,
" Himſelf muſt either hold or drive."

And again, " The eye of a maſter will do more work " than both his hands:" and again, " Want of care " does us more damage than want of knowledge:" and again, " Not to overſee workmen, is to leave them your " purſe open." Truſting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, " In the affairs of this world, " men are ſaved, not by faith, but by the want of it:" but a man's own care is profitable; for, " If you would " have a faithful ſervant, and one that you like,—ſerve " yourſelf. A little neglect may breed great miſchief; " for want of a nail, the ſhoe was loſt; for want of a " ſhoe, the horſe was loſt; and for want of a horſe, " the rider was loſt," being overtaken and ſlain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horſe-ſhoe nail.

III. ' So much for induſtry, my friends, and attention to one's own buſineſs; but to theſe we muſt add frugality, if we would make our induſtry more certainly ſucceſsful. A man may, if he knows not how to ſave as he gets, " Keep his noſe all his life to the grindſtone, " and die not worth a groat at laſt. A fat kitchen " makes a lean will;" and,

" Many eſtates are ſpent in the getting,
" Since women for tea forſook ſpinning and knitting,
" And men for punch forſook hewing and ſplitting."

" If you would be wealthy, think of ſaving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, " becauſe her out-goes are greater than her incomes."

' Away, then, with your expenſive follies, and you will not then have ſo much cauſe to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for,

" Women and wine, game and deceit,
" Make the wealth ſmall, and the want great."

And farther, " What maintains one vice, would bring

" up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more coſtly, and clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, " Many littles make a mickle." Beware of little expences; " A ſmall leak will ſink a great ſhip," as poor Richard ſays; and again,

" Who dainties love,
" Shall beggars prove;"

And moreover, " Fools make feaſts, and wiſe men eat " them." Here you are all got together to this ſale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods: but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to ſome of you. You expect they will be ſold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for leſs than they coſt; but, if you have no occaſion for them, they muſt be dear to you. Remember what poor Richard ſays, " Buy what thou haſt no " need of, and ere long thou ſhalt ſell thy neceſſaries." And again, " At a great pennyworth pauſe awhile:" he means, that perhaps the cheapneſs is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by ſtraitening thee in thy buſineſs, may do thee more harm than good. For, in another place, he ſays, " Many have been ruined by " buying good pennyworths." Again, " It is fooliſh " to lay out money in a purchaſe of repentance;" and yet this folly is practiſed every day at auctions, for want of minding the almanack. Many a one, for the ſake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half ſtarved their families; " Silks and ſatins, ſcar- " lets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire," as poor Richard ſays. Theſe are not the neceſſaries of life; they can ſcarcely be called the conveniences: and yet, only becauſe they look pretty, how many want to have them! —By theſe, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of thoſe whom they formerly deſpiſed, but who, through induſtry and frugality, have maintained their ſtanding; in which caſe, it appears plainly, that " A ploughman on " his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees," as poor Richard ſays. Perhaps they have had a ſmall eſtate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think " It is day, and will never be night:" that a little to be ſpent out of ſo much, is not worth minding;

but, " Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never " putting in, ſoon comes to the bottom," as poor Richard ſays; and then, " When the well is dry they know " the worth of water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. " If you " would know the value of money, go and try to borrow ſome; for he that goes a borrowing, goes a ſorrowing," as poor Richard ſays; and, indeed, ſo does he that lends to ſuch people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick farther adviſes, and ſays,

" Fond pride of dreſs is ſure a very curſe;
" Ere fancy you conſult, conſult your purſe."

And again, " Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and " a great deal more ſaucy." When you have bought one fine thing, you muſt buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but poor Dick ſays, " It is eaſier to ſuppreſs the firſt deſire, than to ſatisfy " all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to ſwell, in order to equal the ox.

" Veſſels large may venture more,
" But little boats ſhould keep near ſhore."

It is, however, a folly ſoon puniſhed; for, as poor Richard ſays, " Pride that dines on vanity, ſups on " contempt;—Pride breakfaſted with Plenty, dined " with Poverty, and ſupped with Infamy." And, after all, of what uſe is this pride of appearance, for which ſo much is riſqued, ſo much is ſuffered? It cannot promote health, nor eaſe pain; it makes no increaſe of merit in the perſon, it creates envy, it haſtens misfortune.

' But what madneſs muſt it be to run in debt for theſe ſuperfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this ſale, ſix months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced ſome of us to attend it, becauſe we cannot ſpare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be aſhamed to ſee your creditor; you will be in fear when you ſpeak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, ſneaking excuſes, and, by degrees, come to loſe your veracity, and ſink into baſe, downright lying; for, " the ſecond vice is lying, the

" firſt is running in debt," as poor Richard ſays; and again to the ſame purpoſe, " Lying rides upon Debt's " back:" whereas, a free-born Engliſhman ought not to be aſhamed nor afraid to ſee or ſpeak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all ſpirit and virtue. " It is hard for an empty bag to ſtand upright." —What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who ſhould iſſue an edict forbidding you to dreſs like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of impriſonment or ſervitude? Would not you ſay that you were free, have a right to dreſs as you pleaſe, and that ſuch an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and ſuch a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourſelf under that tyranny, when you run in debt for ſuch dreſs! Your creditor has authority, at his pleaſure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in gaol for life, or by ſelling you for a ſervant, if you ſhould not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as poor Richard ſays, " Creditors have bet- " ter memories than debtors; creditors are a ſuperſti- " tious ſect, great obſervers of ſet days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to ſatisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term which at firſt ſeemed ſo long, will, as it leſſens, appear extremely ſhort: Time will ſeem to have added wings to his heels as well as his ſhoulders. " Thoſe have a ſhort " Lent, who owe money to be paid at Eaſter." At preſent, perhaps, you may think yourſelves in thriving circumſtances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but,

" For age and want ſave while you may,
" No morning ſun laſts a whole day."

' Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, expence is conſtant and certain; and " It is eaſier to build two chimnies, than to keep one " in fuel," as poor Richard ſays: ſo, " Rather go to " bed ſupperleſs, than riſe in debt.

" Get what you can, and what you get hold,
" 'Tis the ſtone that will turn all your lead into gold."

And when you have got the philoſopher's ſtone, ſure

you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV. 'This doctrine, my friends, is reaſon and wiſdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own induſtry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may be all blaſted without the bleſſing of Heaven; and therefore aſk that bleſſing humbly, and be not uncharitable to thoſe who at preſent ſeem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job ſuffered, and was afterwards proſperous.

'And now, to conclude, "Experience keeps a "dear ſchool, but fools will learn in no other," as poor Richard ſays, and ſcarce in that; for it is true, "We "may give advice, but we cannot give conduct." However, remember this, "They that will not be "counſelled, cannot be helped;" and farther, that "If "you will not hear Reaſon, ſhe will ſurely rap your "knuckles," as poor Richard ſays.

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practiſed the contrary, juſt as if it had been a common ſermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.—I found the good man had thoroughly ſtudied my almanacks, and digeſted all I had dropped on thoſe topics during the courſe of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me, muſt have tired any one elſe; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conſcious that not a tenth part of the wiſdom was my own, which he aſcribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the ſenſe of all ages and nations. However, I reſolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at firſt determined to buy ſtuff for a new coat, I went away, reſolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the ſame, thy profit will be as great as mine.—I am, as ever, thine to ſerve thee.

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

THE MORNING OF AUTUMN.

GESSNER.

THE firſt rays of the morning ſun had already gilded the tops of the mountains, and announced one of the fineſt days in autumn, when Milo opened his window. Tranſported at the ſight of the beauties of nature, and inſpired with a divine enthuſiaſm, he took up his lyre, and ſung.

'Can I, ye gods! can I expreſs my tranſports and my gratitude in ſtrains worthy of you? Nature is diſplayed in all her beauty. Her riches are laviſhed with profuſion. Joy and gaiety are every where viſible. The plenty of the ſeaſon ſmiles in our vineyards and our orchards. How beautiful is the country! how charming the variegated ſcenery of autumn!

'Happy he, whoſe heart is a ſtranger to remorſe, and who, ſatisfied with his condition, enjoys the ſweet ſatisfaction of doing good. The freſhneſs of the morning awakes him to action and enjoyment. The day is full of charms, and night invites him to gentle ſleep. His mind is always alive to impreſſions of pleaſure. The various beauties of the ſeaſons delight him, and he alone poſſeſſes the pureſt enjoyments of nature.

'But happier far is he, who ſhares theſe enjoyments with a companion, whom nature and the graces have formed; with a companion like thee, my Daphne. Since Hymen united our fortunes, they have been like

the harmony of two flutes, gently modulating the ſame air; whoever hears them is filled with delight. Did my eyes ever expreſs a deſire, which thou didſt not endeavour to anticipate? Did I ever enjoy any pleaſure, which was not increaſed by thy preſence? Have I ever been perplexed with any care, which thou haſt not diſſipated, even as the ſun diſſolves the miſts? Yes, Daphne, on the day when I led thee to my hut, I ſaw all the comforts of life attach themſelves to thee.—— Order, neatneſs, fortitude, and cheerfulneſs ever attend thy footſteps; and the gods delight in crowning thy works with ſucceſs.

'Thou art the ſweetener of my life, and cauſeſt every thing round me to wear a ſmiling aſpect. Heaven ſhowers down its bleſſings on my habitation; they are diffuſed over my flocks, my plantations, and my harveſts. The labour of the day is a perpetual ſource of amuſement, and when I return at night under this peaceful roof, what delight do I experience in thy tender endearments! The ſpring appears more gay, the ſummer and autumn more rich; and when hoary winter covers our humble cot, ſeated near our comfortable fire, amidſt the moſt pleaſing cares, I taſte in thy ſociety the comforts of domeſtic ſecurity. Let Boreas vent his rage, let the ſnow conceal the country from my ſight, I am more and more ſenſible that thou art the ſource of my happineſs. You, lovelieſt of children! complete my bliſs. Adorned with the graces of your mother, what felicity do you not promiſe to me! The firſt words which Daphne taught you to ſay, were, that you loved me. Health and cheerfulneſs beam in your countenances, and the deſire of pleaſing is evident in your looks. You are our preſent delight, and your happineſs will be the comfort of our old age. When I return from the fields, you call me to you; and when you eagerly receive my preſents, the fruits which I have gathered, or the little inſtruments which I have made, as I followed my flocks by the river ſide; your pleaſures enchant me, and in my rapture, dear Daphne, I ſeek thy arms. With what grace doſt thou wipe away the tears of joy, which fall from my eyes.'

While he thus ſung, Daphne entered, holding, in each arm, a child more beautiful than the god of love. Tears ran down the cheeks of Daphne; "Ah, Milo," ſaid ſhe, heaving a ſigh, "how happy am I! how thou "loveſt us!"

At theſe words he preſſed each of them to his boſom. Ah! whoever had ſeen them at that moment, would have been ſenſible, that virtuous minds only can enjoy conjugal felicity.

LOUISA VENONI.

FROM THE MIRROR.

IF we examine impartially that eſtimate of pleaſure, which the higher ranks of ſociety are apt to form, we ſhall probably be ſurpriſed to find how little there is in it either of natural feeling or real ſatisfaction. Many a faſhionable voluptuary, who has not totally blunted his taſte or his judgment, will own, in the intervals of recollection, how often he has ſuffered from the inſipidity or the pain of his enjoyments; and that, if it were not for the fear of being laughed at, it were ſometimes worth while, even on the ſcore of pleaſure, to be virtuous.

Sir Edward ———, to whom I had the pleaſure of being introduced at Florence, was a character much beyond that which diſtinguiſhes the generality of Engliſh travellers of fortune. His ſtory was known to ſome of his countrymen who then reſided in Italy; from one of whom, who could now and then talk of ſomething beſide pictures and operas, I had a particular recital of it.

He had been firſt abroad at an early period of life, ſoon after the death of his father had left him maſter of a very large eſtate, which he had the good fortune to inherit, and all the inclination natural to youth to enjoy. Though always ſumptuous, however, and ſome-

times profuſe, he was obſerved never to be ridiculous in his expences; and, though he was now and then talked of as a man of pleaſure and diſſipation, he always left behind more inſtances of beneficence than of irregularity. For that reſpect and eſteem in which his character, amidſt all his little errors, was generally held, he was ſuppoſed a good deal indebted to the ſociety of a gentleman, who had been his companion at the univerſity, and now attended him rather as a friend than a tutor. This gentleman was, unfortunately, ſeized at Marſeilles with a lingering diſorder, for which he was under the neceſſity of taking a ſea-voyage, leaving Sir Edward to proſecute the remaining part of his intended tour alone.

Deſcending into one of the valleys of Piedmont, where, notwithſtanding the ruggedneſs of the road, Sir Edward, with a prejudice natural to his country, preferred the conveyance of an Engliſh hunter to that of an Italian mule, his horſe unluckily made a falſe ſtep, and fell with his rider to the ground, from which Sir Edward was lifted by his ſervants with ſcarce any ſigns of life. They conveyed him on a litter to the neareſt houſe, which happened to be the dwelling of a peaſant rather above the common rank, before whoſe door ſome of his neighbours were aſſembled at a ſcene of rural merriment, when the train of Sir Edward brought up their maſter in the condition I have deſcribed. The compaſſion natural to his ſituation was excited in all; but the owner of the manſion, whoſe name was Venoni, was particularly moved with it. He applied himſelf immediately to the care of the ſtranger, and, with the aſſiſtance of his daughter, who had left the dance ſhe was engaged in, with great marks of agitation, ſoon reſtored Sir Edward to ſenſe and life. Venoni poſſeſſed ſome little ſkill in ſurgery, and his daughter produced a book of receipts in medicine. Sir Edward, after being blooded, was put to bed, and tended with every poſſible care by his hoſt and his family. A conſiderable degree of fever was the conſequence of his accident; but after ſome days it abated; and, in little more than a week, he was able to join in the ſociety of Venoni and his daughter.

He could not help expreſſing ſome ſurpriſe at the appearance of refinement in the converſation of the latter, much beyond what her ſituation ſeemed likely to confer. Her father accounted for it. She had received her education in the houſe of a lady, who happened to paſs through the valley, and to take ſhelter in Venoni's cottage (for his houſe was but a better ſort of cottage) the night of her birth. "When her mother died, ſaid he, "the Signora, whoſe name, at her deſire, we had "given the child, took her home to her own houſe; "there ſhe was taught many things, of which there is "no need here; yet ſhe is not ſo proud of her learn-"ing as to wiſh to leave her father in his old age; and "I hope ſoon to have her ſettled near me for life."

But Sir Edward had now an opportunity of knowing Louiſa better than from the deſcription of her father. Muſic and painting, in both of which arts ſhe was a tolerable proficient, Sir Edward had ſtudied with ſucceſs. Louiſa felt a ſort of pleaſure from her drawings, which they had never given her before, when they were praiſed by Sir Edward; and the family-concerts of Venoni were very different from what they had formerly been, when once his gueſt was ſo far recovered as to be able to join in them. The flute of Venoni excelled all the other muſic of the valley; his daughter's lute was much beyond it; Sir Edward's violin was finer than either. But his converſation with Louiſa—it was that of a ſuperior order of beings!—ſcience, taſte, ſentiment!——it was long ſince Louiſa had heard theſe ſounds; amidſt the ignorance of the valley, it was luxury to hear them; from Sir Edward, who was one of the moſt engaging figures I ever ſaw, they were doubly delightful. In his countenance, there was always an expreſſion animated and intereſting; his ſickneſs had overcome ſomewhat of the firſt, but greatly added to the power of the latter.

Louiſa's was no leſs captivating—and Sir Edward had not ſeen it ſo long without emotion. During his illneſs he thought this emotion but gratitude; and, when it firſt grew warmer, he checked it, from the thought of her ſituation, and of the debt he owed her.

But the ſtruggle was too ineffectual to overcome; and, of conſequence, increaſed his paſſion. There was but one way in which the pride of Sir Edward allowed of its being gratified. He ſometimes thought of this as a baſe and unworthy one; but he was the fool of words which he had often deſpiſed, the ſlave of manners he had often condemned. He at laſt compromiſed matters with himſelf; he reſolved, if he could, to think no more of Louiſa; at any rate, to think no more of the ties of gratitude, or the reſtraints of virtue.

Louiſa, who truſted to both, now communicated to Sir Edward an important ſecret. It was at the cloſe of a piece of muſic, which they had been playing in the abſence of her father. She took up her lute, and touched a little wild melancholy air, which ſhe had compoſed to the memory of her mother. "That," ſaid ſhe, "nobody ever heard, except my father; I play it ſometimes when I am alone, and in low ſpirits. I don't know how I came to think of it now; yet I have ſome reaſon to be ſad." Sir Edward preſſed to know the cauſe; after ſome heſitation ſhe told it all. Her father had fixed on the ſon of a neighbour, rich in poſſeſſions, but rude in manners, for her huſband. Againſt this match ſhe had always proteſted, as ſtrongly as a ſenſe of duty, and the mildneſs of her nature, would allow; but Venoni was obſtinately bent on the match, and ſhe was wretched from the thoughts of it.——"To marry where one cannot love,—to marry ſuch a man, Sir Edward!"——It was an opportunity beyond his power of reſiſtance. Sir Edward preſſed her hand; ſaid it would be profanation to think of ſuch a marriage; praiſed her beauty, extolled her virtues; and concluded, by ſwearing, that he adored her. She heard him with unſuſpecting pleaſure, which her bluſhes could ill conceal.—Sir Edward improved the favourable moment; talked of the ardency of his paſſion, the inſignificancy of ceremonies and forms, the inefficacy of legal engagements, the eternal duration of thoſe dictated by love; and, in fine, urged her going off with him, to crown both their days with happineſs. Louiſa ſtarted at that propoſal. She would have reproached him, but her heart was not made for it; ſhe could only weep.

They were interrupted by the arrival of her father with his intended ſon-in-law. He was juſt ſuch a man as Louiſa had repreſented him, coarſe, vulgar, and ignorant. But Venoni, though much above their neighbour in every thing but riches, looked on him as poorer men often look on the wealthy, and diſcovered none of his imperfections. He took his daughter aſide, told her he had brought her future huſband, and that he intended they ſhould be married in a week at fartheſt.

Next morning Louiſa was indiſpoſed, and kept her chamber. Sir Edward was now perfectly recovered. He was engaged to go out with Venoni; but, before his departure, he took up his violin, and touched a few plaintive notes on it. They were heard by Louiſa.

In the evening ſhe wandered forth to indulge her ſorrows alone. She had reached a ſequeſtered ſpot, where ſome poplars formed a thicket, on the banks of a little ſtream that watered the valley. A nightingale was perched on one of them, and had already begun its accuſtomed ſong. Louiſa ſat down on a withered ſtump, leaning her cheek upon her hand. After a little while, the bird was ſcared from its perch, and flitted from the thicket. Louiſa roſe from the ground, and burſt into tears! She turned—and beheld Sir Edward. His countenance had much of its former languor; and, when he took her hand, he caſt on the earth a melancholy look, and ſeemed unable to ſpeak his feelings. "Are you not well, Sir Edward?" ſaid Louiſa, with a voice faint and broken.—"I am ill indeed," ſaid he, "but my illneſs is of the mind. Louiſa cannot cure "me of that. I am wretched; but I deſerve to be ſo. "I have broken every law of hoſpitality, and every "obligation of gratitude. I have dared to wiſh for "happineſs, and to ſpeak what I wiſhed, though it "wounded the heart of my deareſt benefactreſs—but I "will make a ſevere expiation. This moment I leave "you, Louiſa! I go to be wretched; but you may be "happy, happy in your duty to a father, happy, it "may be, in the arms of a huſband, whom the poſſeſ-"ſion of ſuch a wife may teach refinement and ſenſi-"bility.—I go to my native country, to hurry through

" ſcenes of irkſome buſineſs or taſteleſs amuſement;
" that I may, if poſſible, procure a ſort of half-obli-
" vion of that happineſs which I have left behind, a
" liſtleſs endurance of that life which I once dreamed
" might be made delightful with Louiſa."

Tears were the only anſwer ſhe could give. Sir Edward's ſervants appeared, with a carriage, ready for his departure. He took from his pocket two pictures; one he had drawn of Louiſa, he faſtened round her neck, and, kiſſing it with rapture, hid it in his boſom. The other he held out in a heſitating manner. " This," ſaid he, " if Louiſa will accept of it, may ſometimes
" put her in mind of him who once offended, who can
" never ceaſe to adore her. She may look on it, per-
" haps, after the original is no more; when this heart
" ſhall have forgot to love, and ceaſe to be wretched."

Louiſa was at laſt overcome. Her face was firſt pale as death; then ſuddenly it was croſſed with a crimſon bluſh. " Oh, Sir Edward!" ſaid ſhe, " what—
" what would you have me do?"—He eagerly ſeized her hand, and led her, reluctant, to the carriage. They entered it, and, driving off with furious ſpeed, were ſoon out of ſight of thoſe hills which paſtured the flocks of the unfortunate Venoni.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

LOUISA VENONI.

CONCLUDED.

THE virtue of Louiſa was vanquiſhed; but her ſenſe of virtue was not overcome.—Neither the vows of eternal fidelity of her ſeducer, nor the conſtant and reſpectful attention which he paid her during a hurried journey to England, could allay that anguiſh which ſhe ſuffered at the recollection of her paſt, and the thoughts of her preſent ſituation. Sir Edward felt ſtrongly the power of her beauty and of her grief. His heart was not made for that part which, it is probable, he thought it could have performed: it was ſtill ſubject to remorſe, to compaſſion, and to love. Theſe emotions, perhaps, he might ſoon have overcome, had they been met by vulgar violence or reproaches; but the quiet and unupbraiding ſorrows of Louiſa, nouriſhed thoſe feelings of tenderneſs and attachment. She never mentioned her wrongs in words: ſometimes a few ſtarting tears would ſpeak them; and when time had given her a little more compoſure, her lute diſcourſed melancholy muſic.

On their arrival in England, Sir Edward carried Louiſa to his ſeat in the country. There ſhe was treated with all the obſervance of a wife; and, had ſhe choſen it, might have commanded more than the ordinary ſplendour of one. But ſhe would not allow the indulgence of Sir Edward to blazon with equipage, and ſhow that ſtate which ſhe wiſhed always to hide, and, if poſſible, to forget. Her books and her muſic were her only

pleaſures; if pleaſures they could be called, that ſerved but to alleviate miſery, and to blunt, for a while, the pangs of contrition.

Theſe were deeply aggravated by the recollection of her father: a father left in his age to feel his own misfortunes and his daughter's diſgrace. Sir Edward was too generous not to think of providing for Venoni. He meant to make ſome atonement for the injury he had done him, by that cruel bounty which is reparation only to the baſe, but to the honeſt is inſult. He had not, however, an opportunity of accompliſhing his purpoſe. He learned that Venoni, ſoon after his daughter's elopement, removed from his former place of reſidence, and, as his neighbours reported, had died in one of the villages of Savoy. His daughter felt this with anguiſh the moſt poignant, and her affliction, for a while, refuſed conſolation. Sir Edward's whole tenderneſs and attention were called forth to mitigate her grief; and, after its firſt tranſports had ſubſided, he carried her to London, in hopes that objects new to her, and commonly attractive to all, might contribute to remove it.

With a man poſſeſſed of feelings like Sir Edward's, the affliction of Louiſa gave a certain reſpect to his attentions. He hired her a houſe ſeparate from his own, and treated her with all the delicacy of the pureſt attachment. But his ſolicitude to comfort and amuſe her was not attended with ſucceſs. She felt all the horrors of that guilt, which ſhe now conſidered as not only the ruin of herſelf, but the murderer of her father.

In London, Sir Edward found his ſiſter, who had married a man of great fortune and high faſhion. He had married her, becauſe ſhe was a fine woman, and admired by fine men; ſhe had married him, becauſe he was the wealthieſt of her ſuitors. They lived, as is common to people in ſuch a ſituation, neceſſitous with a princely revenue, and very wretched amidſt perpetual gaiety. This ſcene was ſo foreign from the idea Sir Edward had formed of the reception his country and friends were to afford him, that he found a conſtant ſource of diſguſt in the ſociety of his equals. In their

converſation fantaſtic, not refined, their ideas were frivolous, and their knowledge ſhallow: and with all the pride of birth and inſolence of ſtation, their principles were mean and their minds ignoble. In their pretended attachments, he diſcovered only deſigns of ſelfiſhneſs; and their pleaſures, he experienced, were as fallacious as their friendſhips. In the ſociety of Louiſa he found ſenſibility and truth; her's was the only heart that ſeemed intereſted in his welfare; ſhe ſaw the return of virtue in Sir Edward, and felt the friendſhip which he ſhowed her. Sometimes, when ſhe perceived him ſorrowful, her lute would leave its melancholy for more lively airs, and her countenance aſſume a gaiety it was not formed to wear. But her heart was breaking with that anguiſh which her generoſity endeavoured to conceal from him; her frame, too delicate for the ſtruggle with her feelings, ſeemed to yield to their force; her reſt forſook her; the colour faded in her cheek; the luſtre of her eyes grew dim. Sir Edward ſaw thoſe ſymptoms of decay with the deepeſt remorſe. Often did he curſe thoſe falſe ideas of pleaſure, which had led him to conſider the ruin of an artleſs girl, who loved and truſted him, as an object which it was luxury to attain, and pride to accompliſh. Often did he wiſh to blot out from his life a few guilty months, to be again reſtored to an opportunity of giving happineſs to that family, whoſe unſuſpecting kindneſs he had repaid with the treachery of a robber, and the cruelty of an aſſaſſin.

One evening, while he ſat in a little parlour with Louiſa, his mind alternately agitated and ſoftened with this impreſſion, a hand organ, of a remarkably ſweet tone, was heard in the ſtreet. Louiſa laid aſide her lute, and liſtened: the airs it played were thoſe of her native country; and a few tears, which ſhe endeavoured to hide, ſtole from her on hearing them. Sir Edward ordered a ſervant to fetch the organiſt into the room: he was brought in accordingly, and ſeated at the door of the apartment.

He played one or two ſprightly tunes, to which Louiſa had often danced in her infancy; ſhe gave herſelf up to the recollection, and her tears flowed without

controul. Suddenly the muſician, changing the ſtop, introduced a little melancholy air of a wild and plaintive kind.—Louiſa ſtarted from her ſeat, and ruſhed up to the ſtranger.—He threw off a tattered coat and black patch. It was her father!—She would have ſprung to embrace him; he turned aſide for a few moments, and would not receive her into his arms. But nature at laſt overcame his reſentment; he burſt into tears, and preſſed to his boſom his long-loſt daughter.

Sir Edward ſtood fixed in aſtoniſhment and confuſion.—" I come not to upbraid you," ſaid Venoni; " I " am a poor, weak, old man, unable for upbraidings; " I am come but to find my child, to forgive her, and " to die! When you ſaw us firſt, Sir Edward, we " were not thus. You found us virtuous and happy; " we danced and we ſung, and there was not a ſad " heart in the valley where we dwelt. Yet we left our " dancing, our ſongs, and our cheerfulneſs; you were " diſtreſſed, and we pitied you. Since that day the " pipe has never been heard in Venoni's fields: grief " and ſickneſs have almoſt brought him to the grave; " and his neighbours, who loved and pitied him, have " been cheerful no more. Yet, methinks, though you " robbed us of happineſs, you are not happy;—elſe " why that dejected look, which, amidſt all the grandeur " around you, I ſaw you wear, and thoſe tears which, " under all the gaudineſs of her apparel, I ſaw that " poor deluded girl ſhed?"———" But ſhe ſhall ſhed " no more," cried Sir Edward; " you ſhall be happy, " and I ſhall be juſt. Forgive, my venerable friend! " the injuries which I have done thee; forgive me, my " Louiſa! for rating your excellence at a price ſo mean. " I have ſeen thoſe high-born females to which my " rank might have allied me; I am aſhamed of their " vices, and ſick of their follies. Profligate in their " hearts, amidſt affected purity, they are ſlaves to plea- " ſure without the ſincerity of paſſion; and, with the " name of honour, are inſenſible to the feelings of vir- " tue. You, my Louiſa!—but I will not call up recol- " lections that might render me leſs worthy of your fu- " ture eſteem.——Continue to love your Edward; but " a few hours, and you ſhall add the title to the affec-

" tions of a wife; let the care and tenderneſs of a huſ-
" band bring back its peace to your mind, and its
" bloom to your cheek. We will leave, for a while,
" the wonder and the envy of the faſhionable circle
" here. We will reſtore your father to his native
" home; under that roof I ſhall once more be happy;
" happy without allay, becauſe I ſhall deſerve my hap-
" pineſs. Again ſhall the pipe and the dance gladden
" the valley, and innocence and peace beam on the
" cottage of Venoni!"

THE CONTENTED PORTER.

RICHARDSON.

A Porter, reſting himſelf, with his load by him, groaned aloud, and wiſhed he had five hundred pounds. " Why," ſays a gentleman, who was paſſing by, " I will give you five hundred pounds:—and now, " what will you do with it?" " Oh!" ſaid the porter, " I will ſoon tell you what I will do with it. Firſt, " I will have a pint of ale, and a toaſt and nutmeg, " every morning, for my breakfaſt." " Well, and " what time will you get up?" " Oh! I have been " uſed to get up at five or ſix o'clock, ſo I will do that " now." " Well, what will you do after breakfaſt?" " Why, I will fetch a walk till dinner." " And what " will you have for dinner?" " Why, I will have a " good dinner; I will have good roaſt and boiled beef, " and ſome carrots and greens;—and I will have a full " pot every day,—and then I will ſmoke a pipe." " Well, and then perhaps you will take a nap." " May " be I may—no, I will not take a nap; I will fetch " another walk till ſupper." " Well, and what will " you have for ſupper?" " I do not know—I will " have more beef, if I am hungry; or elſe I will have " a Welſh rabbit, and another full pot of beer,"—" Well, and then?" " Why, then I will go to bed, " to be ſure."—" Pray, how much may you now earn " a week by your buſineſs?" " Why, maſter, I can " make you eighteen ſhillings a week."—" Will not " you be tired now, do you think, after a little while,

" in doing nothing every day?" " I do not know, maſ-
" ter, I have been thinking ſo."—" Well then, let me
" propoſe a ſcheme to you." " With all my heart,
" maſter."—" Cannot you do all this every day, as you
" are, and employ your time into the bargain?" " Why
" really, ſo I can, maſter, I think; and ſo take your
" five hundred pounds again, and thank you."

THE PEDLAR AND HIS ASS.

PERCIVAL.

IT was noon day, and the ſun ſhone intenſely bright, when a pedlar driving his aſs, laden with the choiceſt Burſlem ware, ſtopped upon Delamere foreſt, to taſte ſome refreſhment. He ſat down upon the turf, and after conſuming the proviſions in his ſatchel, emptied his dram bottle, and then compoſed himſelf to ſleep. But the aſs, who had travelled many a weariſome mile without taſting a morſel of food, remained muzzled by his ſide, wiſtfully viewing the bloſſoms of furze, which grew in great abundance around them. Fatigue and heat, however, overpowered the ſenſations of hunger, and drowſineſs ſtole upon him. He kneeled down, and, doubling his legs under him, reſted upon his belly in ſuch a poſition, that each of the panniers, which he carried, touched the ground, and was ſecurely ſupported by it. But his ſlumbers were of ſhort duration. An angry hornet, whoſe neſt had been that morning deſtroyed, perched upon his back, and ſtung him to the quick. Rouſed by the ſmart, he ſuddenly ſprung up, and by this violent motion produced a loud jarring of the earthen ware. The pedlar awoke in conſternation; and ſnatching his whip, began to laſh the aſs with mercileſs fury. The poor beaſt fled from his ſtripes, and was heard of no more; the panniers were thrown off, and the Burſlem ware was entirely demoliſhed. Thus did inhumanity, lazineſs, and paſſion, meet with deſerved puniſhment. Had the pedlar remembered the craving hunger of the aſs, when he gratified his own; or had he purſu-

ed with diligence his journey, after finiſhing his repaſt, no part of theſe misfortunes would have befallen him: and his loſs might have been inconſiderable, if unjuſt ſeverity and raſh reſentment had not completed his ruin.

A SERMON ON THE WORD *MALT*.

Preached by the Rev. Mr. DODD, in a hollow Tree.

THE Rev. Mr. Dodd, a very worthy miniſter, who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himſelf obnoxious to many of the Cantabs, by frequently preaching againſt drunkenneſs; ſeveral of whom, meeting him on a journey, determined to make him preach in a hollow tree, which was near the road ſide. Accordingly, addreſſing him with great apparent politeneſs, they aſked him if he had not lately preached much againſt drunkenneſs. On his replying in the affirmative, they inſiſted that he ſhould now preach from a text of their chooſing. In vain did he remonſtrate on the unreaſonableneſs of expecting him to give them a diſcourſe without ſtudy, and in ſuch a place; they were determined to take no denial, and the word MALT was given him by way of text; on which he immediately delivered himſelf as follows.

"Beloved, let me crave your attention.—I am a little man, come, at a ſhort warning, to preach a ſhort ſermon, from a ſmall ſubject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a ſmall congregation. Beloved, my text is MALT; I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; nor into ſyllables, it being but one: I muſt, therefore, of neceſſity, divide it into letters, which I find to be theſe four, M—A—L—T.

"M, my beloved, is Moral,—A is Allegorical,—L, Literal,—T, Theological. The Moral is ſet forth to teach you drunkards good manners; therefore, M, maſters,—A, all of you—L, liſten—T, to my text. The Allegorical is when one thing is ſpoken and ano-

ther thing is meant. The thing ſpoken of is malt; the thing meant is the juice of malt; which you Cantabs make—M, your maſter,—A, your apparel,—L, your liberty,—and T, your truſt. The Literal is, according to the letter—M, much—A, ale,—L, little—T, truſt. The Theological is according to the effects that it works; and theſe I find to be of two kinds: firſt, in this world; ſecondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are,—in ſome, M, murder,—in others, A, adultery,—in all, L, looſeneſs of life,—and, in ſome, T, treaſon. The effects that it works in the world to come are,—M, miſery,—A, anguiſh,—L, lamentation,—and T, torment. And ſo much for this time and text.

" I ſhall improve this: firſt, by way of exhortation,—M, maſters,—A, all of you—L, leave off—T, tippling; or, ſecondly, by way of excommunication,—M, maſters,—A, all of you—L, look for—T, torment; thirdly, by way of caution, take this: a drunkard is the annoyance of modeſty, the ſpoil of civility, the deſtruction of reaſon, the brewer's agent, the alehouſe benefactor, his wife's ſorrow, his children's trouble, his own ſhame, his neighbour's ſcoff, a walking ſwill-bowl, the picture of a beaſt, and the monſter of a man.——Now to," &c.

He then concluded in the uſual form; and the young men, pleaſed with his ingenuity, not only ſincerely thanked him, but abſolutely profited more by this ſhort and whimſical ſermon, than by any ſerious diſcourſe they had ever heard.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

The SUPERIORITY *of* RELIGIOUS VIEWS.

LANGHORNE.

WHILE we are in this ſtate of being, we *muſt* encounter difficulties, and ſtruggle with uneaſineſs. The heart will often be diſſatisfied we know not why, and reaſon will ſtand an idle ſpectator, as if unconſcious of its power. In ſuch caſes, it ought to be awakened from its lethargy, and reminded of the taſk to which it is appointed. It ſhould be informed of the high office it bears in the economy of the ſoul, and be made acquainted with the inſidious vigilance of its enemies. But while we languiſh under the uneaſineſs of diſcontent, we cannot take a more effectual method to recover our peace, than to conſider the inſignificancy of every paſſion that centers, and purſuit that terminates here. Suppoſe our earthly aims were directed to their object by the favouring gale of fortune? ſuppoſe our purſuits ſhould be crowned with all the ſucceſs that flattering hope aſſigns them, yet—vain, changeable, and impotent as we are, the ſucceſs would not be worth a moment's triumph. While the heart turns upon an earthly axis, like the periſhable ball that it loves, it will be variouſly affected by outward influences. Sometimes it will bear the fruits of gladneſs, and ſometimes be the barren deſert of melancholy; one while it will be exhilarated by the ſunſhine of pleaſure, and again it will languiſh in the gloom of diſcontent. The cauſe of this is, not only that the human heart is in itſelf changeable and uncertain, deriving its ſenſations from conſtitutional influen-

ces, but that the objects, if they are earthly objects, on which it depends for happineſs, are liable to variation and decay. Hence ariſes the ſuperiority of religious views. When our hopes of happineſs are fixed on one certain event; one event which, though remote, cannot be altered by mortal contingencies, the heart has an invariable foundation whereon it may reſt. Without this reſting place, we ſhould *be toſſed to and fro by every wind* of fortune, the ſport of chance, and the dupes of expectation. To this immoveable anchor of the ſoul, religion directs us, in the hopes of immortality. We know from the words of divine revelation, that we ſhall exiſt in another ſtate of being, after the diſſolution of this; and we are confirmed, by every benevolent purpoſe of Providence, in the belief that our future exiſtence ſhall be infinitely happy. In this glorious hope, the intereſts of a temporary life are ſwallowed up and loſt. This hope, like the ſerpent of Aaron, devours the mock phantoms which are created by the magic of this world, and at once ſhows the vanity of every earthly purſuit.

Compared with this proſpect, how poor, how barren would every ſcene of mortal happineſs appear! How deſpicable at the beſt—yet how liable to be deſtroyed by every ſtorm of adverſity! For, are we not expoſed to a thouſand accidents, the moſt trifling of which may be ſufficient to break a ſcheme of felicity? Let us conſider thoſe conditions that are almoſt univerſally deſired, the dignity of the great, and the affluence of the rich. Are theſe above the reach of misfortune? Are they exempt from the importunities of care? Greatneſs is but the object of impertinence and envy, and riches create more wants than they are able to gratify. Should then our wiſhes lead to theſe, we ſhould unavoidably be diſappointed. The acquiſition might, for a while, ſoothe our vanity, but we ſhould ſoon ſigh for the eaſe of obſcurity, and envy the content of thoſe whom pride would call our vaſſals. If wealth or grandeur, then, cannot afford us happineſs, where ſhall we ſeek it? Is it to be found in the cell of the hermit? or does it watch by the taper of ſolitary learning? Loves it the ſociety of laughing mirth? or does it affect the

penſive pleaſures of meditation? Is it only genuine in the cordiality of friendſhip, or in the laſting tenderneſs of married love? Alas! this train of alternatives will not do. Should we fly from the troubles of ſociety to ſome lonely hermitage, we ſhould ſoon ſigh for the amuſements of the world we had quarrelled with. The ſtrongeſt mind could not long ſupport the burden of uncommunicated thought, and the firmeſt heart would languiſh in the ſtagnation of melancholy.

Aſk the ſolitary ſcholar, if ever, in his learned reſearches, he beheld the retreat of happineſs—Amuſement is all he will pretend to—Amuſement! in queſt of which the active powers of the mind are frequently worn out, the underſtanding enervated by the aſſiduity of attention, and the memory overburdened with uneſſential ideas.

Yet, poſſibly, happineſs may mingle with ſociety, and ſwell the acclamations of feſtive mirth. No—the joy that dwells there cannot be called happineſs; for the noiſe of mirth will vaniſh with the echo of the evening, and *even in laughter the heart be ſad.* If we are able to diſtinguiſh the elegance of converſation, we ſhall often be diſguſted with the arrogance of pride, or the impertinence of folly; and if not, we may be amuſed indeed with the noiſe, but can never taſte the pleaſures of ſociety.

As little reaſon have we to hope for laſting happineſs from the engagements of friendſhip, or of love. The condition of human life is at beſt ſo uncertain, that it is even dangerous to form any connections that are dear. The tenderneſs of love opens the heart to many ſufferings, to many painful apprehenſions for the health and ſafety of its object, and many uneaſy ſenſations both from real and imaginary cauſes. For want of a better remedy to theſe evils, the wiſdom of ancient philoſophy teacheth us to bid a brave defiance to the aſſaults of pleaſure and of pain. This precept it urges with unremitting auſterity; without making any allowance for particular tempers or circumſtances; without inſtructing us how to behave to the ſolicitations of joy or pleaſure;

how to defend the heart from the inroads of ſorrow, or to guard againſt the unſeen ſtratagems of diſtreſs.

But the religion of a Chriſtian affords a nobler and ſafer refuge. With the exalted hopes that this preſents to us, *the ſufferings of the preſent time are not worthy to be compared.* In thoſe glorious hopes let us bury every anxious thought, the uneaſineſs of diſcontent, and the ſolicitude of care. Let us not ſink under our light afflictions, which are but for a moment. A very few years, perhaps a few months or days, may bring us into that ſtate of being, where care and miſery perplex no more. *Though we have now our bed in darkneſs, and our pillow on the thorn,* yet the time draweth nigh when we ſhall taſte of life without anguiſh, and enjoy the light without *bitterneſs of ſoul. The night is far ſpent, the day is at hand; let us therefore gird up the loins of our minds, and be ſober*—no longer diſſipated, or diſturbed with the troubles of this world. We are hourly haſtening to that ſcene of exiſtence, *where the wicked ceaſe from troubling, and where the weary are at reſt;* where hope ſhall no more be cut off by diſappointment, and where the diſtreſſes of time are forgot in the joys of eternity.

THE HORSE.

PERCIVAL.

IN the month of June, Lucy, Emilia, and Jacobus were carried by Hortenſia to view the crowds of company, as they paſſed to the races, which are annually held upon Kerſal Moor, near Mancheſter. The variety of countenances which they ſaw; the mirth of ſome, the eagerneſs of others, and the diſſipation of all, furniſhed a delightful entertainment to their young minds, unalloyed by any reflections on the extravagance, gaming, and intemperance which ſuch diverſions produce. While they were enjoying this ſcene of pleaſure, they obſerved two men advancing on a full gallop, ſpuring and laſhing their horſes to increaſe their ſpeed. The

day was extremely hot, and one of the horſes fell gaſping, almoſt at the feet of Jacobus. The rider, by his agility, inſtantly freed himſelf from the ſtirrups; and riſing with fury from the ground, he beat his horſe in the moſt ſavage and relentleſs manner. The poor animal was unable to move; and, at every ſtroke of the whip, expreſſed his agonies by the moſt piercing groans. In vain the ſurrounding crowd interceded in his behalf. The tyrant to whom he belonged, inflamed with anger and revenge, continued inexorable; and Hortenſia withdrew, with her young charge, from a ſpectacle ſo painful and diſtreſſing.

When Euphronius returned to Hart-Hill, in the evening, his children flocked around him, impatient to relate this tale of woe. I know and pity the unhappy horſe, ſaid he; and if you will liſten to me, I will give you the particulars of his hiſtory.

The ſire of this animal was a native of Arabia Felix, where he ranged without controul, in the moſt fertile and extenſive plains, enjoying all the luxuries of nature. He was the leader of a herd, which conſiſted of more than five hundred of his ſpecies; and thus ſupported by the united force of numbers, no beaſt of the foreſt durſt attack him. When his followers ſlept, he ſtood as ſentinel, to give notice of approaching danger; and if an Arab happened to advance, he ſometimes walked up boldly towards him, as if to examine his ſtrength, or to intimidate him; then inſtantly he gave the ſignal to his fellows, by a loud ſnorting, and the whole herd fled with the ſwiftneſs of the wind.

In one of theſe flights, he was taken by a trap concealed upon the ground; which, entangling his feet, made him an eaſy prey to the hunter. He was carried to Conſtantinople; ſold to the Britiſh envoy there; and brought by him into England, to improve our breed of horſes. His firſt colt was the poor animal whoſe ſufferings you now lament, and whom I remember to have ſeen gay, frolicſome, and happy. He was fed in a large paſture, where he uſed to gallop round and round; trying every active movement of his limbs, and increaſing

his ſtrength and agility by thoſe gambols and exerciſes, which jocund nature in early youth inſpires. Thus paſſed the firſt period of his life; but now his ſtate of ſervitude and miſery commenced.

To render him more tame and paſſive, a painful operation was performed upon him, by which the ſize and firmneſs of his muſcles were impaired, his ſpirit was depreſſed, and he loſt, with the diſtinction of his ſex, one eſſential power of uſefulneſs and enjoyment. Nature had furniſhed him with a flowing tail, which was at once an ornament, a covering for what ſhould be concealed, and a weapon of defence againſt the flies of ſummer. But falſe taſte decreed the extirpation of it; and ſeveral joints were taken off by a coarſe inſtrument and blundering farrier. The blood guſhed from the wound; and, to ſtop the diſcharge, the tender part was ſeared with a red hot iron. At this inſtant of time I happened to paſs by; and whilſt I was pierced to the heart with the ſufferings of the horſe, I ſaw the ſavage who inflicted them, ſuſpend his operation to curſe and beat him for the groans he uttered. When the tail was thus reduced to a ridiculous ſhortneſs, it was thought that a turn upwards would give additional grace to it: and to produce this effect, ſeveral deep cuts were made on the under ſide of it; and the tail was drawn, by a cord and pully, into a moſt painful poſition, till the granulation of the fleſh was completed.

He was now trained, or broken, as it is uſually termed, for riding; and, during this ſeaſon of diſcipline, he underwent all the ſeverities of the laſh and the ſpur. Many a time were his ſides covered with blood, before his averſion to the aſs could be fully ſubdued. The dread of this animal he derived from his ſire; for, in the ſtate of nature, the aſs and the horſe bear the utmoſt antipathy to each other: and if a horſe happen to ſtray into the paſtures where the wild aſſes graze, they attack him with fury; and, ſurrounding him to prevent his flight, they bite and kick him till he dies.

When rendered perfectly tractable, he was ſold to the preſent proprietor, whom he has faithfully and af-

fectionately ſerved during ten years. He has been a companion to him in various journeys; has borne him with eaſe and ſecurity many thouſand miles; has contributed to reſtore him from ſickneſs to health, by the gentle exerciſe which he afforded; and, by the ſwiftneſs of his feet, he has twice reſcued him from robbers and aſſaſſins. But he is now growing old; his joints become ſtiff; his wind fails him; and, urged beyond his ſpeed, on ſo ſultry a day, he fell breathleſs at your feet. In a few hours he recovered himſelf; and the owner has ſince diſpoſed of him, at a low price, to a maſter of poſt horſes in Mancheſter. He is now to be ridden as a common hackney, or to be driven in a chaiſe; and he will be at the mercy of every coxcomb traveller, who *gallops*, night and day, through different counties, to acquire a knowledge of mankind, by the obſervation of their manners, cuſtoms, laws, arts, police, and government. It is obvious that the horſe will ſoon be diſqualified for this violent and cruel ſervice; and, if he ſurvive, he will, probably, be ſold to grind in a mill. In this ſituation, his exerciſe will be leſs ſevere, but almoſt without intermiſſion; the movement in a circle will produce a dizzineſs of the head; and in a month or two he will become blind. Still, however, his labours are to continue; and he may drag on years of toil and ſorrow, ere death cloſes the period of his ſufferings.

The children were much affected by this narrative; and Jacobus cried out with emotion, "I love my little "horſe, and will never abuſe him; and when he grows "old, he ſhall reſt from his work; and I will feed "him, and take care of him till he dies."

ROSETTA.

SETTLED in my villa on the banks of the Calder, a long diſtance from the ſcene of my former woes, I flattered myſelf the ſubſtantial enjoyments of philoſophy and pure religion would ſoothe my mind into perfect tranquillity.—But I have ſtill feelings.—In my yeſterday's evening walk, I ſtopped at a little thatched

dwelling, whither I had often been attracted by the ſimplicity of its inhabitants, and often encouraged to expreſs my ſentiments in the way of inſtruction. It happened that a favourite daughter, whom I had uſually ſeen cheerful and innocent as the playful lamb, was at the moment reſigning herſelf to the ſtroke of death. What a reverſe of cottage happineſs! She was ſupported by a widowed mother, who exhibited a picture of more than maternal diſtreſs. A young man, whom I ſince underſtood to be her lover, was juſt riſing from all that was dear to him on earth. He ſeemed as if he could not weep—a mixture of deſpair and worn-out ſenſibility poſſeſſed his countenance. Roſetta lifted up her languid eyes, which had not for many days been raiſed from the ground, to his—and fixed them—I thought I heard her ſay, 'Farewell!' It drew tears from a fountain which is almoſt dry.

The poor unfortunate girl, it ſeems, in one of her evening walks, was overtaken by a travelling pedlar, who, after robbing her, by brutal violence prevailed ſtill further; through the inactivity of our police, the villain eſcaped.

The chaſte Roſetta could not ſurvive her honour—ſhe told her ſtory—pined in ſecret—and died.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

OBSERVATIONS ON POLICE IN GENERAL.

COLQUHOUN.

THE moſt enlightened foreigners, who, by viſiting the metropolis of the empire, have contemplated the nature and organization of our police ſyſtem, join in one general remark upon it, which is this: "That we have ſome ſhadow of police for apprehending delinquents, after crimes are actually committed; but none for the purpoſe of preventing them."

This, certainly, is in one ſenſe literally true; and from this ſource, combined with the imperfection of the criminal code, have ariſen all thoſe preſſures, enormities, and frauds, which have been detailed in the courſe of this work.

Attached as the author is to the laws and government of his country, even to a degree of enthuſiaſm, he will not be too prone to ſeek for greater perfection in other nations, or to quote them as examples to be imitated in the metropolis of the Britiſh Empire; and ſtill leſs, if ſuch examples ſhould tend, in the ſlighteſt degree, to abridge that freedom which is the birthright of every Britiſh ſubject; but as all true liberty depends on thoſe fences which are eſtabliſhed in every country, for the protection of the perſons and property of the people, againſt every attack whatſoever; and as prejudices ought to be baniſhed from the mind in all diſcuſſions tending to promote the general weal, we

ought not to be aſhamed of borrowing good ſyſtems from other nations, wherever ſuch can be adopted, conſiſtently with the conſtitution of the country, and the liberty of the ſubject.

In France, under the old government, however much many parts of the ſyſtem of that country was juſtly reprobated by all who were acquainted with the bleſſings of freedom; yet in the management and regulation of what was denominated the police, there exiſted that kind of eſtabliſhment, with regard to perſonal ſecurity and protection againſt the depredations of the moſt depraved part of the community, which Engliſhmen have certainly never enjoyed; and which inconveniences and preſſures, have been ſuffered from an idea, (certainly a very erroneous one,) "that we muſt endure theſe public wrongs, and expoſe our property and lives to the attack of murderers, robbers, and highwaymen, as the price of liberty."

When preſſures are felt, it is our duty to look at them with diſpaſſion, to face them with fortitude, and diſcuſs them with intelligence—diveſted of all thoſe prejudices which are generated by habit and education.

By purſuing this mode of inveſtigation, it will be diſcovered, that in other governments there may be ſome eſtabliſhments worthy of imitation, and which, perhaps, might in part be adopted, not only perfectly conſiſtent with the freedom of the ſubject, but with the advantage of extending to the maſs of the people, who are not in a courſe of delinquency, more real liberty than they at preſent enjoy.

At the commencement of the troubles in France, it is a curious fact, that the lieutenant-general of the national police, as well as that of the metropolis, had upon his regiſters no leſs than twenty thouſand names of ſuſpected and depraved characters, whoſe purſuits were known to be of a criminal nature; and yet by making this branch of police the immediate object of the cloſe and uniform attention of one branch of the executive government, crimes were much leſs frequent

than in England, and the ſecurity extended to the public, with regard to the protection of life and property againſt lawleſs depredation, was infinitely more. To elucidate this aſſertion, and to ſhew to what a wonderful height the ſyſtem had advanced, the reader is referred to the following anecdotes, which were mentioned to the author by a foreign miniſter of great intelligence and information, who reſided ſome years at the Court of France.

" A merchant of high reſpectability, in Bourdeaux, had occaſion to viſit the metropolis, upon commercial buſineſs, carrying with him bills and money to a very large amount.

" On his arrival at the gates of Paris, a genteel-looking man opened the door of his carriage, and addreſſed him to this effect: " Sir, I have been waiting upon you for ſome time; according to my notes you were to arrive at this hour; and your perſon, your carriage, and your portmanteau, exactly anſwering the deſcription I hold in my hand, you will permit me to have the honour of conducting you to Monſieur De Sartine."

" The gentleman, aſtoniſhed and alarmed at this interruption, and ſtill more ſo at hearing the name of the lieutenant of police mentioned, demanded to know what Monſieur De Sartine wanted with him; adding, at the ſame time, that he never had committed any offence againſt the laws, and that he could have no right to interrupt or detain him.

" The meſſenger declared himſelf perfectly ignorant of the cauſe of the detention; ſtating, at the ſame time, that when he had conducted him to Monſieur De Sartine, he ſhould have executed his orders, which were merely miniſterial.

" After ſome further explanations, the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him to the hotel of the lieutenant of police.

" Monſieur De Sartine received him with great politeneſs; and, after requeſting him to be ſeated, to his

great aſtoniſhment, he deſcribed his portmanteau, and told him the exact ſum in bills and ſpecie which he had brought with him to Paris, and where he was to lodge, his uſual time of going to bed, and a number of other circumſtances, which the gentleman had conceived could only be known to himſelf. Monſieur De Sartine, having thus excited attention, put this extraordinary queſtion to him: "Sir, are you a man of courage?" The gentleman, ſtill more aſtoniſhed at the ſingularity of ſuch an interrogatory, demanded the reaſon why he put ſuch a ſtrange queſtion, adding, at the ſame time, that no man ever doubted his courage. Monſieur De Sartine replied, "Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night! If you are a man of courage, you muſt go to your hotel, and retire to reſt at your uſual hour; but be careful that you do not fall aſleep; neither will it be proper for you to look under the bed, or into any of the cloſets which are in your bed-chamber,—which he accurately deſcribed,—you muſt place your portmanteau in its uſual ſituation, near your bed, and diſcover no ſuſpicion. Leave what remains to me. If, however, you do not feel your courage ſufficient to bear you out, I will procure a perſon who ſhall perſonate you, and go to bed in your ſtead." After ſome further explanation, which convinced the gentleman that Monſieur De Sartine's intelligence was accurate in every particular, he refuſed to be perſonated, and formed an immediate reſolution literally to follow the directions he had received. He accordingly went to bed at his uſual hour, which was eleven o'clock. At half paſt twelve (the time mentioned by Monſieur De Sartine) the door of the bed-chamber burſt open, and three men entered, with a dark lantern, daggers, and piſtols. The gentleman, who of courſe was awake, perceived one of them to be his own ſervant. They rifled his portmanteau undiſturbed, and ſettled the plan of putting him to death. The gentleman, hearing all this, and not knowing by what means he was to be reſcued, it may naturally be ſuppoſed, was under great perturbation of mind during ſuch an awful interval of ſuſpenſe, when, at the moment the villains were preparing to commit the horrid deed, four police-officers, acting under Monſieur De Sartine's orders, who were

concealed under the bed, and in the cloſet, ruſhed out, and ſeized the offenders with the property in their poſſeſſion, and in the act of preparing to commit the murder.

" The conſequence was, that the perpetration of the atrocious deed was prevented, and ſufficient evidence obtained to convict the offenders. Monſieur De Sartine's intelligence enabled him to *prevent* this horrid offence of robbery and murder, which, but for the accuracy of the ſyſtem, would probably have been carried into execution."

Another anecdote was mentioned to the author by the ſame miniſter, relative to the Emperor Joſeph II. who having, in the year 1787, formed and promulgated a new code of laws relative to criminal and civil offences, and having alſo eſtabliſhed what he conceived to be the beſt ſyſtem of police in Europe, he could ſcarce ever forgive the French nation, in conſequence of the accuracy and intelligence of Monſieur De Sartine having been found ſo much ſuperior to his own, notwithſtanding the immenſe pains he had beſtowed upon that department of his government.

" A very notorious offender, who was a ſubject of the Emperor, and who committed many atrocious acts of violence and depredation at Vienna, was traced to Paris by the police eſtabliſhed by his Majeſty, who ordered his ambaſſador, at the Court of France, to demand that this delinquent ſhould be delivered up to public juſtice.

" Monſieur De Sartine acknowledged to the Imperial ambaſſador, that the perſon he inquired after had been in Paris; that, if it would be any ſatisfaction, he could inform him where he had lodged, and the different gaming-tables, and other places of infamous reſort, which he frequented while there; but that he was now gone.

" The ambaſſador, after ſtating the accuracy and correct mode by which the police of Vienna was conducted, inſiſted that this offender muſt ſtill be in Paris,

otherwiſe the Emperor would not have commanded him to make ſuch an application.

" Monſieur De Sartine ſmiled at the incredulity of the Imperial miniſter, and made a reply to the following effect: " Do me the honour, Sir, to inform the Emperor, your maſter, that the perſon he looks for left Paris on the tenth day of laſt month, and is now lodged in a back-room, looking into a garden, in the third ſtory of a houſe, number 93, in —— ſtreet, in his own capital of Vienna, where his Majeſty will, by ſending to the ſpot, be ſure to find him."

" It was literally ſo as the French miniſter of police had ſtated. The Emperor, to his aſtoniſhment, found the delinquent in the houſe and apartment deſcribed; but he was greatly mortified in this proof of the accuracy of the French police, which, in this inſtance, in point of intelligence, even in Vienna, was diſcovered to be ſo much ſuperior to his own."

The fact is, that the French ſyſtem had arrived at the greateſt degree of perfection; and though not neceſſary, nor even proper, to be copied as a pattern, might nevertheleſs furniſh many uſeful hints calculated to improve the police of this country, conſiſtently with the exiſting laws, and even to extend and increaſe the liberty of the ſubject, without taking one privilege away, or of interfering in the purſuits of any one claſs of individuals, except thoſe who were employed in purpoſes of miſchief, fraud, and criminality.

THE WHISTLE.

FRANKLIN.

WHEN I was a child, at ſeven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pocket with coppers. I went directly to a ſhop were they ſold toys for children; and being charmed with the ſound of a *whiſtle* that I met by the way, in the hands of ano-

ther boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whiſtling all over the houſe, much pleaſed with my *whiſtle*, but diſturbing all the family. My brothers, and ſiſters, and couſins, underſtanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the reſt of the money; and they laughed at me ſo much for my folly, that I cried with vexation; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whiſtle* gave me pleaſure.

This, however, was afterwards of uſe to me, the impreſſion continuing on my mind; ſo that often, when I was tempted to buy ſome unneceſſary thing, I ſaid to myſelf, *Don't give too much for the whiſtle*; and ſo I ſaved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and obſerved the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who *gave too much for the whiſtle.*

When I ſaw any one too ambitious of court-favour, ſacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repoſe, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have ſaid to myſelf, *This man gives too much for his whiſtle.*

When I ſaw another fond of popularity, conſtantly employing himſelf in political buſtles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect: *He pays, indeed,* ſays I, *too much for his whiſtle.*

If I knew a miſer, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleaſure of doing good to others, all the eſteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendſhip, for the ſake of accumulating wealth: *Poor man,* ſays I, *you indeed pay too much for your whiſtle.*

When I meet a man of pleaſure, ſacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal ſenſations: *Miſtaken man,* ſays I, *you*

are providing pain for yourſelf, inſtead of pleaſure; you give too much for your whiſtle.

If I ſee one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in priſon: *Alas*, ſays I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whiſtle.*

When I ſee a beautiful, ſweet-tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a huſband: *What a pity it is*, ſays I, *that ſhe has paid ſo much for a whiſtle.*

In ſhort, I conceived that great part of the miſeries of mankind were brought upon them, by the falſe eſtimate they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whiſtles.*

HEALTH.

STERNE.

O Bleſſed health! thou art above all gold and treaſure; 'tis thou who enlargeſt the ſoul,—and openeſt all its powers to receive inſtruction, and to reliſh virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wiſh for! and he that is ſo wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with thee.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

ORIGIN OF

THE PRIORY OF THE TWO LOVERS,

Near Rouen, in Normandy.

IN the twelfth century lived one of thoſe titled barbarians who prided themſelves in that prerogative of impunity which was one of the characteriſtics of the feudal government, and which was indeed quite worthy of ſuch a ſyſtem. The ſole delight of this haughty Baron ſeemed to be in frequent and capricious diſplays of ſavage deſpotiſm. He was continually conceiving the moſt abſurd ideas of amuſement; and his Gothic imagination ever ſelected that, which bordered moſt on the ferociouſneſs of cruelty. To a brutal rage for ſingularity, like this, we may doubtleſs trace the origin of thoſe whimſical ſervices that were appendant to our ancient fiefs, and which the enlightened legiſlators of modern times ought univerſally to eradicate.

Our Baron was happy in all thoſe extravagant freaks, in which high birth and unbounded riches could enable him to indulge. An only daughter he had, named Genevieve, whom the chronicles of thoſe times have handed down to us as a paragon of beauty. It may be imagined, in courſe, that a crowd of rivals contended for the honour and the happineſs of her hand. Nor can we ſuppoſe the peerleſs Genevieve herſelf unſuſceptible of the tender paſſion. Baldwin, a young Chevalier in the neighbourhood, had certainly no rea-

ſon to doubt it. Amiable he was, and amiable did he appear in the eyes of the charming maid.

Ardent and reciprocal was the paſſion they cheriſhed. His, however, the young Chevalier ſtudiouſly concealed from every eye. His patrimony was too ſlender to encourage aſpiring hopes, and in conjugal alliances does intereſt too often preſide with fatal ſway. Through no other medium did the father of Genevieve view her lover. To a thouſand exalted qualities, the liberal gifts of nature, he was totally inſenſible.

Baldwin was convinced then, that he never could be the huſband of the beautiful Genevieve. But does Love ever reaſon? He liſtens—he attends only to the tender ſentiment, and no obſtacles does that ſentiment perceive. Has Love then ſufficient reſources in himſelf?—Every day the tenderneſs of the two lovers increaſed; and, increaſing, it ſeemed to become irreſiſtible.

The Baron is not long unacquainted with their mutual paſſion. He ſurpriſes the young Chevalier with his daughter. He could perceive the ingenuous frankneſs of modeſty in the one, with ardour and inexpreſſible ecſtacy in the other. In the firſt ſuggeſtions of fury he would have ſacrificed Baldwin to immediate vengeance. Genevieve throws herſelf at her father's feet: ſhe bedews them with her tears: ſhe implores her lover's pardon: 'I will not ſurvive him,' cries the beauteous maid: 'Save him, my father; hurt him not; or I die with him—I periſh on the ſpot!'—The old Baron was not unaffected by her tears; yet ſtill his ſavage temper had the aſcendant. Pointing to a hill near his caſtle, 'Young man,' ſaid he, 'you have been preſumptuous enough to think a moment of my daughter. Nevertheleſs ſhe ſhall be your wife, if you will carry her, without ſtopping, to the top of yonder hill; but the leaſt repoſe ſhall coſt you the prize.'—The Chevalier does not ſuffer him to finiſh. He flies to his miſtreſs, takes her in his arms, and runs towards the hill, exclaiming, 'You ſhall be mine—you ſhall be mine.'—A crowd of vaſſals aſſiſted at a ſcene that was at once ſo barbarous and ſo ſingular.

Love has very juſtly been painted with a bandage over his eyes. Baldwin, in the exceſſive ardour of his paſſion, had not perceived the extreme difficulty of his undertaking. His eyes—his whole ſoul was fixed on Genevieve.

He aſcended the hill with inconceivable ſwiftneſs; he had wings: he felt the heart of his miſtreſs palpitate againſt his own. 'I tremble my dear friend,' ſaid ſhe, 'you will not reach, you will not reach the top—moderate your impetuoſity.'

'Fear nothing, fear nothing, my adorable Genevieve. You know not the power of Love. I could reach—I could gain the ſkies.'—

The whole aſſembly utter vows to heaven for the amiable pair. In a thouſand ways they expreſs their encouraging approbation. But the lover's ſtrength begins to fail—he perceives it himſelf: 'My dear, dear Genevieve, ſpeak to me; repeat to me, repeat that you love me. Fix your eyes on mine—yes! I ſhall feel more than mortal powers—you revive me—you ſtrengthen me again.'

Nature, however, abandons him, Love is now his only ſupport, and what cannot Love atchieve? Baldwin now looks towards the ſummit of the hill, and meaſures it with his eyes, which he had not done before.

'Ah! is it not very high?' ſaid his terrified miſtreſs. 'I ſhall reach it—I ſhall reach it.'—

How juſtly has it been obſerved, that ardent Love is capable of performing miracles! Baldwin, indeed, was no longer a man. It was the Genius of Love that triumphed over inſurmountable obſtacles. The cries of the ſpectators reſounded on every ſide. They trembled, they mounted, they panted with the young Chevalier, who was now intently regarding the ſummit as the period of his efforts. The admiring multitude did not fail to obſerve all his motions. They ſaw every

member working, ſtruggling, vanquiſhing fatigue. Genevieve, the beauteous Genevieve was weeping.

At length, the happy Chevalier gains the height. He inſtantly ſinks, with his precious burden on the earth, which he ſeems to embrace as the monument of his victory. A man of letters would here mention Cæſar, who embraced the earth in like manner, 'and for an object of far leſs conſequence' would add ſome enamoured lover. Acclamations of joy ariſe. 'Baldwin is victor—Baldwin has gained the prize.'—'My friend, my beloved,' exclaims Geneveive, 'will now be my huſband.' She throws herſelf on his boſom—ſhe laviſhes the moſt tender expreſſions. Her lover anſwers not—his eyes are cloſed—he is motionleſs: 'Oh! Heavens!' cries Genevieve, 'He is dead—Baldwin, my Baldwin is dead!'—

The young Conqueror had ſunk under his fatigue. 'He is dead, he is dead!' mournfully paſſed from mouth to mouth. Conſternation is viſible in every countenance. The eyes, the looks of all are fixed on the fatal ſummit.

Genevieve, weeping, preſſes her lover to her boſom: ſhe ſtrives to recall him to life. Her kiſſes, her tears revive the Chevalier: he opens an almoſt lifeleſs eye: with a faltering voice he can only utter, 'I die, Genevieve. Let them give me at leaſt the name of thy huſband on my tomb: the ſweet idea conſoles me—Oh! my only Love, receive my laſt ſigh.'—

The ſpectators, who did not a moment loſe ſight of Genevieve, had been reſtored with her to hope. They had eaſily underſtood that Baldwin had revived. They now as eaſily perceived, that it was only a rapid flaſh of hope. They were convinced of it by the dreadful ſhriek with which Genevieve again uttered, 'He is dead, he is dead!'—In a moment they ſaw her ſink on her lover's corpſe.

The inhuman Baron is now agitated by all the terrors of paternal love. He flies to the hill. The crowd

haſtily follow him. They gain the ſummit. They find Genevieve with her two ſtiffened arms, embracing the unfortunate Baldwin. In vain would her wretched father revive her. Genevieve, Genevieve herſelf was now no more.

All the people loaded with reproaches the barbarian, who in vain preſſed his daughter to his boſom. They raiſe the two bodies; they place them, weeping, in the coffin. Piety did not fail to conſecrate the ſentiments of nature and compaſſion. A chapel was built on the fatal ſpot; and the father, deſiring in ſome meaſure to expiate his fault, erected a tomb, in which he ordered, that thoſe whom he would have ſeparated in life, ſhould be united in death.—This place has ever ſince been called by a name that will perpetuate their melancholy ſtory—'The Priory of the Two Lovers.'

The FOLLY *of* INCONSISTENT EXPECTATIONS.

MRS. BARBAULD.

THIS world may be conſidered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune expoſes to our view various commodities, riches, eaſe, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a ſettled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is ſo much ready money, which we are to lay out to the beſt advantage. Examine, compare, chooſe, reject; but ſtand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchaſed one thing, repine that you do not poſſeſs another which you did not purchaſe. Such is the force of well-regulated induſtry, that a ſteady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally inſure ſucceſs. Would you, for inſtance, be rich? Do you think that ſingle point worth the ſacrificing every thing elſe to? You may then be rich. Thouſands have become ſo from the loweſt beginnings by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minuteſt articles of expence and profit.

But you muſt give up the pleaſures of leiſure, of a vacant mind, of a free unſuſpicious temper. If you preſerve your integrity, it muſt be a coarſe-ſpun and vulgar honeſty. Thoſe high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the ſchools muſt be conſiderably lowered, and mixed with the baſer alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You muſt learn to do hard, if not unjuſt things; and for the nice embarraſſments of a delicate and ingenuous ſpirit, it is neceſſary for you to get rid of them as ſoon as poſſible. You muſt ſhut your heart againſt the Muſes, and be content to feed your underſtanding with plain houſehold truths. In ſhort, you muſt not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or poliſh your taſte or refine your ſentiments; but muſt keep on in one beaten track, without turning aſide either to the right hand or to the left.—"But I cannot ſubmit to drudgery like this—I feel a ſpirit above it." 'Tis well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That too may be purchaſed—by ſteady application, and long ſolitary hours of ſtudy and reflection. Beſtow theſe, and you ſhall be wiſe. "But," ſays the man of letters, "what a hardſhip is it that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot conſtrue the motto of the arms of his coach, ſhall raiſe a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life?" Was it in order to raiſe a fortune, that you conſumed the ſprightly hours of youth in ſtudy and retirement? Was it to be rich, that you grew pale over the midnight lamp, and diſtilled the ſweetneſs from the Greek and Roman ſpring? You have then miſtaken your path, and ill employed your induſtry. "What reward have I then for all my labours?" What reward! A large comprehenſive ſoul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flouriſhing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhauſtible ſtores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual ſpring of freſh ideas; and the conſcious dignity of ſuperior intelligence. Good heaven! and what reward can you aſk beſides?

" But is it not ſome reproach upon the œconomy of Providence that ſuch a one, who is a mean dirty fellow, ſhould have amaſſed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the leaſt. He made himſelf a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conſcience, his liberty for it? and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and bluſh in his preſence, becauſe he outſhines you in equipage and ſhow? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and ſay to yourſelf, " I have not theſe things, it is true; but it is becauſe I have not ſought, becauſe I have not deſired them; it is becauſe I poſſeſs ſomething better: I have choſen my lot: I am content and ſatisfied."

You are a modeſt man—you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reſerve in your temper which renders it impoſſible for you to elbow your way in the world, and to be the herald of your own merits. Be content then with a modeſt retirement, with the eſteem of your intimate friends, with the praiſes of a blameleſs heart, and a delicate ingenuous ſpirit; but reſign the ſplendid diſtinctions of the world to thoſe who can better ſcramble for them.

The man whoſe tender ſenſibility of conſcience and ſtrict regard to the rules of morality, makes him fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the diſadvantages he lies under in every path of honour and profit. " Could I but get over ſome nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of thoſe about me, I might ſtand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferments." And why can you not? What hinders you from diſcarding this troubleſome ſcrupuloſity of yours, which ſtands ſo grievouſly in your way? If it be a ſmall thing to enjoy a healthful mind, ſound at the very core, that does not ſhrink from the keeneſt inſpection; inward freedom from remorſe and perturbation; unſullied whiteneſs and ſimplicity of manners; a genuine integrity,

Pure in the laſt receſſes of the mind;

if you think theſe advantages an inadequate recompenſe for what you reſign, diſmiſs your ſcruples this inſtant, and be a ſlave-merchant, a director, or—what you pleaſe.

THE WITTY SHEPHERD.

A Proud parſon and his man, riding over a common, ſaw a ſhepherd tending his flock, and having a new coat on, the parſon aſked him, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat? The ſame, anſwered the ſhepherd, that clothed you, the *Pariſh*. The parſon, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then bade his man go back, and aſk the ſhepherd if he would go live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man going accordingly to the ſhepherd, delivered his maſter's meſſage, and concluded as he was ordered, that his maſter wanted a fool. *Why, are you going away then?* ſaid the ſhepherd. No, anſwered the other. *Then you may tell your maſter*, replied the ſhepherd, *that his living cannot maintain three of us.*

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

FILIAL DUTY.

AIKIN.

MR. Haſtings was a reputable tradeſman in a conſiderable country town. He married young, and had a numerous family, over whom, as his temper was haſty and ungoverned, he exerciſed the paternal authority with harſhneſs and caprice. His wife, a pattern of female mildneſs and gentleneſs, made it her ſole ſtudy, by every ſoftening and conciliatory art, to keep her huſband in good-humour with herſelf and her children, but too often failed in both.

Charles, their eldeſt ſon, had one of thoſe diſpoſitions, which, though eaſily managed by prudent and gentle methods, always revolt againſt the exertions of paſſionate and rigorous authority. It was therefore impoſſible that he ſhould avoid frequent and angry diſputes with his father, whoſe ſternneſs and ſeverity he returned with ſullen unyielding obſtinacy. Theſe unhappy conteſts acquired ſuch additional force with increaſing years, that when the youth had reached the age of fifteen, his father, in conſequence of a violent quarrel in which he could not bring him to ſubmiſſion, turned him out of doors, with an injunction never to ſee his face again.

The lad's ſpirit was too high to render a repetition of the command neceſſary. Unprovided as he was, he ſet out immediately, on foot, for London; where ar-

riving, after much hardſhip and fatigue, he found out an Eaſt-Indian captain with whom his father had ſome acquaintance, and, after much ſolicitation, obtained leave to accompany him in a voyage which commenced in a few days.

Exaſperated as Mr. Haſtings was, he could not help feeling conſiderable regret on finding that his ſon had ſo well obeyed the command which his paſſion had dictated; and the mother, for whom the youth had always teſtified the greateſt affection and reſpect, was long inconſolable. From all their enquiries, they were only able to learn that their ſon was gone to ſea, but to what part, or in what ſituation, they could never diſcover.

To this cauſe of diſtreſs was ſoon added that of a decline in their circumſtances, owing to repeated loſſes in trade. After the ineffectual ſtruggle of a few years, they were obliged to retire to a ſmall houſe in a neighbouring village, where, conſumed by grief, with health and ſpirits broken, they brought up their family in indigence and obſcurity.

One advantage, however, accrued to Mr. Haſtings from his misfortunes. His temper was gradually ſoftened; his paſſions ſubſided; he attempted to alleviate by kindneſs the ſufferings of his partners in affliction, and behaved with the greateſt tenderneſs and regard to his wife, of whoſe amiable qualities he became every day more ſenſible.

Charles, in the mean time, was paſſing through a variety of fortune. His firſt ſetting out was very unfavourable. The captain, to whom he had greatly recommended himſelf by his aſſiduities, died on the paſſage; and he was ſet on ſhore at Madras, without money, without a patron, or a friend.

He was almoſt ready to periſh for want, when an opulent merchant of the factory took compaſſion on him, and carried him to his houſe. After experiencing his diligence and fidelity for ſome time in a very low ſtation, the gentleman advanced him to his counting-

houſe, and initiated him in the commercial buſineſs of the ſettlement.

During a ſhort probation in this office, the youth exhibited ſuch tokens of capacity, that he was thought a proper perſon to be ſent to a diſtance up the country, to a trading poſt of ſome conſequence. He here managed ſome difficult and important concerns with ſo much addreſs, and acted on ſome critical emergencies with ſuch propriety and reſolution, that he acquired the confidence of the whole factory. He was ſoon promoted to a lucrative and honourable ſtation, and began to make a fortune with the rapidity peculiar to that country.

The impreſſion of injury with which he had left his father's houſe, and the ſubſequent hardſhips he underwent, for a long time ſtifled every emotion of filial affection. He never thought of home but as the ſcene of ſevere and unmerited chaſtiſement, and reſolved never to return to it without a full acknowledgment of the injuſtice of his expulſion. By degrees, however, as better proſpects opened upon him, his heart began to relent. He melted at the recollection of the uniform kindneſs of his mother, and the playful endearments of his brothers and ſiſters. He even formed excuſes for his father's ſeverity, and condemned his own obſtinacy as, at leaſt, equally blameable. He grew ſo uneaſy under theſe impreſſions, that not all the flattering proſpects before him could induce him to delay any longer an interview which he ſo ardently deſired. He collected all his property, and took his paſſage for England, where he arrived ſafe, after an abſence of nine years.

On his landing he met with a townſman, who informed him of the melancholy change in his father's ſituation. With a heart agitated by every tender emotion, he inſtantly ſet off for the place of their abode.

It was towards the approach of evening, when the unhappy couple, in melancholy deſpondence, ſat by their gloomy fire. A letter which Mr. Haſtings had that day received from the landlord of his little habita-

tion, to whom he was ſomewhat in arrear, threw more than uſual dejection over the family. Holding the letter in his hand, "What ſhall we do?" ſaid he—"he "threatens to turn us out of doors—Unfeeling man! "But how can I expect more mercy from a ſtranger than "I ſhewed to my own ſon?" The reflection was too much for Mrs. Haſtings to bear—ſhe wrung her hands —ſobbed, and wept bitterly. Not a thought of their preſent ſituation dwelt on her mind—ſhe only felt for her long loſt ſon.

The eldeſt daughter, whoſe elegance of form was ill concealed by the meanneſs of her dreſs, went up to her mother, and while the ſympathetic tears trickled down her cheeks, locked a hand in her's, and with the other ſupported her head. The father ſighed from the bottom of his heart; and two youths, his eldeſt remaining ſons, hung over the mournful ſcene with looks of ſettled melancholy.

Some of the younger children, as yet unconſcious of ſorrow, were ſeated round the door. They ran in with the news that a chaiſe had ſtopt before the houſe, and a fine gentleman was getting out of it. He entered a moment after, when, on viewing the group before him, he had juſt ſtrength to ſtagger to a chair, and fainted.

The family crowded round him, and the mother, looking eagerly in his face, cried, "My ſon—my ſon!" and ſunk down beſide him. The father ſtood awhile, with his hands claſped in ſtupid aſtoniſhment—then dropt on his knee, and exclaimed, "Heaven, I thank "thee!" He then flew to his ſon, took him in his arms, and by his tender embraces recalled him to life. His recollection no ſooner returned, than he threw himſelf at his father's feet, and aſked forgiveneſs. "Forgive "thee, Charles!" ſaid the father—"it is I, my child, "who ought to intreat forgiveneſs for the cruel injury "I did thee." He then raiſed him, and again claſped him in his arms, bedewing his face with many tears.

The mother, in the mean time, lay ſenſeleſs in the arms of her daughter.—The reſt of the family, confuſed

and affrighted, knew not what to think of the ſcene, and the little ones began to cry aloud for their mother, who, indeed, was to all appearance dead. It was long before the aſſiduities of her ſon and huſband produced any ſigns of returning life; and when her eyes opened on the object they had ſo long deſired to ſee, the impreſſion proved again too ſtrong, and violent fits ſucceeded to fainting. She was carried to bed, where by degrees ſhe recovered ſerenity enough to behold and embrace her ſon. All the reſt of the family, by turns ſucceeded to the embraces of their brother; and the eldeſt ſiſter, who eaſily recollected the beloved companion of her youth, exhibited marks of the livelieſt ſenſibility.

After the firſt tender greetings and inquiries were over, Charles briefly related to his parents the various events that had befallen him—ſoftening, however, the diſtreſsful parts, leſt he ſhould renew ſenſations already too painful. He concluded with acquainting them, that all he had acquired was theirs—that he gave the whole to their diſpoſal, and ſhould only conſider himſelf as a ſharer with the reſt of the children.

The generoſity and filial piety of this propoſal excited their warmeſt admiration, and occaſioned no ſmall compunction in the father for his treatment of ſuch a ſon. He would not accept the offer in its full extent; but borrowing a conſiderable ſhare of his ſon's property, aſſociated him with himſelf in a mercantile concern, which enabled him to provide handſomely for the reſt of the family, and to paſs the reſt of his days in eaſe and content.

THE STARLING.

STERNE.

BESHREW the *ſombre* pencil! ſaid I, vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with ſo hard and deadly a colouring. The mind

fits terrified at the objects ſhe has magnified herſelf, and blackened; reduce them to their proper ſize and hue, ſhe overlooks them.—'Tis true, ſaid I, correcting the propoſition—the Baſtile is not an evil to be deſpiſed—but ſtrip it of its towers—fill up the foſſe—unbarricade the doors—call it ſimply a confinement, and ſuppoſe 'tis ſome tyrant of a diſtemper—and not a man which holds you in it—the evil vaniſhes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this ſoliloquy, with a voice, which I took to be of a child, which complained "it could not get out."——I looked up and down the paſſage, and ſeeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without farther attention.

In my return back through the paſſage, I heard the ſame words repeated twice over; and looking up, I ſaw it was a Starling hung in a little cage.—"I can't get out—I can't get out," ſaid the Starling.

I ſtood looking at the bird: and to every perſon who came through the paſſage it ran fluttering to the ſide towards which they approached it, with the ſame lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," ſaid the Starling—God help thee, ſaid I; but I will let thee out, coſt what it will; ſo I turned about the cage to get the door;—it was twiſted and double twiſted ſo faſt with wire, there was no getting it open, without pulling it to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thruſting his head through the trellis, preſſed his breaſt againſt it, as if impatient—I fear, poor creature! ſaid I, I cannot ſet thee at liberty,—"No," ſaid the Starling—"I can't get out—I can't get out," ſaid the Starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened: nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the diſſipated ſpirits, to which my reaſon had been a bubble, were ſo ſuddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet ſo true in tune to nature

were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my ſyſtematic reaſonings upon the Baſtile; and I heavily walked up ſtairs, unſaying every word I had ſaid in going down them.

Diſguiſe thyſelf as thou wilt, ſtill, Slavery! ſaid I —ſtill thou art a bitter draught! and though thouſands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no leſs bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice ſweet and gracious goddeſs! addreſſing myſelf to Liberty, whom all in public or in private worſhip, whoſe taſte is grateful, and ever will be ſo, till Nature herſelf ſhall change—no tint of words can ſpot thy ſnowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy ſceptre into iron——with thee to ſmile upon him as he eats his cruſt, the ſwain is happier than his monarch, from whoſe court thou art exiled.——Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the laſt ſtep but one in my aſcent——Grant me but health, thou great Beſtower of it, and give me but this fair goddeſs as my companion——and ſhower down thy mitres, if it ſeems good unto thy divine providence, upon thoſe heads which are aching for them.

THE CAPTIVE.

THE bird in his cage purſued me into my room; I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the miſeries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of ſad groups in it did but diſtract me——

——I took a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half waſted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I ſaw him pale and feveriſh; in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood —he had ſeen no ſun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice:—his children——

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the fartheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there—he had one of thoſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down—ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle—He gave a deep ſigh —I ſaw the iron enter his ſoul—I burſt into tears—I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

SIR BERTRAND—*A FRAGMENT.*

MRS. BARBAULD.

SIR BERTRAND turned his ſteed towards the wolds, hoping to croſs theſe dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks; and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to eſpy any object but the brown heath ſurrounding him, he was at length quite uncertain which way he ſhould direct his courſe. Night overtook him in this ſituation. It was one of thoſe nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering ſky. Now and then ſhe ſuddenly emerged in full ſplendour from her veil; and then inſtantly retired behind it, having juſt ſerved to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide-extended proſpect over the deſolate waſte. Hope and native courage a while urged him to puſh forwards; but at length, the increaſing darkneſs, and fatigue of body and mind, overcame him: he dreaded moving from the ground he ſtood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs; and, alighting from his horſe in deſpair, he threw himſelf on the ground.

He had not long continued in that poſture, when the ſullen toll of a diſtant bell ſtruck his ears—he ſtarted up; and, turning towards the ſound, diſcerned a dim twinkling light. Inſtantly he ſeized his horſe's bridle, and with cautious ſteps advanced towards it. After a painful march, he was ſtopped by a moated ditch ſur-

rounding the place from whence the light proceeded; and, by a momentary glimpſe of moonlight, he had a full view of a large antique manſion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of time were ſtrongly marked on every thing about it.—The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demoliſhed, and the windows broken and diſmantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gateway at each end, led to the court before the building.

He entered; and inſtantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along, and vaniſhed: at the ſame moment the moon ſunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever.—All was ſilent.—Sir Bertrand faſtened his ſteed under a ſhed; and, approaching the houſe, traverſed its whole front with light and ſlow footſteps.—All was ſtill as death!—He looked in at the lower windows, but could not diſtinguiſh a ſingle object through the impenetrable gloom. After a ſhort parley with himſelf, he entered the porch; and, ſeizing a maſſy iron-knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and heſitating, at length ſtruck a loud ſtroke. The noiſe reſounded through the whole manſion with hollow echoes. All was ſtill again!—He repeated the ſtrokes more boldly, and louder.—Another interval of ſilence enſued!—A third time he knocked; and a third time all was ſtill! He then fell back to ſome diſtance, that he might diſcern whether any light could be ſeen in the whole front. It again appeared in the ſame place, and quickly glided away as before!—At the ſame inſtant, a deep, ſullen toll, ſounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful ſtop!—He was a while motionleſs; then terror impelled him to make ſome haſty ſteps towards his ſteed—but ſhame ſtopped his flight; and, urged by honour, and a reſiſtleſs deſire of finiſhing the adventure, he returned to the porch, and, working up his ſoul to a full ſteadineſs of reſolution, he drew forth his ſword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door, creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand:—he applied his ſhoulder to it, and forced it open. He quitted it, and ſtept forward—the door inſtantly ſhut with a thunder-

ing clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled!—He turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could ſeize it—but his utmoſt ſtrength could not open it again. After ſeveral ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, acroſs a hall, upon a large ſtair-caſe, a pale bluiſh flame, which caſt a diſmal gleam of light around. He again ſummoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—It retired. He came to the foot of the ſtairs; and, after a moment's deliberation, aſcended. He went ſlowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in ſilent horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footſteps ſtartled him. It led him to the foot of another ſtair-caſe, and then vaniſhed!—At the ſame inſtant another toll ſounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it ſtrike upon his heart. He was now in total darkneſs; and, with his arms extended, began to aſcend the ſecond ſtair-caſe. A dead cold hand met his left hand, and firmly graſped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to diſengage himſelf, but could not—he made a furious blow with his ſword, and inſtantly a loud ſhriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerleſs in his—He dropped it, and ruſhed forwards with a deſperate valour.

The ſtairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and looſe fragments of ſtone. The ſtair-caſe grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron-gate. Sir Bertrand puſhed it open—it led to an intricate winding paſſage, juſt large enough to admit a perſon upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light ſerved to ſhew the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan reſounded from a diſtance through the vault.—He went forwards; and, proceeding beyond the firſt turning, he diſcerned the ſame blue flame which had before conducted him—He followed it. The vault, at length, ſuddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midſt of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thruſting forwards the bloody ſtump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing geſture, and brandiſhing a ſword in his hand. Sir Bertrand un-

dauntedly ſprung forwards; and, aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it inſtantly vaniſhed, letting fall a maſſy iron key. The flame now reſted upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—inſtantly the doors flew open, and diſcovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin reſted upon a bier, with a taper burning on each ſide of it. Along the room on both ſides were gigantic ſtatues of black marble, attired in the mooriſh habit, and holding enormous ſabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the knight entered; at the ſame moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame ſtill glided forwards; and Sir Bertrand reſolutely followed, till he arrived within ſix paces of the coffin. Suddenly a lady in a ſhroud and black veil roſe up in it, and ſtretched out her arms towards him—at the ſame time the ſtatues claſhed their ſabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the lady, and claſped her in his arms—ſhe threw up her veil, and kiſſed his lips; and inſtantly the whole building ſhook as with an earthquake, and fell aſunder with a horrible craſh.

Sir Bertrand was thrown into a ſudden trance; and, on recovering, found himſelf ſeated on a velvet ſofa, in the moſt magnificent room he had ever ſeen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in luſtres of pure cryſtal. A ſumptuous banquet was ſet in the middle. The doors opening to ſoft muſic, a lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing ſplendour, entered, ſurrounded by a troop of gay nymphs, more fair than the Graces.—She advanced to the knight; and, falling on her knees, thanked him as her deliverer. The nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head; and the lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and ſat beſide him. The nymphs placed themſelves at the table; and a numerous train of ſervants entering, ſerved up the feaſt, delicious muſic playing all the time.

Sir Bertrand could not ſpeak for aſtoniſhment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and geſtures.

After the banquet was finiſhed, all retired but the lady; who, leading back the knight to the ſofa, addreſſed him in theſe words———

PATERNAL FORGIVENESS.

AIKIN.

IN the Weſt of England lived Mr. Spencer, a gentleman of handſome fortune, who was left a widower at an early age with one infant daughter. The only conſolation he felt after the loſs of a partner whom he entirely loved, was in the contemplation of the opening charms and grace of his little Maria, who ſoon promiſed to become all that he had ſo much admired in her deceaſed mother. He attended to her education with the utmoſt care and aſſiduity; procuring her inſtructors of every kind, of approved merit, and often taking that pleaſing office upon himſelf, for which his good ſenſe and knowledge eminently fitted him.

With theſe advantages ſhe grew up lovely and accompliſhed in an uncommon degree; and ſeemed in every reſpect formed to complete the warmeſt wiſhes of a parent. He accordingly doated on her with the extremeſt fondneſs, and formed no other deſire or purpoſe in life than that of ſeeing her happily and honourably eſtabliſhed.

In purſuit of this deſign he did not, like moſt parents, caſt his eyes on wealth or rank. Convinced, from impartial obſervation, that happineſs, in the conjugal ſtate, is only to be expected from a mutual confirmed reliſh for ſober and rational felicity, the firſt and greateſt requiſite he looked for in a ſon-in-law was a mind formed to ſteady and habitual virtue. The character uſually diſtinguiſhed by the title of a *man of pleaſure* was therefore the object of his moſt rooted averſion and dread.

Maria had received from nature that dubious gift a heart of exquiſite tenderneſs and ſenſibility. This,

while it made her return her father's fondneſs with the warmeſt filial affection, rendered her alſo liable to attachments of a ſtronger and more dangerous kind.—Unpractiſed in the world, ſhe did not look at mankind with the diſcerning eyes of her father; and where ſhe ſaw an amiable appearance, ſhe was eaſily led to imagine that every thing elſe was correſpondent.

A young officer happened to be quartered in the town where ſhe lived, who, to a moſt pleaſing figure and addreſs, added a manner and converſation the moſt ſpecious and inſinuating that could be conceived. He appeared all ſoftneſs and refinement, at the time that his heart was vitiated by the looſeſt principles, and moſt confirmed habits of debauchery. Accident gave him an opportunity of commencing an acquaintance with Maria, before her father was aware of the danger to which ſhe was expoſed. The impreſſion he made was too ſtrong to be eradicated; and although her father, as ſoon as he diſcovered the connection, uſed every art of perſuaſion, and every exertion of parental authority to diſſolve it, he was unable to ſucceed.

As Mr. Spencer conſtantly refuſed his conſent to an union, the unhappy conſequences of which he clearly foreſaw, the lovers had no other reſource to gratify their paſſion than an elopement. It was long before one educated in the habits and principles that had ſo carefully been implanted in Maria, could reſolve upon ſo raſh and guilty a ſtep; but at length it was determined on and effected; and the unfortunate daughter was too late convinced of the dreadful exchange ſhe had made, of the careſſes of the moſt indulgent of parents, for the fugitive embraces of an abandoned and faithleſs huſband.

Juſtly incenſed as her father was, ſhe durſt not attempt to ſoften his reſentment, which, founded upon an act of diſobedience that overthrew all his deareſt hopes, was likely to be ſtedfaſt and durable. After ſuffering a variety of miſery, both in body and mind, in following a huſband who treated her with brutal neglect, ſhe buried him in a garriſon abroad, and returned to Eng-

land in the utmoſt indigence the third year after her marriage, with a ſon about two years old.

She had the good fortune to meet with a comfortable aſylum, ſoon after her arrival, at the houſe of a lady who had been her mother's moſt intimate friend.—By her, ſhe was treated with all the kindneſs of a parent; and her benefactor, deſirous of doing her ſtill more eſſential ſervice, reſolved to attempt the arduous taſk of reconciling her to her father. As this lady's good ſenſe was equal to her benevolence, ſhe was ſenſible that in order to ſucceed in ſuch an attempt, it was not adviſeable to make a direct application, which would give reſentment an opportunity of being heard as well as natural affection; but firſt to awaken his paternal feelings, and then urge the ſuit while the impreſſion was ſtill warm. She had ſoon an opportunity for executing her plan.

Mr. Spencer, who had always kept up an intercourſe of ſtrict friendſhip with her, came to pay her a viſit.—It was contrived that Maria's child, one of the loveliеſt children ever beheld, ſhould careleſsly enter the room, and play about among the company. It ſoon caught the eye of Mr. Spencer, who was always extremely fond of children, and he aſked the lady to whom the charming boy belonged. "To a friend of mine," ſhe ſlightly anſwered, and turned the diſcourſe to ſome other ſubject. The child attracted more and more of Mr. Spencer's notice. He called it to him, ſet it on his knee, and by ſeveral acts of endearment rendered it familiar with him. The boy, pleaſed with the notice taken of him, exerted all his little powers of engaging, and at length entirely won the heart of his unknown grandfather.

The lady of the houſe, who had been an attentive though ſilent obſerver of this progreſs of affection, now came up, took the little one in her arms, and kiſſing it, cried, "Heaven help thee, ſweet boy! thou haſt a "troubleſome world to ſtruggle through! This little "child," continued ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to Mr. Spencer, "has already loſt his father—and his mother,

" a moſt amiable creature, is left almoſt deſtitute of " ſupport." Mr. Spencer was touched to the ſoul.—He took the child from the lady, and embracing it with tears in his eyes—" Heaven help thee, indeed!" ſays he—" but if thou art deſtitute of all other friends, " I will be a friend to thee! Pray, Madam, will it " not be impertinent to inquire more particularly into " the circumſtances of the lady's ſituation?" " She " is now in my houſe, Sir," ſays ſhe, " and will in- " inform you herſelf." On this, ſhe rung a bell, when Maria, dreſſed in deep mourning, entered, and ruſhing acroſs the room, threw herſelf at her father's feet. With a voice choaked in tears ſhe could only ſay—" Forgive me, Sir! forgive me." He remained a while in ſuſpenſe, looking firſt at his daughter, then at the child—at length the tears began to flow; and catching Maria in his arms—" I do forgive thee, my poor " child!" ſays he, " from my ſoul I do; all that is " paſt ſhall be forgot—this little angel makes amends " for all."

This ſudden ſtroke of felicity was too much for Maria, who fainted in her father's arms. A ſcene of tender confuſion enſued, which however ſoon terminated in tranſports of affection and gratitude; and the lady whoſe benevolent ingenuity had brought about the happy event, received the moſt heart-felt ſatisfaction from her ſucceſs.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

AN ALLEGORY.

DUNCOMBE.

PROSPERITY and Adverſity, the daughters of Providence, were ſent to the houſe of a rich Phœnician merchant, named Velaſco, whoſe reſidence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Proſperity, the eldeſt, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the ſpring; but Adverſity was ſorrowful and ill-favoured.

Velaſco had two ſons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the ſtricteſt harmony and friendſhip. They, at length, both became enamoured with the beauties of Proſperity; but ſhe avowed a reſolution never to marry, unleſs her ſiſter, from whom ſhe ſaid it was impoſſible for her to be long ſeparated, was married at the ſame time.

Valaſco obliged them, by his authority, to decide their pretenſions by lots; each previouſly engaging in a ſolemn oath to marry the nymph that ſhould fall to his ſhare. The lots were accordingly drawn, and Proſperity became the wife of Felix, and Adverſity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of theſe nuptials, Velaſco died, having bequeathed to his eldeſt ſon, Felix, the

houſe wherein he dwelt, together with the greateſt part of his large fortune and effects.

The huſband of Proſperity was ſo tranſported with the gay diſpoſition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and ſilver, and adorned her with jewels of ineſtimable value. He built a palace for her in the wood; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with muſic, and their eyes with magnificence; but his kindred he beheld as ſtrangers, and the companions of his youth paſſed by him unregarded. His brother alſo became hateful in his ſight, and in proceſs of time he ordered the doors of his houſe to be ſhut againſt him.

But as the ſtream flows from its channel, and loſes itſelf among the vallies, unleſs confined by banks; ſo alſo will the current of fortune be diſſipated, unleſs bounded by œconomy. In a few years, the eſtate of Felix was waſted by extravagance, his merchandiſe failed him by neglect, and his effects were ſeized by the mercileſs hands of creditors. He applied himſelf for ſupport to the nobles and great men whom he had feaſted and made preſents to, but his voice was as the voice of a ſtranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turns; his wife alſo inſulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart ſo bewitched with her ſorceries, that he purſued her with entreaties, till by her haſte to abandon him, her maſk fell off, and diſcovered to him, a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precarioufly on the ſcanty benevolence of a few friends who had not totally deſerted him, and that he died, in a ſhort time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already obſerved, had been driven out of doors by his

brother Felix. Adverſity, though hateful to his heart, and a ſpectre to his eyes, was the conſtant attendant upon his ſteps: and to aggravate his ſorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richeſt veſſel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was loſt upon the Lybian coaſt; and, to complete all, that the banker with whom the greateſt part of his ready money was entruſted, had deſerted his creditors, and retired into Sicily. Collecting therefore the ſmall remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre; and, led by Adverſity through unfrequented roads, and foreſts overgrown with thickets, he came at laſt to a ſmall village at the foot of a mountair. Here they took up their abode for ſome time; and Adverſity, in return for all the anxiety he had ſuffered, ſoftening the ſeverity of her looks, adminiſtered to him the moſt faithful council, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him, to revere the Gods, and to place his whole truſt and happineſs in their government and protection. She humanized his ſoul, made him modeſt and humble, taught him to compaſſionate the diſtreſſes of his fellow creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

" I am ſent, (ſaid ſhe,) by the Gods to thoſe alone whom they love: for I not only train them up by my ſevere diſcipline to future glory, but alſo prepare them to receive with a greater reliſh all ſuch moderate enjoyments, as are not inconſiſtent with this probationary ſtate. As the ſpider, when aſſailed, ſeeks ſhelter in its inmoſt web, ſo the mind, which I afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for happineſs to itſelf.—It was I who raiſed the characters of Cato, Socrates and Timoleon, to ſo divine a height, and ſet them up as guides and examples to every future age. Proſperity, my ſmiling but treacherous ſiſter, too frequently delivers thoſe whom ſhe has ſeduced, to be ſcourged by her cruel followers, Anguiſh and Deſpair; while Adverſity never fails to lead thoſe who will be inſtructed by her, to the bliſsful habitations of Tranquility and Content."

Uranio liſtened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earneſtly on her face, the deformity of

it ſeemed inſenſibly to decreaſe. By gentle degrees his averſion to her abated, and at laſt, he gave himſelf wholly up to her counſel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wiſe maxim of the philoſopher, "That thoſe who want the feweſt things, approach neareſt to the Gods, who want nothing." She admoniſhed him to turn his eyes to the many thouſands beneath him, inſtead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and ſplendour; and in his addreſſes to the Gods, inſtead of aſking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet ſtate, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes."

Finding him to be every day more and more compoſed and reſigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her ſociety, ſhe at laſt addreſſed him in the following manner:

"As gold is purged and refined from droſs by the fire, ſo is Adverſity ſent by Providence, to try and improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my taſk is finiſhed; and I now leave you, to go and give an account of my charge. Your brother, whoſe lot was Proſperity, and whoſe condition you ſo much envied, after having experienced the error of his choice, is at laſt releaſed by death from the moſt wretched of lives. Happy has it been for Uranio, that his lot was Adverſity, whom if he remembers as he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death happy."

As ſhe pronounced theſe words, ſhe vaniſhed from his ſight. But though her features at that moment, inſtead of inſpiring their uſual horror, ſeemed to diſplay a kind of languiſhing beauty, yet, as Uranio, in ſpite of his utmoſt efforts, could never prevail upon himſelf to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wiſhed for her return. But though he rejoiced in her abſence, he treaſured up her counſels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himſelf again to merchandiſe; and having in a ſhort time acquired a competency ſufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a

little farm, which he had bought for that purpoſe, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and huſbandry, in quelling all diſorderly paſſions, and in forming his mind by the leſſons of Adverſity.—He took a great delight in a little cell, or hermitage, in his garden, which ſtood under a tuft of trees, encompaſſed with eglantines and honey-ſuckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a ſpring iſſuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters, the following inſcription:

Beneath this moſs-grown roof, within this cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell.
Say you, who dare this happy place diſdain,
What ſplendid palace boaſts ſo fair a train?

He lived to a good old age, and died honoured and lamented.

PERFECT LOVE.

HIRD.

SAY—what art thou? thou wonderous energy—that with ſuch aſtoniſhing power pervades the human frame, and triumphs over all our affections. Oh! for a muſe of fire, which might aſcend the brighteſt heaven of expreſſion! then would I ſpeak of thee unblamed, thou myſtic eſſence! in language, fervent as the feelings of my ſoul. I feel thy elaſtic ſtep bounding through all my faculties, and giving vigour to my trembling tongue.—Thou art covering my head with thy immortal ægis, and under the ſhadow of it will I dare to deſcribe thee—thou art ſcattering before my ſteps thy charming tablets—I will gather them, and preſent them to the feeling mind.

Shall I ſpeak of thee in thy mighty walks through creation's ample range? The heavens are full of thee, and the heaven of heavens, thou all-pervading ſpirit!

But what aſpiring thought, upborn on wing of angel, ſhall dare to explore thee? parent of good!—in thy immenſity—in thy goings forth from everlaſting!—a flame of love—ineffable—amidſt thy glorious works.

But I may ſpeak of thee, as thou deigneſt to appear —pure emanation of the all-perfect mind! illuming the habitations of men. For man alone is permitted to know, and to enjoy the refining influences. In his breaſt alone is erected the throne of reaſon.

Thou art an holy temple, wherein virtue preſides as ſovereign prieſteſs, upon whoſe ſhrine is offered up the vow of purity, and whoſe altars blaze with the choiceſt incenſe of congenial ſpirits—thou art Dian's hallowed grove, ſacred to the repoſe of virtue, in which the foot of licentiouſneſs ſhall not ſtep with impunity—thou art the vale of Tempe, fanned by the ever-living zephyrs, in whoſe enchanting ſhades the ſoul of man is permitted to refreſh itſelf, after toiling on the arduous ſteeps of this life—thou art a robe of rapture, ſpread by the hand of mercy, over the chaſte dwellings of poverty—thou art a ſeraphic flame, kindling in the ſoul, each nobly generous, each exalted purpoſe, and irradiating, with mild luſtre, the whole mount of honour—thou art an immortal cherubim!—in thy right hand is an effulgent ſpear, drawn from the everlaſting armory, whoſe ſhaft is of beaming gold, whoſe point is tipped with fire, and whoſe touch nothing can bear, ſave what is in thy radiant train, O heaven-born virtue!—thou art a divine palladium; a ſacred ſhaft, mounted high againſt the hand of oppreſſion, under whoſe expanded orb, the ſoul, in ſecurity, ſmiles at the drawn dagger of malevolence, and defies its point—thou art that delicious drop which ſparkles in our cup of life, and makes nectarious the palling draught—thou art an intoxicating interchange of ſpirit—a dear delirium in which we quaff the bowl of forgetfulneſs to all care.—Sappho and the muſes loved thee—the dying ſtrain of melody is the ſoft whiſpering of thy voice, and its loftieſt raptures are the touches of thy finger.—It is thy ſpirit which, brooding in the boſom of ruſticity, makes ſentient the torpid maſs.—Without thy inſpiring influences, the

Horatian lyre would have remained unſtrung, and the Doric reed of thy Theocritus would not have ſounded in the Sicilian valleys.—Not thy lay, divine Maro!—not thy ſweet bucolic lay would have charmed the Mantuan ſhepherds, nor yet the ſoft warbling of thy lute, Phæbean Orpheus! would have moved in ſavage breaſts, and things inanimate, had not thou deigned to join, ſweeteſt of minſtrels! the ſoft modulations of thy voice, thy tuneful voice, well known in Rhodope.—And ſay, ye wanton gales, did not ye rejoice as ye wafted the living ſymphonies along the rock clad-hill?

Theſe are but thy various forms, celeſtial maid! beauteous as various, whether thou art ſeen in thy eaſtern robes, with ſtep majeſtic—or thou art ſtraying in the academic groves, holding ſage converſe with philoſophy—or thou art ſeen, by the muſes in thy iris mantle, tripping along the ſide of Helicon, and leading thy votaries to the Caſtalian ſpring.

Theſe, theſe are but thy various, thy all-pleaſing images.

Come, then, thou faireſt daughter of the ſky! come, with thy train of ſmiles, and reviſit my deſerted ſhores. Wave thy magic wand over my dreary ſolitudes.—Touch with thy finger yon duſky mantle, and it ſhall paſs away like a viſion from the face of heaven. Spread over my abodes thy glorious arch of pure azure, and let thy ſun-beams dance upon the tops of my cliffs. Let thy retiring ray leave its golden girdle upon my horizon, as a ſure pledge of thy return—then will I retreat joyful, to thy ſoft blandiſhments, thou enchanting deity! until thy ſweetly effulgent morning ſtep is ſeen by the ſhepherds, quivering upon the dewy ſummit. Open thy clear fountains in my dry places, and let thy rills flow irriguous along my parched valleys. Roll down thy rivers amongſt the windings of my deſolate hills, and cover my bleak and barren mountains with thy waving foliage. Spread thy green ſavannahs on the boſom of my foreſts, and, on jocund wing, let looſe thy ſweet warblers amongſt their branches. Let thy ſilver-footed wood-nymphs trip along the margin of the

ſtream, and thy feſtive naiads ſport on the glady ſurface of the waters. Bring Favonius with his train of ſoft breezes, amongſt the bowers of thy planting, and let him wanton amidſt the intricacies of the groves. Then will I chooſe the cool ſequeſtered ſhade, thou chaſte monarch of the heart of man! and I will raiſe a fane to thy honour—I will encircle thy temples with a flowery wreath, gathered by the Aonian virgins upon the tops of Pindus, and thy name ſhall be called Pleaſure, attired by the hand of Virtue.

AFFECTION TO PARENTS.

PERCIVAL.

AN amiable youth was lamenting, in terms of the ſincereſt grief, the death of a moſt affectionate parent. His companion endeavoured to conſole him by the reflection, that he had always behaved to the deceaſed with duty, tenderneſs, and reſpect. So I thought, replied the youth, whilſt my parent was living: but now I recollect, with pain and ſorrow, many inſtances of diſobedience and neglect, for which, alas! it is too late to make atonement.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

THE STORY OF OBIDAH.

JOHNSON.

OBIDAH, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; he walked ſwiftly over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring; all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from the heart. Thus he went on till the ſun approached his meridian, and the increaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw, on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence without ſuffering its fatigues. He therefore ſtill continued to walk, for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ar-

dour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſic of the birds, whom the heat had aſſembled in the ſhades; and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At laſt, the green path began to decline from its firſt tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah pauſed for a time, and began to conſider whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road.

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind, inclined him to lay hold of every new object, and gave way to every ſenſation that might ſoothe or divert him. He liſtened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a freſh proſpect, he turned aſide to every caſcade, and pleaſed himſelf with tracing the courſe of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In theſe amuſements the hours paſſed away unaccounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He ſtood penſive and confuſed, afraid to go forward, leſt he ſhould go wrong, yet conſcious that the time of loitering was now paſt. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the ſky was overſpread with clouds, the day vaniſhed before him, and a ſudden tempeſt gathered round his head. He was now rouſed by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now ſaw how happineſs is loſt when eaſe is conſulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to ſeek ſhelter in the grove, and deſpiſed the petty curioſity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had paſſed, and try to find ſome iſſue where the wood might open into the plain; he proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He roſe with confidence and tranquillity, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand, for the beaſts of the deſert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Work'd into ſudden rage by wintry ſhow'rs,
Down the ſteep hill the roaring torrent pours;
The mountain ſhepherd hears the diſtant noiſe.

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew ſhort, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a Hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude.

When the repaſt was over, 'Tell me, (ſaid the Hermit,) by what chance thou haſt been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderneſs, in which I never ſaw a man before.' Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

'Son, (ſaid the Hermit,) let the errors and follies, the dangers and eſcape of this day, ſink deep into thy heart. Remember, my ſon, that human life is the journey of a day; we riſe in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation; we ſet forward with ſpirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence

and travel on a while in the ſtraight road of piety towards the manſions of reſt: in a ſhort time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find ſome mitigation of our duty, and ſome more eaſy means of obtaining the ſame end; we then relax our vigour, and reſolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a diſtance, but rely upon our own conſtancy; and venture to approach what we reſolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of eaſe, and repoſe in the ſhades of ſecurity. Here the heart ſoftens, and vigilance ſubſides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at leaſt, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleaſure; we approach them with ſcruple and heſitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to paſs through them without loſing the road of virtue, which we for a while keep in our ſight, and to which we propoſe to return; but temptation ſucceeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time loſe the happineſs of innocence, and ſolace our diſquiet with ſenſual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational deſire; we entangle ourſelves in buſineſs, immerge ourſelves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconſtancy, till the darkneſs of old age begin to invade us, and diſeaſe and anxiety obſtruct our way; we then look back upon our lives with horror, with ſorrow, with repentance; and wiſh, but too often vainly wiſh, that we had not forſaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my ſon, who ſhall learn from thy example not to deſpair, but ſhall remember, that though the day is paſt, and their ſtrength is waſted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeleſs, nor ſincere endeavours ever unaſſiſted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores ſtrength and courage from above, ſhall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my ſon, to thy repoſe, commit thyſelf to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.'

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

BROOKE.

WHEN Damon was ſentenced, by Dionyſius the tyrant of Syracuſe, to die on a certain day, he prayed permiſſion to retire, in the mean time, to his own country, to ſet the affairs of his diſconſolate family in order. This the tyrant intended moſt peremptorily to refuſe, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impoſſible condition of his procuring ſome one to remain as hoſtage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon. He inſtantly offered himſelf to confinement in place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly ſet at liberty.

The king and all his courtiers, were aſtoniſhed at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-intereſt, in their judgment, was the ſole mover of human affairs: and they looked on virtue, friendſhip, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wiſe, to impoſe upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly; to a defect of underſtanding merely, and, no way, to any virtue, or good quality of heart.

When the day of the deſtined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curioſity to viſit Pythias in his dungeon.—Having reproached him for the extravagance of his conduct, and rallied him ſome time on his madneſs, in preſuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as romantic as himſelf—"My lord," ſaid Pythias, with a firm voice, and noble aſpect, "I would it were poſſible, that I might ſuffer a thouſand deaths, rather than my friend ſhould fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own exiſtence. But I pray, I beſeech the gods, to preſerve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppoſe him, ye winds! prevent the eagerneſs and impatience of his honourable endeavours; and ſuffer him not to arrive till, by my

death, I have redeemed a life, a thouſand times of more conſequence, of more eſtimation, than my own; more eſtimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O! leave me not to die the worſt of deaths in my Damon." Dionyſius was awed and confounded by the dignity of theſe ſentiments, and by the manner, ſtill more affecting, in which they were uttered. He felt his heart ſtruck by a ſlight ſenſe of invading truth; but it ſerved rather to preplex than undeceive him. He heſitated. He would have ſpoken. But he looked down: and retired in ſilence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth; and walked, amidſt the guard, with a ſerious, but ſatisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionyſius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne drawn by ſix white horſes, and ſat penſive and attentive to the demeanour of the priſoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the ſcaffold, and, beholding for ſome time the apparatus of death, he turned, and, with a pleaſing countenance, thus addreſſed the aſſembly.—"My prayers are heard. The gods are propitious.—You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yeſterday. Damon could not come: he could not conquer impoſſibilities. He will be here to-morrow; and the blood which is ſhed to-day, ſhall have ranſomed the life of my friend.—O! could I eraſe from your boſoms every doubt, every mean ſuſpicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to ſuffer, I ſhould go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it ſufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble—that his truth is unimpeachable—that he will ſpeedily approve it—that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accuſing himſelf, the adverſe elements, and the gods. But I haſten to prevent his ſpeed.—Executioner, do your office." As he pronounced the laſt words, a buzz began to ariſe amongſt the remoteſt of the people. A diſtant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words; and "Stop, ſtop the execution," was repeated by the whole aſſembly. A man came at full ſpeed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a ſteed of foam. In an

inſtant he was off his horſe, on the ſcaffold, and held Pythias ſtraightly embraced. "You are ſafe," he cried, "you are ſafe, my friend, my beloved! the gods be praiſed, you are ſafe! I now have nothing but death to ſuffer: and I am delivered from the anguiſh of thoſe reproaches, which I gave myſelf, for having endangered a life ſo much dearer than my own." Pale, and almoſt ſpeechleſs, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents, "Fatal haſte!—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impoſſibilities in your favour!—But I will not be wholly diſappointed.—Since I cannot die to ſave, I will not ſurvive you."

Dionyſius heard, beheld, and conſidered all with aſtoniſhment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuſe his aſſent to truths, ſo inconteſtibly proved by facts. He deſcended from his throne. He aſcended the ſcaffold. "Live! live, ye incomparable pair!" he exclaimed. "Ye have borne unqueſtionable teſtimony to the exiſtence of virtue!—Live happy! live renowned! And, O! form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of ſo ſacred a friendſhip."

A PARABLE.

FRANKLIN.

AND it came to paſs, after theſe things, that Abraham ſat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the ſun.

And behold a man bent with age, coming from the way of the wilderneſs, leaning on a ſtaff.

And Abraham aroſe, and met him, and ſaid unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and waſh thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou ſhalt ariſe early in the morning, and go on thy way.

And the man ſaid, Nay; for I will abide under this tree.

But Abraham preſſed him greatly; ſo he turned, and they went into the tent: and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

And when Abraham ſaw that the man bleſſed not God, he ſaid unto him, Wherefore doſt thou not worſhip the moſt high God, creator of heaven and earth?

And the man anſwered and ſaid, I do not worſhip thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myſelf a God, which abideth always in my houſe, and provideth me with all things.

And Abraham's zeal was kindled againſt the man, and he aroſe, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderneſs.

And God called upon Abraham, ſaying, Abraham, where is the ſtranger?

And Abraham anſwered and ſaid, Lord, he would not worſhip thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderneſs.

And God ſaid, Have I borne with him theſe hundred and ninety and eight years, and nouriſhed him, and clothed him, notwithſtanding his rebellion againſt me; and couldſt not thou, who art thyſelf a ſinner, bear with him one night?

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

MARIA.

STERNE.

THEY were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard; and I inſtantly let down the fore-glaſs to hear them more diſtinctly—'Tis Maria, ſaid the poſtillion, obſerving I was liſtening———Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one ſide to let me ſee her, for he was in a line bewixt us,) is ſitting upon a bank, playing her veſpers upon her pipe, with her little goat beſide her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look ſo perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty ſous piece, when I got to Moulines.

And who is poor Maria? ſaid I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, ſaid the poſtillion—it is but three years ago, that the ſun did not ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick-witted, and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deſerve, than to have her banns forbid by the intrigues of the curate of the pariſh, who publiſhed them——

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the ſame notes;—yet were ten times ſweeter; it is the evening ſervice to the Virgin, ſaid the young man—but who has taught her to play it—or how ſhe came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has aſſiſted her in both; for ever

ſince ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, it ſeems her only conſolation—ſhe has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that ſervice upon it almoſt night and day.

The poſtillion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decypher-ing ſomething in his face above his condition, and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had not poor Maria's taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of me.

We had got up by this time almoſt to the bank where Maria was ſitting; ſhe was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up into a ſilk net, with a few olive leaves twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide—ſhe was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart-ach, it was the moment I ſaw her.

————God help her, poor damſel! above a hun-dred maſſes, ſaid the poſtillion, have been ſaid in the ſeveral pariſh churches and convents around for her;—but without effect; we have ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſi-ble for ſhort intervals, that the Virgin will at laſt re-ſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are loſt for ever.

As the poſtillion ſpoke this, Maria made a cadence ſo melancholy, ſo tender, and querulous, that I ſprang out of the chaiſe to help her, and found myſelf ſitting betwixt her and her goat, before I relaſped from my enthuſiaſm.

Maria looked wiſtfully for ſome time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and ſo on, alternately———

—Well, Maria, ſaid I ſoftly—what reſemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humbleſt conviction of what a beaſt

man is,—that I aſked the queſtion; and that I would not have let fall an unſeaſonable pleaſantry, in the venerable preſence of Miſery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais ſcattered—and yet I own my heart ſmote me, and that I ſo ſmarted at the very idea of it, that I ſwore I would ſet up for Wiſdom, and utter grave ſentences the reſt of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longeſt day I had to live.

As for writing nonſenſe to them—I believe, there was a reſerve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapleſs damſel! ſome time, but not now, I may hear thy ſorrows from thy own lips—but I was deceived; for that moment ſhe took her pipe, and told me ſuch a tale of woe with it, that I roſe up, and, with broken and irregular ſteps, walked ſoftly to my chaiſe.

PART SECOND.

The ſtory of that diſordered maid affected me not a little; but when I got within the neighbourhood where ſhe lived, it returned ſo ſtrong into my mind, that I could not reſiſt an impulſe which prompted me to go half a league out of the road, to the village where her parents dwelt, to inquire after her.

The old mother came to the door; her looks told me the ſtory before ſhe opened her mouth—She had loſt her huſband; he had died, ſhe ſaid, of anguiſh for the loſs of Maria's ſenſes, about a month before.—She had feared at firſt, ſhe added, that it would have plundered her poor girl of what little underſtanding was left—but, on the contrary, it had brought her more to herſelf—ſtill ſhe could not reſt—her poor daughter, ſhe ſaid, crying, was wandering ſomewhere about the road.

—Why does my pulſe beat languid as I write this? and what made La Fleur, whoſe heart ſeemed only to be tuned to joy, to paſs the back of his hand twice acroſs his eyes, as the woman ſtood and told it?

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I diſcovered poor Maria ſitting under a poplar—She was ſitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one ſide within her hand—a ſmall brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bid the poſtilion go on with the chaiſe to Moulines, and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dreſſed in white, and much as my friend deſcribed her, except that her hair hung looſe, which before was twiſted within a ſilk net.—She had ſuperadded, likewiſe, to her jacket, a pale green riband, which fell acroſs her ſhoulder to the waiſt; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithleſs as her lover; and ſhe had got a little dog in lieu of him, which ſhe had kept tied by a ſtring to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, ſhe drew him towards her with the ſtring.—"Thou ſhalt not leave me, Sylvio," ſaid ſhe. I looked in Maria's eyes, and ſaw ſhe was thinking more of her father than of her lover or her little goat; for, as ſhe uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I ſat down cloſe by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then ſteep'd it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and, as I did it, I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotions within me, as I am ſure could not be accounted for, from any combinations of matter and motion.

I am poſitive I have a ſoul; nor can all the books with which materialiſts have peſtered the world, ever convince me of the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herſelf, I aſked her if ſhe remembered a pale thin perſon of a man, who had ſat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She ſaid ſhe was unſettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as ſhe

was, ſhe ſaw the perſon pitied her; and next that her goat had ſtolen his handkerchief, and ſhe had beat him for the theft—ſhe had waſhed it, ſhe ſaid, in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket to reſtore it to him in caſe ſhe ſhould ever ſee him again, which, ſhe added, he had half promiſed her. As ſhe told me this, ſhe took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me ſee it: ſhe had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I ſaw an S. marked on one of the corners.

She had, ſince that, ſhe told me, ſtrayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that ſhe found her way alone acroſs the Appenines—had travelled over all Lombardy, without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy, without ſhoes—how ſhe had borne it, and how ſhe had got ſupported, ſhe could not tell—but GOD *tempers the wind*, ſaid Maria, *to the ſhorn lamb*.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, ſaid I; and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and ſhelter thee: thou ſhouldſt eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee, and bring thee back—when the ſun went down, I would ſay my prayers; and when I had done, thou ſhouldſt play thy evening ſong upon thy pipe; nor would the incenſe of my ſacrifice be worſe accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria obſerving, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was ſteep'd too much already to be of uſe, would needs go waſh it in the ſtream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? ſaid I—I'll dry it in my boſom, ſaid ſhe—'twill do me good.

And is your heart ſtill ſo warm, Maria? ſaid I.

I touched upon the ſtring on which hung all her ſorrows—ſhe looked with wiſtful diſorder for ſome time

in my face; and then, without ſaying any thing, took her pipe, and played her ſervice to the Virgin—the ſtring I had touched ceaſed to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herſelf—let her pipe fall—and roſe up.

And where are you going, Maria? ſaid I. She ſaid, to Moulines.—Let us go, ſaid I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the ſtring, to let her dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

Though I hate ſalutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I ſtopped to take my laſt look and laſt farewell of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheleſs of the firſt order of fine forms—affliction had touched her looks with ſomething that was ſcarce earthly—ſtill ſhe was feminine—and ſo much was there about her of all that the heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza's out of mine, ſhe ſhould *not only eat of my bread, and drink of my own cup*, but Maria ſhould lie in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckleſs maiden!—Imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruiſed thee, can only bind them up for ever.

PART THIRD.

Upon my arrival at Moulines, I enquired after this diſconſolate maid, and was informed ſhe had breathed her laſt, ten days after I had ſeen her. I informed myſelf of the place of her burial, whither I repaired; but there was

Not a ſtone to tell where ſhe lay.

However, by the freſhneſs of the ſurface of the earth which had been removed, I ſoon traced out her grave—where I paid the laſt tribute due to virtue;—nor did I grudge a tear.

Alas, ſweet maid, thou art gone!—but it is to be numbered with angels, whoſe fair repreſentative thou waſt upon earth.——Thy cup of bitterneſs was full, too full to hold, and it hath run over into eternity.—There wilt thou find the gall of life converted into the ſweets, the pureſt ſweets of immortal felicity.

FELLOW-FEELING.

BY THE SAME.

THERE is ſomething in our nature, which engages us to take part in every accident to which man is ſubject, from what cauſe ſoever it may have happened; but in ſuch calamities as a man has fallen into through mere misfortune, to be charged upon no fault or indiſcretion of himſelf, there is ſomething then ſo truly intereſting, that at the firſt ſight we generally make them our own, not altogether from a reflection that they might have been or may be ſo, but oftener from a certain generoſity and tenderneſs of nature, which diſpoſes us for compaſſion, abſtracted from all conſiderations of ſelf; ſo that without any obſervable act of the will, we ſuffer with the unfortunate, and feel a weight upon our ſpirits, we know not why, on ſeeing the moſt common inſtances of their diſtreſs. But where the ſpectacle is uncommonly tragical, and complicated with many circumſtances of miſery, the mind is then taken captive at once, and *were* it inclined to it, has no power to make reſiſtance, but ſurrenders itſelf to all the tender emotions of pity and deep concern. So that when one conſiders this friendly part of nature, without looking farther, one would think it impoſſible for man to look upon miſery, without finding himſelf in ſome meaſure attached to the intereſt of him who ſuffers it—I ſay one would think it impoſſible—for there are ſome tempers —how ſhall I deſcribe them?—formed either of ſuch impenetrable matter, or wrought up, by habitual ſelfiſhneſs, to ſuch an utter inſenſibility of what becomes of the fortunes of their fellow-creatures, as if they were not partakers of the ſame nature, or had no lot or connexion with the ſpecies.

On the ENTRANCE *to* KNOWLEDGE.

FELTON.

KNOWLEDGE will not be won without pains and application: ſome parts of it are eaſier, ſome more difficult of acceſs: we muſt proceed at once by ſap and battery; and when the breach is practicable, you have nothing to do, but to preſs boldly on, and enter: it is troubleſome and deep digging for pure waters, but when once you come to the ſpring, they riſe and meet you: the entrance into knowledge is oftentimes very narrow, dark, and tireſome, but the rooms are ſpacious, and gloriouſly furniſhed; the country is admirable, and every proſpect entertaining. You need not wonder, that fine countries have ſtrait avenues, when the regions of happineſs, like thoſe of knowledge, are impervious, and ſhut to lazy travellers, and the way to heaven itſelf is narrow.

Common things are eaſily attained, and nobody values what lies in every body's way: what is excellent is placed out of ordinary reach, and you will eaſily be perſuaded to put forth your hand to the utmoſt ſtretch, and reach whatever you aſpire at.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

EVILS *from a* PRIZE *in the* LOTTERY.

DAVID DIP.

YOU muſt know, ſir, that I began life in the humble capacity of a very reſpectable tallow-chandler, in Whitechapel, and carried on, for ſome time, a very ſnug trade. Beſides families and chance cuſtomers, I furniſhed two hoſpitals with candles, and frequently had the honour to throw light on the many ſubjects of political ſpeculation, which were agitated in a neighbouring public-houſe. Things went on then, ſir, exactly as they ſhould do. My profits, if not great, were certain; and upon the word of a tallow-chandler, I declare they were honeſt, for I made it a rule to ſtick to the trade price, and never refuſed, at Chriſtmas, to give my cuſtomers' maids a few ruſh-lights, in order to ſhew them how to play at *whiſk* like their maſters. As to politics, I went not a jot farther than the Daily Advertiſer enjoined me; and, like a good ſubject, I had a heart-felt ſatisfaction in the victories of my country, eſpecially when they were ſo *great* as to require the aid of my trade to give them an additional brilliancy.—My wife aſſiſted me in my buſineſs, as a wife ought; and if any buſineſs called me from home, there was ſhe behind the counter, and as attentive as myſelf. I kept one maid ſervant, and a boy to carry parcels.—My two children had got ſuch ſchooling as was thought proper for their expectations. I intended my ſon to ſucceed me in buſineſs; and, as for my daughter, ſhe would have made an excellent houſe-wife, which is all, in my humble opinion, that tradeſmen's daughters ought

to be. I paid all pariſh rates with pleaſure, and ſerved pariſh offices ſo honeſtly, that I do not think I *ate* more than *two children* in all my time, which is ſaying a great deal. As to amuſements, we never deſired the expenſive ones. Now and then, in very fine weather, I would treat my family to Sadler's Wells, or *Barnaby* Spa, but as to trips by ſea, we never went farther than Graveſend, and carrying our own proviſions with us, and coming back by the next tide, you muſt allow all this was very moderate.

In this happy ſtate things went on for ſome years. All was ſun-ſhine and broad day-light; aye, and good broad humour at night with us. But happineſs will have an end. There are many ups and downs in life. The devil is never tired of the many pranks he plays us poor honeſt folks. It happened one day, ſir, that my wife received a hand-bill about the lottery, wrapt round an ounce of green tea which we had bought to treat the curate of our pariſh with. What there was in this wicked bill, I do not now remember, but the woman would not reſt until ſhe had bought a ticket or a ſhare of one. I had not been uſed to contradict her, and perhaps the devil might enter into me at the ſame time, for I believe he generally prefers a whole family when he can get them. The ticket was bought, and I had been happy if it had proved a blank; but in a few days it was pronounced a hundred pound prize. A ſecond ticket followed of courſe, and a third; and before the lottery had done drawing, I was maſter of five thouſand pounds ſterling money. This was a ſum of which there is no mention in the records of our family for ſeveral generations; I ſeemed, indeed, born a great man without the help of anceſtors.

But, alas! this was the beginning of ſorrows and evils. My wife now declared war againſt all buſineſs, induſtry, and frugality; and, as it was by her advice I bought the ticket, ſhe took the whole merit of our ſucceſs out of the hands of Dame Fortune, and inſiſted that we ſhould lay out our money like people of faſhion. People of faſhion! Theſe were her very words; and ſhe added, likewiſe, that ſhe muſt now ſee

a little of the world, and metamorphoſe me and my children after her own way.

Would you believe it, ſir? I cannot ſay that I was wholly againſt all this, becauſe I could not help feeling how much more comfortable it is to have five thouſand pounds, than to be daily toiling to make up as many hundreds; but I declare, that if it had not been for this money, I never ſhould have thought of becoming a man of faſhion, for I had no other notion of ſuch at that time, than that they were perſons who required *long credit*. But to proceed—The firſt ſtep my wife took, was to diſpoſe of our ſtock in trade, and this was eaſily done, at the loſs of about three hundred pounds, for we were very precipitate, and the buyers, knowing we could not for ſhame's ſake keep our ſtock on hand, reſolved to eaſe us of it in the genteeleſt way poſſible; and I may truly ſay, for the firſt time of my life, that my candles were burnt at both ends. This being over, my wife diſcovered that there was ſomething very pernicious in the air of Whitechapel, and determined to leave the place. My leaſe had fifteen years to run, and I ſoon got a tenant who agreed to pay me leſs than I was obliged to pay the landlord; but this was nothing to a man who, by the ſale of his effects, had added a pretty handſome ſum to the above five thouſand.

After much conſultation, (for we found the whims of people of faſhion come very naturally,) we hired a houſe in one of the ſtreets near Palace-yard, becauſe it was only 100l. a year rent, and was ſo *centrical* (as my wife called it) to the playhouſes and the palace! By this you will learn, that ſhe knew as much of the centre of the playhouſes as ſhe did about the circumference of our fortune. But here, however, we ſat down, and a diſcovery having been made, naturally enough I muſt ſay, that the furniture of our old houſe was not proper even for the ſervants' rooms of our new one, we employed an honeſt broker, who furniſhed us completely, from top to bottom, with every article in the neweſt taſte. We had carpets which it was almoſt hereſy to walk upon; chairs on which I dared not ſit down without a caution, which deprived them of all eaſe; and tables

which were ſcreened, by ſtrict laws, from the profane touch of a naked hand.

Our diſcoveries had now no end. We found that tea was not ſo hurtful to the nerves when drank out of a ſilver tea-pot, and ſome how or other, the milk and the ſugar derived certain new qualities, from being contained in veſſels of the ſame metal. I had ſaved ſome pounds of my beſt candles from the general ſale, as I thought I could uſe my own goods cheaper than if I bought them of a ſtranger, who would of courſe treat me like a gentleman. But, lack-a-day! my wife's lungs were immediately ſo affected by the ſmell of the tallow, that I was obliged to conſign my wares, the work of my own hands, to the uſe of the ſervants, and order wax lights in their place.

You have now ſeen me removed from Whitechapel to Palace-yard, my houſe new furniſhed in a faſhionable ſtile, as handſome and as uſeleſs as money could purchaſe. I had hopes I might now be at reſt, and enabled to purſue my old plans, and was one night ſtepping out in ſearch of ſome friendly public-houſe, where I might ſmoke my pipe as uſual, and enjoy the luxury of talking politics, and eating a Welch rabbit, but no ſuch thing could be permitted. What! a man of my ſtanding ſmoak tobacco! Smoaking was a vulgar, beaſtly, unfaſhionable, vile thing. It might do very well for Whitechapel, or the Tower Hamlets, but would not be ſuffered in any genteel part of the world. And, as for cheeſe, no cheeſe was fit to be brought to table but Parmeſan, or perhaps a little Cheſhire ſtewed in claret. "Fie, huſband, how could you think of tobacco and Welch rabbits: I am abſolutely aſhamed of you: at this rate we might as well have been living at Whitechapel."

To do my wife juſtice, however, as ſhe deprived me of ſeeing company out of doors, ſhe took care to provide me with a ſufficient number of viſitors. There were Miſters and Miſtreſſes, Maſters and Miſſes, from all parts of St. Margaret's and St. John's pariſhes, none of which I had the ſmalleſt previous acquaintance with;

but my wife always maintained, that ſeeing company was the mark of faſhionable life, and things had proceeded now too far for me to raiſe objections. Indeed, one day drove another out of my head, and I began to be reconciled to faſhionable life. I thought it mighty pleaſant to have new furniture too good for uſe, and new acquaintances of no uſe at all; to drink wines which do not agree with one's ſtomach, and to eat of diſhes which one does not know the uſe of. We had likewiſe our card parties, where my wife and I ſoon learnt all the faſhionable games. How we played I ſhall not ſay, but we diſcovered, in no long time, that it was not *Whitechapel play*.

My two children, you may ſuppoſe, did not eſcape the general metamorphoſis; the boy was diſpatched to Eton ſchool, to be brought up with the children of *other* people of fortune, but the girl was kept at home to *ſee life*, and a precious life we led. The morning was the moſt innocent part of it, for we were then faſt aſleep; and yet, ſir, you cannot think how difficult it was to caſt off old cuſtoms, for I frequently awoke at ſix or ſeven o'clock, and would have got up, had not my wife reminded me that it was unfaſhionable, and aſked, "What muſt the ſervants think?"—Aye, ſir, and even ſhe, with all her new quality, would ſometimes diſcover the old leaven of Whitechapel. One night, when a lady ſaid ſhe believed it would rain, my wife anſwered, perhaps it *mought*. Another time, on ſeeing a great man go to the Houſe of Lords, although ſhe had with her at that moment one of the firſt people of faſhion in the Broad Sanctuary, ſhe exclaimed—"There's a go!"

Pride, however, will have a fall. Grandeur muſt one day or other expire in the ſocket. My wife was now ſeized with a very ſtrange diſorder, the nature of which I cannot better explain, than by ſaying, that ſhe loſt the uſe of both her feet and legs, and could not go out unleſs in a carriage. This was the more extraordinary, becauſe, when at home, or even on a viſit, ſhe never could ſit a minute in one place, but was perpetually running up and down. She threw out broad hints,

therefore, that a carriage muſt be had, and a carriage therefore was procured; but mark the conſequences, two ſervants were added to our former number. To be ſure every body muſt have a coachman and footman.—One buſineſs was now, to uſe our homely phraſe, "as good as done," and what little the town left, was fully accompliſhed by a viſit to Brighton, and another to Tunbridge.

Here, ſir, is a blank in my hiſtory, which I ſhall fill up no otherwiſe than by informing you, that I took the advantage of an Inſolvent act, and by the aſſiſtance of ſome friends, who did not deſert me, when I deſerted them, I am once more quietly ſet down in my old ſhop, compleatly cured of my violent fit of grandeur. I am now endeavouring to repair my affairs as well as I can, but I cannot hold my head ſo high.—They are perpetually aſking me at the club, "What my t'other end of the town friends would have ſaid in ſuch and ſuch a caſe?" and as I go to church on Sundays, I ſometimes hear the neighbours ſaying, "Aye, there goes the man that got the prize." Wherefore, ſir, for the benefit of all ſuch unfortunately lucky men as myſelf, I hope you will give this a place in your Miſcellany.

TEMPERANCE.

BLAIR.

TEMPERANCE in pleaſure is eſſentially neceſſary to be obſerved, particularly by youth, that they may beware of that rock on which thouſands, from race to race, continue to ſplit. The love of pleaſure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows at this age with exceſſive ardour.—Novelty adds freſh charms, as yet, to every gratification.—The world appears to ſpread a continual feaſt;—and health, vigour, and high ſpirits invite him to partake of it without reſtraint. In vain are they warned of the latent danger. The old, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with having forgotten that they once were

young. And yet, to what do the counſels of age, with reſpect to pleaſure, amount? They may all be compriſed in a few words, not to hurt ourſelves, and not to hurt others by our purſuit of pleaſure, and thoſe will be fully accompliſhed by temperance. Within theſe bounds, pleaſure is lawful, beyond them it becomes criminal, becauſe it is ruinous.

Hence, by this virtue we are not called to renounce pleaſure, but to enjoy it in ſafety.—Inſtead of abridging, we are exhorted to purſue it on an extenſive plan; we have meaſures propoſed for ſecuring its poſſeſſion, and for prolonging its duration.—As we conſider ourſelves not only as ſenſitive, but as rational beings; not only as rational but ſocial;—not only as ſocial but immortal; whatever violates our nature, in any of theſe reſpects, cannot afford true pleaſure.

Have we not found, that, in the courſe of criminal exceſs, pleaſure was more than compenſated by ſucceeding pain? Have we not from every habit, at leaſt of unlawful gratification, found ſome thorn ſpring to wound us; ſome conſequence to make us repent of it in the iſſue? We ſhould therefore avoid temptations, for which we have found ourſelves unequal, with as much care as we would ſhun peſtilential infection.

PASSIVE TAMENESS OF SPIRIT, AND UNLIMITED COMPLIANCE.

BY THE SAME.

PASSIVE tameneſs, which ſubmits without ſtruggle to every encroachment of the violent and aſſuming, forms no part of chriſtian duty, but is deſtructive of general happineſs and order.

Unlimited compliance which, on every occaſion, falls in with the opinions and manners of others, is ſo far from being a virtue, that it is itſelf a vice, and the

parent of many vices. It overthrows all ſteadineſs of principle, and produces that ſinful conformity with the world, which taints the whole character.

In the preſent corrupted ſtate of human manners, always to aſſent and to comply, is the very worſt maxim which can be adopted. It is impoſſible to ſupport the purity and dignity of chriſtian morals, without oppoſing the world on various occaſions, even though we ſhould ſtand alone.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BY THE SAME.

THE ſtudy of nature, which, for ages, has employed the lives of ſo many learned men, and which is ſtill ſo far from being exhauſted, is no other than the ſtudy of divine wiſdom diſplayed in the creation. The farther our reſearches are carried, more ſtriking proofs of it every where meet us. The proviſion made for the conſtant regularity of the univerſe, in the diſpoſition of the heavenly bodies, ſo that in the courſe of ſeveral thouſand years, nature ſhould ever exhibit the ſame uſeful and grateful variety, in the returns of light and darkneſs, of ſummer and winter; and ever furniſh food and habitation to all the animals that people the earth; muſt be a laſting theme of wonder to every reflecting mind.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

INTERESTING EXTRACT

From the ADVENTURES of CALEB WILLIAMS.

GODWIN.

IT was not long after that a malignant contagious diſtemper broke out in the neighbourhood, which proved fatal to many of the inhabitants, and was of unexampled rapidity in its effects. One of the firſt perſons that was ſeized with it was Mr. Clare. It may be believed that this incident ſpread grief and alarm through the vicinity. Mr. Clare was conſidered by them as ſomething more than a mortal. The equanimity of his behaviour, his unaſſuming carriage, his exuberant benevolence and goodneſs of heart, joined with his talents, his inoffenſive wit, and the comprehenſiveneſs of his intelligence, made him the idol of all who knew him. In the ſcene of his rural retreat, at leaſt, he had not an enemy. All mourned the danger that now threatened him. He appeared to have the proſpect of long life, and of going down to his grave full of years and of honour. Perhaps theſe appearances were deceitful. Perhaps the intellectual efforts he had exerted, which were occaſionally more ſudden, violent, and unintermitted, than a ſtrict regard to health would have dictated, had laid the ſeeds of future diſeaſe. But a ſanguine obſerver would infallibly have predicted, that his good ſenſe, preſence of mind, and unaltered cheerfulneſs, would be able even to keep death at bay for a time, and baffle the attacks of diſtemper, provided this univerſal foe did not take him by ſurpriſe. The general affliction, therefore, was doubly pungent upon the preſent occaſion.

But no one was ſo much affected as Mr. Falkland. Perhaps no man living ſo well underſtood the value of the life that was now at ſtake. He immediately haſtened to the ſpot; but he found ſome difficulty in gaining admiſſion. Mr. Clare, aware of the infectious nature of his diſeaſe, had given directions, that as few people as poſſible ſhould approach him. Mr. Falkland ſent up his name. He was told that he was included in the general orders. He was not, however, of a temper to be eaſily repulſed; he perſiſted with obſtinacy, and at length carried his point, being only reminded, in the firſt inſtance, to employ thoſe precautions which experience has approved as moſt effectual for counteracting infection.

He found Mr. Clare in his bed-chamber, but not in bed. He was ſitting in his night-gown, at a bureau near the window. His appearance was compoſed and cheerful, but death was in his countenance. I had a great inclination, Mr. Falkland, ſaid he, not to have ſuffered you to come in; and yet there is not a perſon in the world that it could give me more pleaſure to ſee. But, upon ſecond thoughts, I believe there are few people that could run into a danger of this kind with a better proſpect of eſcaping. In your caſe, at leaſt, the garriſon will not be taken through the treachery of the commander. I cannot tell how it is that I, who can preach wiſdom to you, have myſelf been caught.—But do not be diſcouraged by my example. I had no notice of my danger, or I would have acquitted myſelf better. Theſe ſtrange ſeeds of diſtemper ſeem to float in the air, and to faſten upon the frame without its being poſſible for us to tell what was the method of their approach.

Mr. Falkland having once eſtabliſhed himſelf in the apartment of his friend, would upon no terms conſent to retire. Mr. Clare conſidered that there was perhaps leſs danger in this choice, than in a frequent change from the extremes of a pure to a tainted air, and deſiſted from his expoſtulation. Falkland, ſaid he, when you came in, I had juſt finiſhed making my will. I was not pleaſed with what I had formerly drawn up

upon that ſubject, and I did not chooſe, in my preſent ſituation, to call in an attorney. In fact it would be ſtrange if a man of ſenſe, with pure and direct intentions, ſhoud not be able to perform ſuch a function for himſelf.

Mr. Clare continued to act in the ſame eaſy and diſengaged manner as in perfect health. To judge from the cheerfulneſs of his tone, and the firmneſs of his manner, the thought would never once have occurred to you that he was dying. He walked, he reaſoned, he jeſted, in a way that argued the moſt perfect ſelf-poſſeſſion. But his appearance changed perceptibly for the worſe every quarter of an hour. Mr. Falkland kept his eye perpetually fixed upon him, with mingled ſentiments of anxiety and admiration.

Falkland, ſaid he, after having appeared for a ſhort period abſorbed in thought, I feel that I am dying.—This is a ſtrange diſtemper of mine. Yeſterday I ſeemed in perfect health, and to-morrow I ſhall be an inſenſible corpſe. How curious is the line that ſeparates life and death to mortal men! To be at one moment active, gay, and penetrating, with immenſe ſtores of knowledge at one's command, capable of delighting, inſtructing, and animating mankind, and the next, lifeleſs and loathſome, an incumbrance upon the face of the earth. Such is the hiſtory of many men, and ſuch will be mine.

I feel as if I had yet much to do in the world; but it will not be. I muſt be contented with what is paſt. It is in vain that I muſter all my ſpirits to my heart.—The enemy is too mighty and too mercileſs for me: he will not give me time ſo much as to breathe. Theſe things are not yet in our power. They are parts of a great ſeries that is perpetually flowing. The general welfare, the great buſineſs of the univerſe, will go on, though I bear no farther ſhare in promoting it. That taſk is reſerved for younger ſtrengths; for you, Falkland, and ſuch as you. We ſhould be contemptible, indeed, if the proſpect of human improvement did not

leave us a pure and perfect delight, independently of the queſtion of our exiſting to partake of it. Mankind would have little to envy to future ages, if they had all enjoyed a ſerenity as perfect as mine.

Mr. Clare ſat up through the whole day, indulging himſelf in eaſy and cheerful exertions, which were perhaps better calculated to refreſh and invigorate the frame, than if he had ſought repoſe in its direct form. Now and then he was viſited with a ſudden pang; but it was no ſooner felt, than he ſeemed to riſe above it, and ſmiled at the impotence of the attack. Three or four times he was bedewed with profuſe ſweats, and theſe again were ſucceeded by an extreme dryneſs and burning heat of the ſkin. He was next covered with ſmall livid ſpots. Symptoms of ſhivering followed, but theſe he drove away with a determined reſolution. He then became tranquil and compoſed, and after ſome time determined to go to bed, it being already night. Falkland, ſaid he, preſſing his hand, the taſk of dying is not ſo difficult as ſome people imagine. When one looks back from the brink of it, one wonders that ſo total a ſubverſion can take place at ſo eaſy a rate.

He had now been ſome time in bed, and as every thing was ſtill, Mr. Falkland hoped that he ſlept. But in that he was miſtaken. Preſently Mr. Clare threw back the curtain, and looked in the countenance of his friend: I cannot ſleep, ſaid he. No, if I could ſleep, it would be the ſame thing as to recover; and I am fated to have the worſt in this battle.

Falkland, I have been thinking about you. I do not know any one whoſe future uſefulneſs I contemplate with greater hope. Take care of yourſelf. Do not let the world be defrauded of the benefit of your virtues. I am well acquainted with your weakneſs as well as your ſtrength. You have an impetuoſity and an impatience of imagined diſhonour, that, if once ſet wrong, may make you as eminently miſchievous, as you will otherwiſe be uſeful. Would to God you would think ſeriouſly of exterminating this error.

But if I cannot, in the brief expoſtulation my preſent ſituation will allow, work this deſirable change in you, there is, at leaſt, one thing I can do. I can put you upon your guard againſt a miſchief I foreſee to be imminent. Beware of Mr. Tyrrel. Do not commit the miſtake of deſpiſing him as an unequal opponent. Petty cauſes may produce great miſchiefs. Mr. Tyrrel is boiſterous, rugged, and unfeeling; and you are too paſſionate, too acutely ſenſible of injury. It would be truly to be lamented, if a man ſo inferior, ſo utterly unworthy to be compared with you, ſhould be capable of changing your whole hiſtory into miſery and guilt. Think of this. I exact no promiſe from you. I would not ſhackle you with the fetters of ſuperſtition. I would have you be governed by reaſon and juſtice.

Mr. Falkland was deeply affected with this expoſtulation. His ſenſe of the generous attention of Mr. Clare, at ſuch a moment as this, was ſo great as almoſt to deprive him of utterance. He ſpoke in ſhort ſentences, and with viſible effort. I will behave better, replied he. Never fear me! Your kind admonition ſhall not be thrown away upon me.

Mr. Clare adverted to another ſubject. I have made you my executor:—You will not refuſe me this laſt office of friendſhip. It is but a ſhort time that I have had the happineſs of knowing you; but in that ſhort time I have examined you well, and ſeen you thoroughly. Do not diſappoint the ſanguine hope I have entertained.

I have left ſome legacies. My former connections, while I lived amidſt the buſy haunts of men, as many of them as were intimate, are all of them dear to me. I have not had time to ſummon them about me upon the preſent occaſion; nor did I deſire it. The remembrances of me will, I hope, anſwer a better purpoſe, than ſuch as are uſually thought of on ſimilar occaſions.

Mr. Clare, having thus unburthened his mind, ſpoke no more for ſeveral hours. Towards morning, Mr. Falkland quietly withdrew the curtain, and look-

ed at the dying man. His eyes were open, and were now gently turned toward his young friend. His countenance was ſunk, and of a death-like appearance. I hope you are better, ſaid Falkland in a half-whiſper, as if afraid of diſturbing him. Mr. Clare drew his hand from the bed-clothes, and ſtretched it forward; Mr. Falkland advanced, and took hold of it. Much better, ſaid Mr. Clare, in a voice inward, and hardly articulate; the ſtruggle is now over; I have finiſhed my part; farewell! remember! Theſe were his laſt words. He lived ſtill a few hours; his lips were ſometimes ſeen to move; he expired without a groan.

Mr. Falkland had witneſſed the ſcene with much anxiety. His hopes of a favourable criſis, and his fear of diſturbing the laſt moments of his friend, had held him dumb. For the laſt half hour he had ſtood up, with his eyes intently fixed upon Mr. Clare. He witneſſed the laſt gaſp, the laſt little convulſive motion of the frame. He continued to look; he ſeemed ſometimes to imagine that he ſaw life renewed. At length he could deceive himſelf no longer, and exclaimed, with a diſtracted accent, *And is this all?* He would have thrown himſelf upon the body of his friend; the attendants with-held, and would have forced him into another apartment. But he ſtruggled from them, and hung fondly over the bed. Is this the end of genius, virtue, and excellence? Is the luminary of the world thus for ever gone! Oh, yeſterday! yeſterday! Clare, why could not I have died in your ſtead? Dreadful moment! Irreparable loſs! Loſt in the very maturity and vigour of his mind! Cut off from a uſefulneſs ten thouſand times greater than any he had already exhibited! Oh, his was a mind to have inſtructed ſages, and guided the moral world! This is all we have left of him! The eloquence of thoſe lips is gone! The inceſſant activity of that heart is ſtill! The beſt and wiſeſt of men is gone, and the world is inſenſible of its loſs!

Mr. Tyrrel heard the intelligence of Mr. Clare's death with emotion, but of a very different kind. He avowed that he had not forgiven him his partial attachment to Falkland, and therefore could not recall his

remembrance with kindneſs. But, if he could have overlooked his paſt injuſtice, ſufficient care was taken to employ means to keep alive his reſentment. Falkland forſooth attended him on his death-bed, as if no body elſe was worthy to partake of his confidential communications. But what was worſt of all was this executorſhip. In every thing this prigmatical raſcal throws me behind. Contemptible wretch, that has nothing of the man about him! Muſt he perpetually trample on his betters? Is every body incapable of reaſon, and making a right eſtimate of the merits of men? Caught with mere outſide? Chooſing the flimſy before the ſubſtantial? And upon his death-bed too! [Mr. Tyrrel with his uncultivated brutality mixed, as uſually happens, certain rude notions of religion.] Sure the ſenſe of his ſituation might have ſhamed him. Poor wretch! his ſoul has a great deal to anſwer for. He has made my pillow uneaſy; and whatever may be the conſequences, it is him we have to thank for them.

The death of Mr. Clare removed the perſon who could moſt effectually have moderated the animoſities of the contending parties, and took away the great operative check upon the exceſſes of Mr. Tyrrel. This ruſtic tyrant had been held in involuntary reſtraint by the intellectual aſcendancy of his celebrated neighbour; and notwithſtanding the general ferocity of his temper, did not appear till lately to have entertained a hatred againſt him. In the ſhort time that had elapſed from the period in which Mr. Clare had fixed his reſidence in the neighbourhood, to that of the arrival of Mr. Falkland from the continent, the conduct of Mr. Tyrrel had ever ſhown certain tokens of improvement.—Such was the felicity of Mr. Clare's manners, that even while he corrected, he conciliated, and excited no angry emotions in thoſe whoſe actions were moſt curbed by the apprehenſion of his diſpleaſure. The effects of his ſuavity, however, ſo far as related to Mr. Tyrrel, had been in a certain degree ſuſpended by conſiderations of rivalſhip between this gentleman and Mr. Falkland. And, now that the influence of Mr. Clare's preſence and virtues were entirely removed, Mr. Tyrrel's tem-

per broke out into more criminal exceſſes than at any former period, having the additional ſtimulus of mortified pride and diſappointed ambition.

SENSIBILITY.

STERNE.

DEAR Senſibility! ſource inexhauſted of all that's precious in our joys, or coſtly in our ſorrows!—thou chaineſt thy martyr down upon his bed of ſtraw—and 'tis thou who lifteſt him up to Heaven——eternal fountain of our feelings!—'tis here I trace thee!—and this is thy "divinity which ſtirs within me"—not that, in ſome ſad and ſickening moments, "my ſoul ſhrinks back upon herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel ſome generous joys and generous cares beyond myſelf——all comes from thee, great—great ſenſorium of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our heads but fall upon the ground, in the remoteſt deſert of thy creation.—Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languiſh——hears my tale of ſymptoms, and blames the weather for the diſorder of his nerves. Thou giveſt a portion of it ſometimes to the rougheſt peaſant who traverſes the bleakeſt mountains—he finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock—this moment I beheld him leaning with his head againſt his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it!—Oh! had I come one moment ſooner!—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it——

Peace to thee, generous ſwain! I ſee thou walkeſt off with anguiſh—but thy joys ſhall balance it—for happy is thy cottage—and happy is the ſharer of it.—and happy are the lambs which ſport about you.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

STERNE.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard; I ſay ſitting—for in conſideration of the corporal's lame knee, (which ſometimes gave him exquiſite pain,) when my uncle Toby dined or ſupped alone, he would never ſuffer the Corporal to ſtand; and the poor fellow's veneration was ſuch, that, with proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itſelf, with leſs trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time, when my uncle Toby ſuppoſed the Corporal's leg was at reſt, he would look back, and detect him ſtanding behind him with the moſt dutiful reſpect: this bred more little ſquabbles betwixt them, than all other cauſes for five and twenty years together——But this is neither here nor there——why do I mention it?——Aſk my pen,—it governs me, I govern not it.

He was one evening ſitting thus at ſupper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glaſs or two of ſack. 'Tis for a gentleman,—I think of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe, four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing, till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt:—"I think," ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, "it would comfort me,"——

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy ſuch a thing,—added the landlord, I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill——I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he——we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf,—and take a couple of bottles, with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow,—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that, in ſo ſhort a time, ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt:—And of his whole family, added the Corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, ſaid my uncle Toby,—do, Trim, and aſk if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the Corporal,——but I can aſk his ſon again.——He has a ſon with him, then? ſaid my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;——but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:——He has not ſtirred from the bedſide theſe two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away, without ſaying one word; and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.——Your honour's roquelaure, replied the Corporal, has not once been on, ſince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas:——and beſides, it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that, what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, it will be

enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear ſo, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at reſt in my mind, ſince the account the landlord has given me.——I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:——How ſhall we manage it? Leave it, an't pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the Corporal;—I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant—I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the Corporal, ſhutting the door.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:

I deſpaired, at firſt, ſaid the Corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any intelligence concerning the poor ſick Lieutenant——Is he in the army, then? ſaid my uncle Toby—He is, ſaid the Corporal—And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle Toby——I'll tell your honour, replied the Corporal, every thing ſtraight forward, as I learnt it——Then, Trim, I will fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou haſt done; ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, Trim, in the window-ſeat, and begin thy ſtory again. The Corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke as plain as a bow could ſpeak it—Your honour is good:—And having done that, he ſat down as he was ordered,—and began the ſtory to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the ſame words.

I deſpaired, at firſt, ſaid the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the Lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked—That's a right diſtinction, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby—I was anſwered, an't pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, finding himſelf unable to proceed, (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment,) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, ſaid

he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man,—we can hire horſes from hence.—But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;—but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth.——Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.——I believe, ſir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf:—I am ſure, ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier.——The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.—Poor youth! ſaid my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up an infant in the army, and the name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend!—I wiſh I had him here.

—I never in the longeſt march, ſaid the Corporal, had ſo great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, blowing his noſe,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toaſt, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely ſorry for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar—(and thou mighteſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby,)—he was heartily welcome to it:——He made a very low bow, (which was made to your honour,) but no anſwer,——for his heart was full——ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt;—I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.——Mr. Yorick's curate was ſmoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but ſaid not a word, good nor bad, to comfort the youth.——I thought it wrong, added the Corporal—I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle Toby.

When the Lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.——I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers, —for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedſide, and, as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.——

I thought, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never ſaid your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you ſure of it? replied the curate.—A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon;—and when he is fighting for his king, and for his life, and for his honour too; he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world.——'Twas well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.—But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding, for twelve hours together, in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water;—or engaged, ſaid I, for months together, in long and dangerous marches; haraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; haraſſing others to-morrow:—detached here;—countermanded there;—reſting this night out upon his arms; beat up in his ſhirt the next;——benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on; he muſt ſay his prayers how and when he can.——I believe, ſaid I, (for I was piqued, quoth the Corporal, for the reputation of the army,) I believe, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parſon,——though not with all his fuſs and hypocriſy.

—Thou ſhouldſt not have ſaid that, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not: At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then,)—it will be ſeen who have done their duties in this world,—and who have not; and we ſhall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we ſhall, ſaid Trim.—It is in the ſcripture, ſaid my uncle Toby; and I will ſhow it thee to-morrow:——In the mean time we

may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—I hope not, ſaid the Corporal.—But go on, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, with thy ſtory.

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white handkerchief beſide it:——The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſed he had been kneeling;——the book was laid upon the bed;—and as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the ſame time. Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the Lieutenant.

He did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide:—If you are Captain Shandy's ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's along with them, for his courteſy to me;—if he was of Leven's—ſaid the Lieutenant——I told him your honour was.—Then, ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but 'tis moſt likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,—ſaid he, a ſecond time, muſing;——poſſibly he may my ſtory, added he,——pray tell the Captain, I was the Enſign at Breda, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket-ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the ſtory, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well.——Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief;——then well may I.——In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black riband about his neck, and kiſſed it twice.—Here, Billy, ſaid he,—the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide, and, falling down upon his knee, took the ring in

his hand, and kiſſed it too,—then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.

I wiſh, ſaid my uncle Toby, with a deep ſigh, I wiſh, Trim, I was aſleep.

Your honour, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned;—ſhall I pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe? Do, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

I remember, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſighing again, the ſtory of the Enſign and his wife,——and particularly well, that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other, (I forget what,) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon:——'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the Corporal,——for I could ſtay no longer,——ſo wiſhed his honour a good night; young Le Fevre roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders. But, alas! ſaid the Corporal,—the Lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour, that he ſet aſide every other concern, and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor Lieutenant and his ſon.

That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompence thee for this!

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fevre,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor Lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt out of his pay,——that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf.—Your honour knows, ſaid the Corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby,—when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe,—thou

ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too:—A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:—Thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.———

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, ſmiling,——he might march.——He will never march, an't pleaſe your honour, in this world, ſaid the Corporal:—He will march, ſaid my uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off:——An't pleaſe your honour, ſaid the Corporal, he will never march, but to his grave: He ſhall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch—he ſhall march to his regiment.—He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the Corporal:—He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle Toby:—He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?——He ſhall not drop, ſaid my uncle Toby, firmly. A-well-a-day!—do what we can for him, ſaid Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor ſoul will die.—He ſhall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

—The Accuſing Spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſhed as he gave it in,—and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purſe into his breeches-pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician,—he went to bed, and fell aſleep.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

CONCLUDED.

THE ſun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſſed heavy on his eyelids,——and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, ſat himſelf down upon the chair by the bedſide, and, independently of all modes and cuſtoms, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did,—how he had reſted in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him;—and, without giving him time to anſwer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal, the night before, for him.—

——You ſhall go home directly, Le Fevre, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe,——and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter,——and we'll have an apothecary,—and the Corporal ſhall be your nurſe;—and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fevre.

There was ſuch a frankneſs in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity, but the cauſe of it,—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhowed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this there was ſomething in his looks and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had

half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, the ſon had inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——The blood and ſpirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart, rallied back;——the film forſook his eyes for a moment;——he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then caſt a look upon his boy,——and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.——

Nature inſtantly ebbed again,——the film returned to its place,——the pulſe fluttered—ſtopped—went on—throbbed——ſtopped again——moved——ſtopped,——ſhall I go on?——No.

All that is neceſſary to be added is as follows:——

That my uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor Lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

When my uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and ſettled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all mankind,——there remained nothing more in my uncle Toby's hands, than an old regimental coat and a ſword; ſo that my uncle Toby found little oppoſition from the world in taking adminiſtration. The coat my uncle Toby gave the Corporal:——Wear it, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, as long as it will hold together, for the ſake of the poor Lieutenant——And this, ſaid my uncle Toby, taking up the ſword in his hand, and drawing it out of the ſcabbard, as he ſpoke——and this, Le Fevre, I'll ſave for thee——'tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,——and thou doſt it like a man of honour,——'tis enough for us.

As ſoon as my uncle Toby had laid a foundation, he ſent him to a public ſchool, where, except Whitſuntide and Chriſtmas, at which times the Corporal was punctually diſpatched for him——he remained to the ſpring of the year ſeventeen; when the ſtories of the Emperor's ſending his army into Hungary, againſt the Turks, kindling a ſpark of fire in his boſom, he left his greek and latin, without leave, and, throwing himſelf

upon his knees, before my uncle Toby, begged his father's ſword, and my uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene.——Twice did my uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, Le Fevre! I will go with thee, and thou ſhalt fight beſide me ——And twice did he lay his hand upon his groin, hung down his head in ſorrow and diſconſolation.———

My uncle Toby took down the ſword from the crook, where it had hung, untouched, ever ſince the Lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the Corporal to brighten up;—and having detained Le Fevre a ſingle fortnight, to equip him, and contract for his paſſage to Leghorn, he put the ſword into his hand:——If thou art brave, Le Fevre, ſaid my uncle Toby, this will not fail thee;—but Fortune, ſaid he, muſing a little—— Fortune may—And if ſhe does, added my uncle Toby, embracing him, come back again to me, Le Fevre, and we will ſhape thee another courſe.

The greateſt injury could not have oppreſſed the heart of Le Fevre, more than my uncle Toby's paternal kindneſs;—he parted from my uncle Toby, as the beſt of ſons from the beſt of fathers——both dropped tears—and as my uncle Toby gave him his laſt kiſs, he ſlipped ſixty guineas, tied up in an old purſe of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand, and bid God bleſs him.

Le Fevre got up to the Imperial army juſt time enough to try what metal his ſword was made of, at the defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a ſeries of unmerited miſchances had purſued him from that moment, and trod cloſe upon his heels for four years together after: he had withſtood theſe buffetings to the laſt, till ſickneſs overtook him at Marſeilles; from whence he wrote my uncle Toby word, he had loſt his time, his ſervices, his health, and, in ſhort, every thing but his ſword;—and was waiting for the firſt ſhip to return back to him.

Le Fevre was hourly expected, and was uppermoſt in my uncle Toby's mind, all the time my father was giving him and Yorick a deſcription of what kind of a perſon he would chooſe for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle Toby thought my father, at firſt, ſomewhat fanciful in the accompliſhments he required, he forbore

mentioning Le Fevre's name,—till the character, by Yorick's interpoſition, ending unexpectedly in one who ſhould be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impreſſed the image of Le Fevre and his intereſt upon my uncle Toby ſo forcibly, he roſe inſtantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands,—I beg, brother Shandy, ſaid my uncle Toby, I may recommend poor Le Fevre's ſon to you—I beſeech you do, added Yorick—He has a good heart, ſaid my uncle Toby—And a brave one too, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid the Corporal—The beſt hearts, Trim, are ever the braveſt, replied my uncle Toby.

A SHORT SERMON.

IN a certain Principality, where the labourers in the ſpiritual vineyard are often obliged to fiddle, as well as to pray, for the neceſſary ſupport of themſelves and families, about half a century ago lived an honeſt and ingenious man of the ſacred profeſſion; who, having a great deal of duty to perform, for which, however, he received a very inadequate recompenſe, was often neceſſitated to cut as ſhort as poſſible, leaving his hearers to meditate on what he meant to advance in confirmation of his poſitions. One Sunday, in particular, being engaged in the afternoon to play ſeveral airs on the Welch harp, on which inſtrument, as well as the violin, he was a very excellent performer, he delivered the following incomparable ſermon to his different pariſhioners; which, for brevity, method, point, and moral, we recommend to the attentive peruſal of every ſincere chriſtian.

JOB, i. 21.

Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked ſhall I return thither.

In diſcourſing from theſe words, I ſhall obſerve the three following things:

Firſt, Man's ingreſs into the world;

Secondly, His progreſs through the world;

And, thirdly, His egreſs out of the world.

To return,—

Firſt, Man's ingreſs into the world is, naked and bare;

Secondly, His progreſs through the world is, trouble and care;

And, thirdly, His egreſs out of the world is, nobody knows where.

To conclude,—

If we do well here, we ſhall be well there;

And I could tell you no more were I to preach a whole year.

ON TOLERATION.

VOLTAIRE.

NOT unto men, but unto thee, the God of all being, of all worlds, and of all ages, do I addreſs myſelf; if feeble creatures, loſt in thy immenſity, and imperceptible to the reſt of the univerſe, may preſume to aſk of thee any thing; of thee who haſt given all; of thee whoſe decrees are unchangeable as they are eternal; condeſcend to look in pity on the errors which are inſeperable from our nature, and let them not be to us the ground of calamity. Thou haſt not given us hearts to hate one another, nor hands to cut one another's throats: grant that we may mutually aſſiſt one another to ſupport the burden of a painful and tranſitory life: let not the little differences between the veſtments that cover our feeble bodies, between our defective languages, between our ridiculous cuſtoms, between our many imperfect laws, between our many fooliſh opinions, between our ſeveral conditions, ſo unequal in our eyes, and ſo equal in thine; let not the many little diſtinctions that denote the ſeveral claſſes of atoms called men, be ſignals of hatred and perſecution. May thoſe who light up wax tapers at noon-day to celebrate thee, bear with thoſe who are content with the light of the ſun thou haſt placed in the firmament. Let not thoſe who, to tell us we muſt love thee, cover

their robes with white linen, hold in deteſtation thoſe who tell us the ſame thing in a cloak of black woollen. May it be the ſame to adore thee in a jargon formed from an ancient language, or in a jargon more modern. May thoſe whoſe veſture is dyed with red or with purple, who rule over a ſmall parcel of a ſmall heap of the mud of this earth, and who poſſeſs ſome round bits of a certain metal, enjoy without pride what they call grandeur and riches, and may others behold them without envy: for thou knoweſt that in theſe vanities, there is nothing to be envied, nothing to be proud of. May all men remember that they are brethren, and may they abhor the tyranny that is exerciſed over the mind, as they execrate the violence that takes by force the fruit of labour and peaceful induſtry. If the ſcourge of war be neceſſary, let us not hate, let us not devour one another in the midſt of peace; but let us employ our momentary exiſtence in bleſſing equally, in a thouſand different languages, from Siam to California, thy goodneſs, which has given us this momentary exiſtence.

HAPPINESS FOUNDED IN RECTITUDE.

HARRIS.

ALL men purſue good, and would be happy, if they knew how: not happy for minutes, and miſerable for hours; but happy, if poſſible, through every part of their exiſtence. Either, therefore, there is a good of this ſteady, durable kind, or there is none. If none, then all good muſt be tranſient and uncertain; and if ſo, an object of the loweſt value, which can little deſerve our attention or inquiry. But if there be a better good, ſuch a good as we are ſeeking; like every other thing, it muſt be derived from ſome cauſe; and that cauſe muſt be either external, internal, or mixed; in as much as, except theſe three, there is no other poſſible. Now a ſteady, durable good cannot be derived from an external cauſe; by reaſon, all derived from externals muſt fluctuate as they fluctuate. By the ſame rule, not from a mixture of the two; becauſe the part

which is external will proportionably deſtroy its eſſence. What then remains but the cauſe internal; the very cauſe which we have ſuppoſed, when we place the ſovereign good in mind—in rectitude of conduct?

HUMILITY.

STERNE.

HE that is little in his own eyes, is little too in his deſires, conſequently moderate in his purſuit of them: like another man, he may fail in his attempts, and loſe the point he aim'd at;—but that is all,—he loſes not himſelf,—he loſes not his happineſs and peace of mind with it:—even the contentions of the humble man are mild and placid—Bleſſed characters! When ſuch a one is thruſt back, who does not pity him?—when he falls, who would not ſtretch out a hand to raiſe him up?

ON SEDUCTION.

IF you have been the firſt debaucher of a girl, you have broken a link in the chain of providence which can never be pieced again. You have robbed ſome ſincere lover of a chaſte miſtreſs, perhaps a wife; robbed her of her honour, the moſt brilliant jewel in the character of a woman; robbed her of her ſtation in the world, for no virtuous one will hereafter rank with her; robbed her of the peace of a conſcience which will be always flying in her face; brought a diſgrace upon her father, mother, brothers, ſiſters, and all her family, who have as great a right to ſet as great a value upon the honour of it, as you have upon that of your own; and it is much to be feared, ſhe has been prevailed upon to ſubmit to all this variety of evil, by the fair promiſes of unchangeable love which you made her, but never meant to keep.

THE ART OF PUNNING BY RULE.

DIBDEN.

"BY rule?" Yes—thus. A man ſays, "Mr. Locke was a great *metaphyſician*." 'O Lord!' ſay you, 'That's nothing at all—I *met a phyſician* myſelf yeſterday.' The next rule is to lay a trap for a pun, by a previous queſtion. Say, 'Do you think the dinner is ready?' "I really don't know," ſays one of the company, "I am going to *ſee*." 'Oh, to *ſea*, are you!' ſay you, 'I wiſh you *a good voyage*.'—Or thus—ſay you 'What do you think of this buſineſs of the Empreſs and the Turks?' "Think!" ſays one, "why that the Empreſs will play the very devil with them. Why, ſir, in another twelve month there will be *no Turkey* in Europe." 'Upon my word,' ſay you, 'I am ſorry for that—it is a very charming diſh, eſpecially with a pudding in its belly.' Thus when you have learned to pun with facility, you may do what you pleaſe. One ſays—"Come pun away." '*Away!*' ſay you—'I had better pun *here* had not I?' "Igad," ſays another, "he is in for it, *ſtop* him who can."—'Nay,' ſay you, 'what ſhould they *ſtop* me for? I have *ſtolen nothing*.' "Well, upon my word," ſays the firſt, "that is *beyond* every thing." 'Oh,' ſay you, if that is the caſe, you know I can *go no farther*.' So much for punning.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

THE STORY OF ABBAS.

LANGHORNE.

THE ſun appearing above the horizon, Solyman proſtrated himſelf in the profoundeſt adoration. When he aroſe from his devotions, he advanced towards the Engliſh merchant, his fellow-traveller, with a look of kindneſs mixed with pity and concern. The merchant underſtood him: but as he was unwilling to controvert the principles of his religion, he made no apology for his conduct during the devotions of Solyman.

The mild morning light which was diffuſed over the vallies and ſtreams, the various beauty of the meadows, the regular diſpoſition of bloſſomed hedgerows, the ſoothing murmur of bees at their early labour, and the full concert of the feathered creation, drew their converſation on the univerſal beneficence of nature. 'I feel,' ſaid Solyman, 'a delight, which I can neither 'account for nor deſcribe. Theſe mountains, gilded 'with the rays of the orient ſun, thoſe painted vallies 'that ſhame the rich carpets of Perſia, yon diſtant wa-'ters which gleam with the ſhifting effulgence of light, 'the general buſy voice of joy and activity in the ani-'mal creation, conſpire to fill my heart with inexpreſ-'ſible pleaſure.'

'That pleaſure,' replied the merchant, 'I believe 'proceeds from ſympathy: it is ſcarce poſſible, unleſs 'you have ſome peculiar cauſe of miſery, not to be 'pleaſed when you ſee every thing around you happy. 'On the contrary, if you go into the manſions of ſor-

'row, it will be impoſſible to withſtand the infection of 'it. The God of nature ſeems to have given us theſe 'ſympathetic feelings, to link our affections in the great 'chain of ſociety: hence, ſocial virtue is not left to 'depend ſolely on the moral will, but is founded on 'the principles of our nature.

'But the object of your adoration is ſo profuſe of 'his favours, that I ſhould now be glad to find ſome 'convenient ſhade. I think I diſcover a cave on the 'ſouthern declivity of the mountain; let us retire to 'it during the heat of the day.'

As they were advancing towards the cave, they perceived a beaten path leading directly from it to a diſtant rivulet: this made them apprehenſive that it might be the habitation of ſome wild beaſt, that had worn the path by conſtantly going to drink at the ſtream: but their fears were ſoon removed upon the appearance of an aged hermit, advancing ſlowly towards the rivulet with an earthen pitcher. At ſight of the travellers, he haſted to his abode with all the feeble precipitancy of age: they agreed not to diſturb him, and only took the advantage of the rock which projected over his cell, to ſhelter themſelves from the ſun; but they had not long continued in this ſituation, before the hermit, perceiving them to be inoffenſive travellers, invited them into his cave.

'You will excuſe,' ſaid the hoary ſage, 'the cau-'tion of years: theſe mountains are not ſecure from the 'ravage of human ferocity; and theſe grey hairs would 'be no defence from the wanton cruelty of man. I 'have ſuffered ſo much from my own ſpecies, that I 'have at laſt forſaken their ſociety: I have thought it 'better to give up the conveniencies of it, than to bear 'the evils; and I have long lived in this ſolitary cave, 'on nothing more than what uncultivated nature would 'afford me.'—'Thoſe ſufferings,' ſaid Solyman, 'muſt, 'indeed, have been extraordinary, that could make you 'give up one of the greateſt advantages of life, the ſo-'cial intercourſe of your fellow-creatures.'—'The nar-'ratives of age,' replied the hermit, 'are ſeldom agree-

'able to youth; but as inſtruction can be gained only 'from experience, you will do wiſely to learn it from 'the misfortunes of Abbas.

'I was born to a competent fortune in the province 'of Lureſtan: but being early left an orphan, my af- 'fairs came under the cognizance of a juſticiary court, 'which the members of it call the court of equity; but 'ſo equitable were they with regard to me, that they 'claimed two parts of my little fortune for their care 'of the third.'—'Would to God, that were never the 'caſe in Great Britain!' interrupted the merchant.— 'But proceed.'—'Though I had ſuch an early and 'convincing proof of the treachery and rapacity of 'mankind; yet, as I had always exerciſed the benevo- 'lent virtues myſelf, I could not think others totally 'devoid of them; and at my three and twentieth year, 'being inclined to travel, I without ſcruple entruſted 'the remains of my fortune with a perſon whom I had 'long known and reſpected; a perſon, Holy Allah! 'who lifted his hands to thee; but I had not been ab- 'ſent from Lureſtan more than three moons, when he 'pretended a commiſſion to diſpoſe of my effects, and 'immediately left the place. Upon my return there- 'fore to the province, I found neither friend nor for- 'tune; and being bred to no buſineſs, I was reduced to 'the moſt diſtreſsful ſtate of indigence. I applied, 'however, not without hopes of redreſs or relief, to a 'perſon of power and eminence, whom I had often 'heard ſpeak of his friendſhip with my father. After 'long and frequent attendance, I was admitted to an interview. I laid open my diſtreſs to him with that 'kind of eloquence which the miſeries we ſuffer from 'the treachery of others always ſuggeſts; and which, 'however unaffecting it may be to indifferent perſons, 'utters its complaints with dignity and reſentment. I 'was heard half way through my ſtory, and diſmiſſed 'with the following reply.' "It is not neceſſary, young "man, to proceed with your complaints: I perceive "you have been abuſed, and I am ſorry for you. But "that ſhall not be the only proof of my regard for "you; I will give you a little advice: you ſhould ne- "ver depend ſo much on the benevolence or integrity

" of any human being, as to truſt him with your for-
" tune or your life." Thus ended my hopes from the
' friend of my father; whoſe benevolence extended no
' farther, than to inſtruct me how to ſecure the fortune
' that was ſtolen, and to preſerve the life which I wiſh-
' ed to loſe.

' I had now no choice, but to enter, as a common
' ſoldier, into the army of the Sophi. I had always
' delighted in martial exerciſes, and was expert in the
' uſe of arms: my dexterity and addreſs drew upon
' me the attention of my officers; and, in a ſhort time,
' I obtained a ſmall commiſſion. I had now almoſt
' forgot my miſeries, and embraced my new ſituation
' with cheerfulneſs and hope; but fortune, who had for a
' while ceaſed to perſecute me as below her notice, as if
' ſhe had been indignant at my ſatisfaction, and jealous
' of my proſpects, now renewed and redoubled her ſe-
' verity.

' My commanding officer had a daughter of extra-
' ordinary beauty, and an uncommon capacity. Zara
' was the object of univerſal admiration; but ſhe had
' ſet her heart on the unfortunate Abbas. The firſt
' moment I beheld her, I diſcovered in her looks the
' moſt tender and affectionate regard for me, which I
' imputed to her compaſſion for my misfortunes; though
' at the ſame time I wiſhed, without knowing why, that
' it might proceed from another cauſe. She aſked me for
' the ſtory of my life: I told it in the plaineſt and moſt
' pathetic manner; yet, when I had finiſhed, ſhe de-
' ſired me to repeat it. From this moment I had done
' with peace; her infectious tenderneſs had ſuch an in-
' fluence upon my heart, that I could think of nothing
' but Zara; without Zara I was miſerable. A thou-
' ſand times did I flatter myſelf, that there was ſome-
' thing more than mere compaſſion in her look and
' manner; and not many days had paſſed, before I was
' convinced of the dear fatal truth from this letter:

" TO ABBAS.

" Your merit and your ſufferings have a claim to
" ſomething more than compaſſion: to eſpouſe the

" cauſe of Abbas, is to diſcharge a duty which virtue
" cannot diſpenſe with. Meet me on the parade this
" evening, and you ſhall know more of the ſentiments
" of

" ZARA."

' The emotions I felt on the receipt of this letter,
' can only be conceived by thoſe who, in the midſt of
' deſpairing love, have beheld a gleam of hope. The
' tumult of my heart hurried me to the place appoint-
' ed, long before the time: I walked backward and
' forward in the utmoſt confuſion, totally regardleſs of
' every object about me; ſometimes raiſing my hands
' and eyes in the ſudden effuſions of tranſport, and
' ſometimes ſmiling with the complacency of delight.

' At length the day departed, and Zara came. My
' heart bounded at her ſight: I was unable to ſpeak,
' and threw myſelf at her feet. She was alarmed at my
' exceſſive earneſtneſs and confuſion; but commanding
' me to riſe, " Abbas," " ſaid ſhe, if your confuſion pro-
" ceeds from your modeſt gratitude, reſtrain it, till you
" find whether I am able to ſerve you; if it ariſe from
" any other cauſe, I muſt leave you this moment."—
' I entreated ſhe would tell me to what I was indebted
' for the happineſs of this interview, and I would be
' calm and attentive. " My regard for your merit, and
" my compaſſion for your ſufferings," ſaid ſhe, " make
" me wiſh to ſerve you. Tell me, Abbas, can I aſſiſt
" you through the intereſt of my father?" I faltered
' out my acknowledgements; telling her, that to her I
' muſt owe all my hopes of future happineſs.

' She left me immediately without reply. The ſin-
' gularity of my behaviour on the parade before the
' coming of Zara, had drawn upon me the attention of
' an officer who was ſecretly her admirer, and who,
' either through curioſity or ſuſpicion, though unob-
' ſerved by me, had waited at a convenient diſtance to
' watch my motions. No ſooner did he perceive the
' approach of Zara, than, as well to gratify his revenge,
' as to ingratiate himſelf with her father, he immedi-
' ately told him of our interview.

'Zara, ignorant of what had paſſed, with her uſual 'freedom and good-nature, began to expreſs her com- 'paſſion for the misfortunes of Abbas, talked of his 'merits, and wiſhed to ſee him preferred. The old ge- 'neral, who was naturally jealous and impetuous, ex- 'claimed, with a burſt of indignation, "Yes, I ſhall "prefer him!" Early the next morning he ſent me 'my diſcharge; and while I was gazing, in ſtupid aſto- 'niſhment upon my general's letter, a youth, maſked, 'brought me a ſmall caſket, with a letter from Zara, 'which, to the beſt of my remembrance, was as follows:

"TO ABBAS.

"By ſome unlucky circumſtance, which I do not "now underſtand, inſtead of promoting you, I have "been the cauſe of your diſmiſſion. The bearer, who "brings you a ſmall caſket of jewels for your ſupport, "has my commands to conduct you the ſhorteſt way "over the mountains: follow him immediately, leſt "the rage of jealouſy meditate new perſecutions. He "wears a maſk, that he may not be taken notice of as "one of the general's domeſtics: his attachment to me "will make him faithful to you. Time may bring "about happier events. Adieu, adieu!

"ZARA."

'In the anguiſh and confuſion of my heart, I fol- 'lowed my guide, without knowing whither he was 'leading me, or what I was about to do. I vented my 'grief in broken ejaculations, frequently calling upon 'the name of Zara, but not once addreſſing myſelf to 'to my attendant. By the evening of the ſecond day, 'we had advanced forty miles ſouthward of the pro- 'vince of Lureſtan; when, how ſhall I relate the laſt 'horrid ſcene of my miſeries!—Pardon me!—theſe 'aged eyes have yet a tear left, yet a tear for the me- 'mory of Zara!—we were attacked by a band of rob- 'bers. My guide was Zara! in her fright ſhe threw 'off her maſk, and cried, "Zara!" Love, rage, fear, 'and vengeance, gave me ſupernatural ſtrength: three 'of the villains fell by my ſabre; a fourth diſarmed 'me; and the reſt of the gang carried off Zara.'

At this criſis of his ſtory, the ſpirits of the aged hermit were exhauſted by their own violence; and it was ſome time before he could proceed.

'You have now,' continued he, 'heard the completion of my misfortunes. When I was recovered 'of the wounds I had received, I ſpent ſome months 'in a fruitleſs ſearch of Zara; at laſt, deſpairing to 'gain any intelligence of her, I tranſmitted an account 'of the affair to her father; not without hope, that his 'power, or his wealth, might be a means of finding 'her out, and redeeming her: but I was deceived; and 'had ſoon the mortification to hear, that the unnatural 'wretch exulted in our misfortunes, and uttered the 'moſt dreadful imprecatious on his only child.

'Deprived of hope, and dejected with melancholy, I 'could no longer bear the ſociety of mankind: I there-'fore betook myſelf to theſe ſolitary mountains, where 'this cell has been my habitation for years that have paſ-'ſed away in unvaried ſorrow; and where you are the 'firſt of human beings that has heard me tell my tale.'

Solyman expatiated on the ſufferings of Abbas with the moſt tender ſenſibility, and inveighed againſt the baſeneſs of mankind with all the rage of honeſt reſentment. 'Surely,' ſaid he to the merchant, 'man is 'the vileſt of all creatures! In proportion as he excels 'them in reaſon, he exceeds them in the ability to do 'miſchief; and being equally cruel, the miſchief he 'does renders him more deteſtable. Sacred Mithra! 'why doſt thou lend thy light to the villain and the 'tyrant? Were it not for the enjoyment of your 'company, my friend, I ſhould have few inducements 'to go farther from the valley of Irwan; for poſſibly 'to ſee more of human life, is only to know more 'of its crimes and miſeries.'

'From the complicated diſtreſſes of one perſon,' replied the merchant, 'you draw a partial image of the 'life of man. But the day declines: let us haſten 'over theſe mountains, that we may repoſe at night in 'ſome village of the valley.'

DIFFERENCE IN MEN.

STERNE.

POVERTY, exile, loſs of fame or friends, the death of children, the deareſt of all pledges of a man's happineſs, make not equal impreſſions upon every temper.——You will ſee one man undergo, with ſcarce the expence of a ſigh,—what another, in the bitterneſs of his ſoul, would go mourning for all his life long:—nay, a haſty word, or an unkind look, to a ſoft and tender nature, will ſtrike deeper than a ſword to the hardened and ſenſeleſs.—If thoſe reflections hold true with regard to misfortunes,—they are the ſame with regard to enjoyments:—we are formed differently,—and have different taſtes and perceptions of things;—by the force of habit, education, or a particular caſt of mind,—it happens that neither the uſe nor poſſeſſion of the ſame enjoyments and advantages, produces the ſame happineſs and contentment;—but that it differs in every man almoſt according to his temper and complexion: ſo that the ſelf-ſame happy accidents in life, which give raptures to the choleric or ſanguine man, ſhall be received with indifference by the cold and phlegmatic;—and ſo oddly perplexed are the accounts of both human happineſs and miſery in this world,—that trifles, light as air, ſhall be able to make the hearts of ſome men ſing for joy;—and the ſame time that others, with real bleſſings and advantages, without the power of uſing them, have their hearts heavy and diſcontented.

Alas! if the principles of contentment are not within us——the height of ſtation or worldly grandeur will as ſoon add a cubit to a man's ſtature as to his happineſs.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

THE PARENTAL BEGGAR.

IT was in one of thoſe unpleaſant evenings, when Winter, with all his gloomy followers, viſits the earth, and, for a time, ſeems to eſtrange the heart of man from the love of nature, that young Sidney quitted the houſe of a friend; and, through an unfrequented valley, ſought his own habitation. The pouring rain and pelting hail beat hard on his ſhoulders; while the boiſterous wings of Boreas directed the elementary ſtorm with redoubled rage againſt the ſolitary traveller. He had buttoned his great coat around his body; and, with a cheerful mind, occaſioned by a good conſcience, proceeded on his journey, while his thoughts turned on the recollection of his ſituation in life. He conſidered himſelf as an orphan; having, like another Telemachus, never remembered his father, or even his mother. His virtues, good character, and induſtry had gained him an amiable conſort; and, with her, a conſiderable fortune: he wanted, now, but to know the fate of his parents, for the completion of his bliſs, and to make him one of the happieſt men in exiſtence. As he was thus abſorbed in thought, a cry of—"Remember the diſtreſſed!" aſſailed his ear. His heart, ever open to the pitying cries of the wretched, immediately prompted his eye to ſurvey the object that claimed relief. It was an old man, whoſe age ſeemed to border on the verge of ſixty, and whoſe body was greatly emaciated, thinly cloathed, and open in many parts to the inclemencies of the weather. Misfortune and penury ſeemed to have bent his frame, more than the hand of time had diſfi-

gured his countenance, which yet bore the traces of ancient affluence chilled by the icy graſp of poverty. His eyes were hollow, his beard was long, his countenance dejected, and his whole form truly affecting.

The heart of Sidney was ever ſuſceptible of humanity, and his hand had never denied the charitable pittance; but he found now a greater propenſity than ever, to relieve the decrepid mendicant. "Who knows," ſaid he, as he croſſed the road towards him, "but my "father may be reduced to the ſame ebb of extreme "miſery?" Then, coming up to the beggar—"Here, "friend," ſaid he, preſenting to him all his ſilver, "take this, and may Heaven ſend you more in abun-"dance!"—"Thank you, young man," replied the poor old mendicant; "and may heaven's Almighty "Ruler proſper and preſerve you! I had once a ſon," continued he, weeping; "but, alas!——" He could ſay no more. His heart was too full; the tears poured down his venerable face; nature throbbed with the ſhock; his breaſt heaved with the force of his feelings; and he could only, by a bow, thank the kindneſs of the generous youth. "My wife," ſaid he, recovering a little, and pointing to a cluſter of oaks, "is yonder! "We have lately been delivered from the jaws of an "Algerine dungeon, and have not a friend in the "world!" The feelings of Sidney were now more and more awakened. The tears of pity, ſtarting from his eyes, gently rolled down his cheeks, and the firmneſs of the man was inſenſibly overpowered by the weakneſs of nature. "May I ſee your conſort?" ſaid he, in a voice ſtifled with ſighs. The beggar could not reply: he looked wiſtfully, and, taking hold of his arm in one hand, with the other pointed to the ſpot, where he inſtantly conducted him.

If the ſcene was before affecting, it was doubly ſo now. A venerable matron was ſitting on the ground, in vain attempting, with a ragged cloak, to ſcreen her from the ſtorm. Tears poured from her eyes in abundance; while every feature, every limb, trembled with the exceſſive cold.

" Here, Maria!" ſaid the huſband, preſenting Sidney to her, " is a young man who infinitely claims " your moſt reſpectful thanks; he has relieved our " want, the very moment I requeſted it.—Forgive me," continued he, turning to Sidney, " if I did not give " thoſe unbounded thanks your generoſity deſerves. " It was the firſt time that ever I aſked ſuch a boon, " and my feelings at your behaviour were too great to " be expreſſed." The woman alſo aroſe; and, in a like gentle manner, thanked him for his kindneſs. The man, not leaving our hero time to reply, began, as follows, to relate the incidents which had reduced them to beggary—" My life," ſaid he, " has been a continual " ſeries of melancholy events. My mother died when " I was an infant, and left me to the care of an inhu- " man father, whoſe riches exceeded his generoſity, li- " berality, and affection for his children. As I was " the only ſon that arrived to manhood, every branch " of learning was exhauſted to enable my mind to de- " ſpiſe my inferiors, and make me believe my fortune " put me above the reſt of mankind. Fooliſh man! " Literature only ſerved to poliſh my mind with vir- " tue; and philoſophy taught me that the ploughman " was equal—morally conſidered—to the proudeſt peer. " In ſhort, I had ſo fortified myſelf with virtue, that " I had not long left the univerſity, and had been ad- " mitted a partner in my father's buſineſs, when I pla- " ced my affection on a neighbouring farmer's daughter. " She had been initiated in as good morality as my- " ſelf; and, though the walls of a univerſity had never " encloſed her, was very intelligent, and ſtrictly vir- " tuous. Her heart, like mine, was ſoon ſuſcepti- " ble of love; and, knowing the temper of my bru- " tal father, I ſecretly married her, and for a long " time viſited her privately. An amiable boy, at " length, crowned our ſincere loves. The news ſoon " reached the ears of my father: I was baniſhed his " preſence: my fortune, at leaſt, what was to have " been mine, ſettled on his nephew; and my wife or- " dered to leave me for ever. Confounded at my fa- " ther's brutality, not daring to ſee any of my friends " or acquaintances, the very kingdom became hateful, " and I avowed my intentions of quitting it immedi-

" ately. My wife ' ſad ſoother of my cares!' in vain " attempted to aſſuage my grief; and, at length, find- " ing it ineffectual, left her child to her father's care, " and ſought with me ſome aſylum in a foreign coun- " try. But, alas! we had ſcarcely left England, when " we were captured by an Algerine corſair, confined " in a deadly dungeon, till the generoſity of a Britiſh " gentleman relieved us, and ſent us home. ' But, " oh!' cried he, weeping afreſh, ' the worſt is yet to " come. Scarcely had we landed, and enquired for " our ſon, when we found that his protector was dead, " and Frederick, my pretty Frederick, an out-caſt or- " phan——" ' I know where!' cried Sidney, throw- ing his arms around his neck. ' Ceaſe, O my father, ' the mournful tale! behold, my parents! behold your ' ſon, your Frederick Sidney!——' He would have ſaid more; but his exceſſive joy ſtopped his utterance; the tears poured down his face, and mingled with thoſe of his parents. In vain do I attempt to ſketch the ſcene; in vain would my feeble powers paint the pic- ture: let thoſe who poſſeſs humanity, think what they muſt feel, on beholding a ſon, a father, and a mother, after thirty years of tedious abſence, meet again!— Suffice it for me to ſay, that happineſs, content, and plenty, crowned the remaining days of the venerable pair, and bleſſed the youthful, the filial Sidney.

STEPHEN AND FANNY.

FANNY, blooming in her native charms, and juſt entering into her nineteenth year, happened at a neighbouring wake to catch the attention of Stephen.— Stephen was a lad of a thouſand.—The laſſes crimſon- ed if he noticed them, becauſe Stephen was the prince of the ſet.—Jenny had put on her roſe-coloured rib- bon to attract him.—Nancy had pinned a bit of lilac in her boſom—and Betty's breaſt-knot was variegated with colours.—Ah! ſilly maids! vain were your hopes of conqueſt.—Fanny had nothing ornamental about her, yet Fanny was the queen of the day.

In that retired lane which leads from the wood to farmer Goodwin's cloſe, Stephen faulter'd out his tale. Fanny reddened—" ſhe was happy in her ſingle ſtate—young men were very apt to deceive, and it was hard to ſay who was ſincere."—Stephen hung down his head.—" Can any deceive ſuch a girl as thee?—I would tear " out my heart if it was capable of ſuch ingratitude."—Fanny looked on him—Stephen's eye met her's—both hung down their heads.

It rained—Fanny began to run—" I ſhall be wet" —" you ſhall not Fanny"—and he was taking off his coat—" indeed Stephen I won't have it, you will catch cold without it."—

Ah, Fortune!—how doſt thou ſometimes delight to ſport with mortals!—whence was it that a ſordid jealouſy ſubſiſted between the parents of theſe lovers, becauſe the lord of the manor had flown under the roof of one of them for ſhelter from a ſtorm—a week afterwards, a freſh leaſe was granted, and the rent reduced—and all this happened to the parents of Stephen.

Fanny's father and mother laboured under an oppreſſive rent—becauſe the ſteward took a liking to Fanny, and Fanny, poor girl! was virtuous.

Ten months paſſed away ſince Stephen and Fanny firſt underſtood each other—in the courſe of which time they had contrived to meet together as often as poſſible, and thought their harmleſs interviews ſecure from obſervation—but there are ſeldom wanting, even in the moſt remote ſituations, buſy meddlers to propagate the tale of ſcandal.—Fanny's innocence was impeached—the envious little ſouls of the pariſh ſneered at her—and Stephen was ſometimes neceſſitated to hear a coarſe indecent jeſt at Fanny's expence. The parents of the damſel heard of it, and concerted a ſcheme to revenge themſelves on Stephen:—a recruiting party was at that time in the village—Stephen was a likely fellow for a ſoldier—the captain was applied to—the youth was marked out—he had been thrice diſappointed of ſeeing his Fanny according to promiſe—the old people had

locked her up—he was vexed at his heart—he had a thouſand doubts—a thouſand fears—he betook himſelf to the alehouſe—he drank to exceſs—he was beſet by the artifices of abandoned wretches,—and was enliſted.

The news ſoon ſpread about the place—Fanny heard, but believed it not. She hoped the tale was a contrivance to deceive her.—Poor maiden! can language deſcribe thy feelings at the moment when thou witneſſedſt the gaudy emblem triumphant on thy Stephen's hat—when thou ſaweſt him pale and trembling with confuſion before thee? Poor Stephen! how didſt thou turn away thy face—and rave—and weep?

Fanny had eight ſhillings—it was all her hoard; but leſs than a guinea would not ranſom her love.—— Stephen was alſo poor—his parents were ill-tempered—his comrades led him away.

On the eve of this ſad parting, I was indulging myſelf, as was my cuſtom, with a ſolitary ſtroll—I had wandered into an unfrequented path—I pauſed to contemplate—a voice ſtole upon my ears—it ſounded like diſtreſs—I liſtened,——advancing further I diſcovered from whence it came; under the covert of a low ſhady tree there ſat a female form—her eyes ſhone with the gliſtening of falling tears—her head reclined upon her hand—her elbow reſted upon her knee—ſhe ſtarted at my appearance—I encouraged her to compoſe herſelf, and tell me the ſtory of her wrongs. There is a method of communing with the unfortunate, which takes away every ſuſpicion of idle curioſity—" She thought I looked like a good gentleman, and every good gentleman was a friend to the friendleſs"—ſhe told her ſtory—told it ſo pathetically, that I believe—(ridicule me, ye unfeeling ſouls! and welcome)—I believe I dropt a tear at the recital.——

I had ſome acquaintance with the lieutenant of the party—he was a young officer, but knew himſelf—I ventured to interpoſe—(I had promiſed Fanny to do ſo)—he ſmiled at the nature of my buſineſs—we drank a bottle of port together—Stephen was liberated.

Having intereſted myſelf ſo far ſucceſsfully, I was encouraged to perſevere. The lovers fell at my feet and wept—" God forbid, Fanny," ſaid Stephen, " that " innocence ſhould *always* want a friend—if there were " not ſome worthy ſouls in the world, it would not be " worth living in—oh, ſir!—help me, Fanny, to bleſs " the gentleman."

I left them, and went to the old people. Mr. Le Fevre, at my requeſt, accompanied me—he was a perſon they reverenced. " What is the matter between neighbour Harrow and you?" he enquired. Fanny's mother complained of a partiality—Mr. Le Fevre was intimate with the 'ſquire—he undertook to ſpeak to him—the 'ſquire himſelf was a poor man's friend—their wiſhes were complied with—all cauſe of animoſity was done away.

There was a ſmall farm vacant, in the neighbourhood—it had been occupied by a young couple, who had juſt left it for a larger. If Fanny and I were married, ſaid Stephen, with God's bleſſing, I could make that farm turn to account—and, he ſaid, Fanny could manage the dairy.

Then give them your conſent, ſaid Mr. Le Fevre to the old folks—they love one another ſincerely, and I will be bound for their doing well.—

This was deciſive—the parents looked on Mr. Le Fevre as an oracle—his decrees were definite—he had only to approve, and every thing was right.

The next Sunday fortnight was fixed on to be the happy day. It arrived, and early in the morning Stephen led his bluſhing Fanny to the altar, through a concourſe of envious ſpectators.

They have taken poſſeſſion of the farm, and ſeem to live only for each other. I ſometimes ſtep in and contemplate their union with heart-felt ſatisfaction, inaſmuch as it promiſes a ſource of that genuine felicity which can only ariſe from a happy mutuality of affec-

tion, and is therefore ſeldom to be met with but in thoſe humbler circles where innocence and ſimplicity prevail.

AN EASTERN SAGE'S PRAYER.

LORD, I underſtand none of theſe diſputes which are continually made concerning thee. I would ſerve thee according to thy will, but every perſon I conſult would have me do ſo according to his will. When I pray to thee I know not what poſture to uſe: one ſays that I ought to pray ſtanding; another that I ſhould kneel: ſome ſay that I ought to waſh myſelf, every morning, with cold water; others tell me I muſt cut off a piece of my fleſh. The other day, at a caravanſary, I happened to eat a rabbit; three men who were preſent made me tremble. All agreed that I offended thee:—one, becauſe this was an unclean animal; the other, becauſe it was ſtrangled; the third, becauſe it was not fiſh: a Bramin, paſſing by, ſaid, they were all wrong, as I did not kill the creature myſelf. "But I did," ſaid I. "Then," replied he, "thou haſt done a moſt abominable action: how do you know that the ſoul of your father has not paſſed into that animal?" All theſe things, Lord, embarraſs me greatly. I cannot move my head without being menaced with thy abhorrence. I deſire to pleaſe and to ſerve thee. I believe, after all, the beſt means of obtaining thy favour will be, to prove myſelf a good citizen in the community wherein thou haſt placed me, and a good father of the family thou haſt given me.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

WALKING THE STREETS.

MRS. BARBAULD.

HAVE you ever walked through the crowded ſtreets of a great city?

What ſhoals of people pouring in from oppoſite quarters, like torrents meeting in a narrow valley! You would imagine it impoſſible for them to get through; yet all paſs on their way without ſtop or moleſtation.

Were each man to proceed exactly in the line in which he ſet out, he could not move many paces without encountering another full in his track. They would ſtrike againſt each other, fall back, puſh forward again, block up the way for themſelves and thoſe after them, and throw the whole ſtreet into confuſion.

All this is avoided by every man's *yielding a little.*

Inſtead of advancing ſquare, ſtiff, with arms ſtuck out, every one, who knows how to walk the ſtreets, glides along, his arms cloſe, his body oblique and flexible, his track gently winding, leaving now a few inches on this ſide, now on that, ſo as to paſs and be paſſed, without touching, in the ſmalleſt poſſible ſpace.

He puſhes no one into the kennel, nor goes into it himſelf. By *mutual accommodation*, the path, though narrow, holds them all.

He goes neither much faſter nor much ſlower than thoſe who go in the ſame direction. In the firſt caſe he would elbow, in the ſecond he would be elbowed.

If any accidental ſtop ariſes, from a carriage croſſing, a caſk rolled, a pick-pocket detected, or the like, he does not increaſe the buſtle by ruſhing into the midſt of it, but checks his pace, and patiently waits for its removal.——Like this is the *march of life.*

In our progreſs through the world, a thouſand things ſtand continually in our way. Some people meet us full in the face with oppoſite opinions and inclinations. Some ſtand before us in our purſuit of pleaſure or intereſt, and others follow cloſe upon our heels. Now, we ought in the firſt place to conſider, that *the road is as free for one as for another*; and therefore we have no right to expect that perſons ſhould go out of their way to let us paſs, any more than we out of ours. Then, if we do not mutually yield and accommodate a little, it is clear that we muſt all ſtand ſtill, or be thrown into a perpetual confuſion of ſqueezing and juſtling. If we are all in a hurry to get on as faſt as poſſible to ſome point of pleaſure or intereſt in our view, and do not occaſionally hold back, when the crowd gathers and angry contentions ariſe, we ſhall only augment the tumult, without advancing our own progreſs. On the whole, it is our buſineſs to move onwards, ſteadily but quietly, obſtructing others as little as poſſible, yielding a little to this man's prejudices, and that man's deſires, and doing every thing in our power to make the *journey of life* eaſy to all our fellow-travellers, as well as to ourſelves.

THE GRATEFUL TURK.

DAY.

IT is too much to be lamented that different nations frequently make bloody wars with each other; and when they take any of their enemies priſoners, inſtead of uſing them well, and reſtoring them to liberty, they confine them in priſons, or ſell them as ſlaves. The enmity that there has often been between many of the Italian ſtates, particularly the Venetians and the Turks, is ſufficiently known. It once happened that a Venetian ſhip had taken many of the Turks priſoners, and, according to the barbarous cuſtoms I have mentioned, theſe unhappy men had been ſold to different perſons in the city. By accident one of the ſlaves lived oppoſite to the houſe of a rich Venetian, who had an only ſon, of about the age of twelve years. It happened that this little boy uſed frequently to ſtop as he paſſed

near Hamet, for that was the name of the ſlave, and gaze at him very attentively. Hamet, who remarked in the face of the child the appearance of good nature and compaſſion, uſed always to ſalute him with the greateſt courteſy, and teſtified the greateſt pleaſure in his company. At length the little boy took ſuch a fancy to the ſlave, that he uſed to viſit him ſeveral times in the day, and brought him ſuch little preſents as he had in his power to make, and which he thought would be of uſe to his friend. But though Hamet ſeemed always to take the greateſt delight in the innocent careſſes of his little friend, yet the child could not help remarking that Hamet was frequently extremely ſorrowful, and he often ſurpriſed him on a ſudden, when tears were trickling down his face, although he did his utmoſt to conceal them. The little boy was at length ſo much affected with the repetition of this ſight, that he ſpoke of it to his father, and begged him, if he had it in his power, to make poor Hamet happy. The father, who was extremely fond of his ſon, and beſides had obſerved that he ſeldom requeſted any thing which was not generous and humane, determined to ſee the Turk himſelf, and talk to him. Accordingly he went to him the next day, and obſerving him for ſome time in ſilence, was ſtruck with the extraordinary appearance of mildneſs and honeſty which his countenance diſcovered. At length he ſaid to him, are you that Hamet of whom my ſon is ſo fond, and of whoſe gentleneſs and courteſy I have ſo often heard him talk? Yes, ſaid the Turk, I am that unfortunate Hamet, who have now been for three years a captive: during that ſpace of time, your ſon, if you are his father, is the only human being that ſeems to have felt any compaſſion for my ſufferings; therefore, I muſt confeſs, he is the only object to which I am attached in this barbarous country; and night and morning I pray that Power, who is equally the God of Turks and Chriſtians, to grant him every bleſſing he deſerves, and to preſerve him from all the miſeries I ſuffer. Indeed, Hamet, ſaid the merchant, he is much obliged to you, although, from his preſent circumſtances, he does not appear much expoſed to danger. But tell me, for I wiſh to do you good, in what can I aſſiſt you? for my ſon informs me that you

are the prey of continual regret and ſorrow. Is it wonderful, anſwered the Turk, with a glow of generous indignation, that ſuddenly animated his countenance, is it wonderful that I ſhould pine in ſilence, and mourn my fate, who am bereft of the firſt and nobleſt preſent of nature, my liberty? And yet anſwered the Venetian, how many thouſands of our nation do you retain in fetters? I am not anſwerable, ſaid the Turk, for the cruelty of my countrymen, more than you are for the barbarity of yours. But as to myſelf, I have never practiſed the inhuman cuſtom of enſlaving my fellow-creatures: I have never ſpoiled Venetian merchants of their property to increaſe my riches: I have always reſpected the rights of nature, and therefore it is the more ſevere.——Here a tear ſtarted from his eye and wetted his manly cheek; inſtantly, however, he recollected himſelf, and folding his arms upon his boſom, and gently bowing his head, he added, God is good, and man muſt ſubmit to his decrees. The Venetian was affected with this appearance of manly fortitude, and ſaid, Hamet, I pity your ſufferings, and may perhaps be able to relieve them. What would you do to regain your liberty? What would I do? anſwered Hamet; by the eternal majeſty of Heaven, I would confront every pain and danger that can appal the heart of man. Nay, anſwered the merchant, you will not be expoſed to ſuch a trial. The means of your deliverance are certain, provided your courage does not belie your appearance. Name them! name them! cried the impatient Hamet; place death before me in every horrid ſhape, and if I ſhrink——Patience, anſwered the merchant, we ſhall be obſerved. But hear me attentively —I have in this city an inveterate foe, that has heaped upon me every injury that can moſt bitterly ſting my heart. This man is brave as he is haughty, and I muſt confeſs that the dread of his ſtrength and valour has hitherto deterred me from reſenting his inſults as they deſerve. Now Hamet, your look, your form, your words, convince me that you are born for manly daring.—Take this dagger—as ſoon as the ſhades of night involve the city, I will myſelf conduct you to the place where you may at once revenge your friend, and regain your freedom.—At this propoſal, ſcorn and ſhame

flaſhed from the kindling eye of Hamet, and paſſion for a conſiderable time deprived him of the power of utterance: at length he lifted his arm, as high as his chains would permit, and cried with an indignant tone, Mighty Prophet! and are theſe the wretches to whom you permit your faithful votaries to be enſlaved? Go, baſe Chriſtian, and know that Hamet would not ſtoop to the vile trade of an aſſaſſin, for all the wealth of Venice! no! not to purchaſe the freedom of all his race! At theſe words, the merchant, without ſeeming much abaſhed, told him he was ſorry he had offended him—but that he thought freedom had been dearer to him than he found it was. However, added he, as he turned his back, you will reflect upon my propoſal, and perhaps by to-morrow you may change your mind. Hamet diſdained to anſwer, and the merchant went his way.

The next day, however, he returned in company with his ſon, and mildly accoſted Hamet thus:—The abruptneſs of the propoſal I yeſterday made you, might perhaps aſtoniſh you; but I am now come to diſcourſe the matter more calmly with you, and I doubt not, when you have heard my reaſons——Chriſtian! interrupted Hamet, with a ſevere, but a compoſed countenance, ceaſe at length to inſult the miſerable with propoſals more ſhocking than even theſe chains. If thy religion permit ſuch acts as thoſe, know that they are execrable and abominable to the ſoul of every Mahometan: therefore, from this moment let us break off all farther intercourſe, and be ſtrangers to each other. No, anſwered the merchant, flinging himſelf into the arms of Hamet, let us, from this moment be more cloſely united than ever! Generous man! whoſe virtues may at once diſarm and enlighten thine enemies! Fondneſs for my ſon firſt made me intereſted in thy fate; but from the moment that I ſaw thee yeſterday, I determined to ſet thee free: therefore pardon me this unneceſſary trial of thy virtue, which has only raiſed thee higher in my eſteem. Franciſco has a ſoul, which is as adverſe to deeds of treachery and blood as even Hamet himſelf. From this moment, generous man, thou art free; thy ranſom is already paid, with no other obligation than that of remembering the affection of this thy young and faithful friend; and, perhaps, hereafter, when thou ſeeſt

an unhappy Chriſtian groaning in Turkiſh fetters, thy generoſity may make thee think of Venice.

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ecſtaſies of the gratitude of Hamet, at this unexpected deliverance. I will not therefore attempt to repeat what he ſaid to his benefactors; I will only add, that he was that day ſet free, and Franciſco embarked him on board a ſhip which was going to one of the Grecian iſlands, took leave of him with the greateſt tenderneſs, and forced him to accept of a purſe of gold to pay his expences. Nor was it without the greateſt regret that Hamet parted from his young friend, whoſe diſintereſted kindneſs had thus procured his freedom; he embraced him with an agony of tenderneſs, wept over him at parting, and prayed for every bleſſing upon his head.

It was about ſix months after this tranſaction, that a ſudden fire burſt forth in the houſe of this generous merchant. It was early in the morning, when ſleep is moſt profound; and none of the family perceived it till almoſt the whole building was involved in flames. The frighted ſervants had juſt time to waken the merchant, and hurry him down ſtairs; and the inſtant he was down, the ſtair-caſe itſelf gave way, and ſunk with a horrid craſh into the midſt of the fire. But if Franciſco congratulated himſelf for an inſtant upon his eſcape, it was only to reſign himſelf immediately after to the moſt deep deſpair, when he found, upon inquiry, that his ſon, who ſlept in an upper apartment, had been neglected in the general tumult, and was nearly ſurrounded by the flames. No words can deſcribe the father's agony; he would have ruſhed headlong into the fire, but was reſtrained by his ſervants; he then raved in an agony of grief, and offered half his fortune to the intrepid man who would riſk his life to ſave his child. As Franciſco was known to be immenſely rich, ſeveral ladders were in an inſtant raiſed, and ſeveral daring ſpirits, incited by the vaſt reward, attempted the adventure. The violence of the flames, however, which continued to increaſe, together with the ruins that fell on every ſide, drove them all back; and the unfortunate youth, who now appeared upon the battlements, ſtretching out his arms, and imploring aid, ſeemed to be deſtined to certain deſtruction. The unhappy father now loſt all per-

ception, and ſunk down in a ſtate of inſenſibility; when, in this dreadful moment of general ſuſpenſe and agony, a man ruſhed through the opening crowd, mounted the talleſt of the ladders, with an intrepidity that ſhowed he was reſolved to ſucceed or periſh, and inſtantly diſappeared. A ſudden addition of ſmoke and flame broke out immediately after, which made the people imagine he was loſt; when, on a ſudden, they beheld him emerge with the child in his arms, and deſcend the ladder without any material damage. An univerſal ſhout of applauſe now reſounded to the ſkies; but what words can give an adequate idea of the father's feelings, when, upon recovering his ſenſes, he found his darling preſerved, and ſafe within his arms? After the firſt effuſions of his tenderneſs were over, he aſked for his deliverer, and was ſhewn a man of a noble ſtature, but dreſſed in mean attire, and his features were ſo begrimed with ſmoke and filth, that it was impoſſible to diſtinguiſh them. Franciſco, however, accoſted him with courteſy, and preſenting him with a purſe of gold, begged he would accept of that for the preſent, and that the next day he ſhould receive to the utmoſt of his promiſed reward. No, anſwered the ſtranger, generous merchant, I do not ſell my blood. Gracious heavens! cried the merchant, ſure I ſhould know that voice!—It is—Yes, exclaimed the ſon, throwing himſelf into the arms of his deliverer, it is my Hamet! It was indeed Hamet who ſtood before them, in the ſame mean attire which he had worn ſix months before, when firſt the generoſity of the merchant had redeemed him from ſlavery. Nothing could equal the aſtoniſhment and gratitude of Franciſco, but as they were then ſurrounded by a large concourſe of people, he deſired Hamet to go with him to the houſe of one of his friends, and when they were alone he embraced him tenderly, and aſked by what extraordinary chance he had thus been enſlaved a ſecond time; adding a kind reproach for his not informing him of his captivity. I bleſs God, for that captivity, anſwered Hamet, ſince it has given me an opportunity of ſhewing that I was not altogether undeſerving of your kindneſs, and of preſerving the life of that dear youth. But it is now fit that my generous patron ſhould be informed of the whole truth. Know then, that when

the unfortunate Hamet was taken by your gallies, his aged father ſhared his captivity: it was his fate which ſo often made me ſhed thoſe tears which firſt attracted the notice of your ſon; and when your unexampled bounty had ſet me free, I flew to find the Chriſtian that had purchaſed him. I repreſented to him that I was young and vigorous, while he was aged and infirm: I added too the gold which I had received from your bounty: in a word, I prevailed upon the Chriſtian to ſend back my father in that ſhip which was intended for me, without acquainting him with the means of his freedom—ſince that time I have ſtaid here to diſcharge the debt of nature and of gratitude, a willing ſlave.

When Hamet had thus finiſhed his ſtory, the Venetian was aſtoniſhed at the virtue and elevation of his mind; and, after ſaying every thing that his gratitude and admiration ſuggeſted, he concluded with preſſing him to accept the half of his fortune, and to ſettle in Venice for the remainder of his life. This offer Hamet refuſed, with the greateſt reſpect but with a generous diſdain; and told his friend, that in what he had done, he had only diſcharged a debt of gratitude and friendſhip. You were, ſaid he, my generous benefactor; you had a claim upon my life by the benefit you had already conferred: that life would have been well beſtowed, had it been loſt in your ſervice; but ſince Providence has otherwiſe decreed, it is a ſufficient recompence to me to have proved that Hamet is not ungrateful, and to have been inſtrumental to the preſervation of your happineſs.

But though the diſintereſtedneſs of Hamet made him under-rate his own exertions, the merchant could not remain contented without ſhowing his gratitude by all the means within his power. He therefore once more purchaſed the freedom of Hamet, and freighted a ſhip on purpoſe to ſend him back to his own country; he and his ſon then embraced him with all the affection that gratitude could inſpire, and bade him, as they thought, an eternal adieu.

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

THE GRATEFUL TURK.

CONCLUDED.

MANY years had now elapſed ſince the departure of Hamet into his own country, without their ſeeing him, or receiving any intelligence from him. In the mean time, the young Franciſco, the ſon of the merchant, grew up to manhood, and as he had acquired every accompliſhment which tends to improve the mind, or form the manners, added to an excellent diſpoſition, he was generally beloved and eſteemed.

It happened that ſome buſineſs about this time made it neceſſary for him and his father to go to a neighbouring maritime city, and as they thought a paſſage by ſea would be more expeditious, they both embarked in a Venetian veſſel, which was upon the point of ſailing to that place. They ſet ſail, therefore, with favourable winds, and every appearance of a happy paſſage: but they had not proceeded more than half their intended voyage, before a Turkiſh corſair, a ſhip purpoſely fitted out for war, was ſeen bearing down upon them, and as the enemy exceeded them much in ſwiftneſs, they ſoon found it was impoſſible to eſcape. The greater part of the crew belonging to the Venetian veſſel, was ſtruck with conſternation, and ſeemed already overcome with fear; but young Franciſco drawing his ſword, reproached his comrades with their cowardice, and ſo effectually encouraged them, that they determined to defend their liberty by a deſperate reſiſtance. The Turkiſh veſſel now approached them in awful ſilence: but in an inſtant the dreadful noiſe of the artillery was heard, and the heavens were obſcured with ſmoke in-

termixed with tranſitory flaſhes of fire. Three times did the Turks leap with horrid ſhouts upon the deck of the Venetian veſſel, and three times were they driven back by the deſperate reſiſtance of the crew headed by young Franciſco. At length the ſlaughter of their men was ſo great that they ſeemed diſpoſed to diſcontinue the fight and were actually taking another courſe. The Venetians beheld their flight with the greateſt joy, and were congratulating each other upon their ſucceſsful valour and merited eſcape, when two more ſhips on a ſudden appeared in ſight, bearing down upon them with incredible ſwiftneſs before the wind. Every heart was now chilled with new terrors, when upon their nearer approach they diſcovered the fatal enſigns of their enemies, and knew that there was no longer any poſſibility either of reſiſtance or eſcape. They therefore lowered their flag, the ſign of ſurrendering their ſhip, and in an inſtant ſaw themſelves in the power of their enemies, who came powering in on every ſide with the rage and violence of beaſts of prey.

All that remained alive of the brave Venetian crew were loaded with fetters, and cloſely guarded in the hold of the ſhip till it arrived at Tunis. They were then brought out in chains, and expoſed in the public market to be ſold for ſlaves. They had there the mortification to ſee their companions picked out, one by one, according to their apparent ſtrength and vigour, and ſold to different maſters. At length, a Turk approached, who, from his look and habit, appeared to be of ſuperior rank, and after glancing his eye over the reſt with an expreſſion of compaſſion, he fixed them at laſt upon young Franciſco, and demanded of the captain of the ſhip what was the price of that young man? The captain anſwered, that he would not take leſs than five hundred pieces of gold for that captive. That, ſaid the Turk, is very extraordinary, ſince I have ſeen you ſell thoſe that much exceed him in vigour for leſs than a fifth part of that ſum. Yes, anſwered the captain, but he ſhall either pay me ſome part of the damage he has occaſioned, or labour for life at the oar. What damage, anſwered the other, can he have done you more than all the reſt, that you have prized ſo cheaply? He it was, replied the captain, that animated the Chriſtians

to that desperate resistance which cost me the lives of so many of my bravest sailors. Three times did we leap upon their deck, with a fury that seemed irrisistible; and three times did that youth attack us with such cool, determined opposition, that we were obliged to retreat inglorioussly, leaving at every charge twenty of our number behind. Therefore, I repeat it, I will either have that price for him, great as it may appear, or else I will gratify my revenge by seeing him drudge for life in my victorious galley.

At this, the Turk examined young Francisco with new attention: and he, who had hitherto fixed his eyes upon the ground in sullen silence, now lifted them up, but scarcely had he beheld the person that was talking to the captain, when he uttered a loud cry, and repeated the name of Hamet. The Turk with equal emotion, surveyed him for a moment, and then catching him in his arms, embraced him with the transports of a parent who unexpectedly recovers a long-lost child. It is unnecessary to repeat all that gratitude and affection inspired Hamet to say; but when he heard, that his ancient benefactor was amongst the number of those unhappy Venetians who stood before him, he hid his face for a moment under his vest, and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow and astonishment; then recollecting himself he raised his arms to heaven, and blessed that Providence which had made him the instrument of safety to his ancient benefactor.

He then instantly flew to that part of the market where Francisco stood waiting for his fate, with a manly mute despair. He called him his friend, his benefactor, and every endearing name which friendship and gratitude could inspire, and ordering his chains to be instantly taken off, he conducted him and his son to a magnificent house which belonged to him in the city. As soon as they were alone, and had time for an explanation of their mutual fortunes, Hamet told the Venetians, that when he was set at liberty by their generosity, and restored to his country, he had accepted a command in the Turkish armies; and that having had the good fortune to distinguish himself upon several occasions, he had gradually been promoted through various offices, to the dignity of Bashaw of Tunis. Since I

have enjoyed this poſt, added he, there is nothing which I find in it ſo agreeable as the power it gives me of alleviating the misfortunes of thoſe unhappy Chriſtians that are taken priſoners by our corſairs. Whenever a ſhip arrives which brings with it any of theſe ſufferers, I conſtantly viſit the market, and redeem a certain number of the captives, whom I reſtore to liberty. And gracious Allah has ſhown, that he approves theſe faint endeavours to diſcharge the ſacred duties of gratitude for my own redemption, by putting it in my power to ſerve the beſt and deareſt of men. Ten days were Franciſco and his ſon entertained in the houſe of Hamet, during which time he put in practice every thing within his power to pleaſe and intereſt them; but when he found that they were deſirous of returning home, he told them that he would no longer detain them from their country, but that they ſhould embark the next day, in a ſhip that was ſetting ſail for Venice. Accordingly, on the morrow, he diſmiſſed them with many embraces and much reluctance, and ordered a choſen party of his own guards to conduct them on board their veſſel. When they arrived there, their joy and admiration were conſiderably increaſed on finding that, by the generoſity of Hamet, not only the ſhip which had been taken, but the whole crew were redeemed, and reſtored to freedom. Franciſco and his ſon embarked, and after a favourable voyage, arrived without accident in their own country, where they lived many years reſpected and eſteemed, continually mindful of the viciſſitudes of human affairs, and attentive to diſcharge their duties to their fellow-creatures.

DIFFERENCE AND AGREEMENT.

MRS. BARBAULD.

IT was Sunday morning. All the bells were ringing for church, and the ſtreets were filled with people moving in all directions.

Here, numbers of well-dreſſed perſons, and a long train of charity children, were thronging in at the wide doors of a large, handſome church. There, a ſmaller

number, almoſt equally gay in dreſs, were entering an elegant meeting-houſe. Up one alley, a Roman Catholic congregation was turning into their retired chapel, every one croſſing himſelf with a finger dipt in holy-water as he went in. The oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet was covered with a train of Quakers, diſtinguiſhed by their plain and neat attire, and ſedate aſpect, who walked without ceremony into a room as plain as themſelves, and took their ſeats, the men on one ſide and the women on the other, in ſilence. A ſpacious building was filled with an overflowing crowd of Methodiſts, decent and ſerious in demeanour; while a ſmall ſociety of Baptiſts in the neighbourhood quietly occupied their humble place of aſſembly.

Preſently the different ſervices began. The churches reſounded with the ſolemn organ, and with the indiſtinct murmurs of a large body of people, following the miniſter in reſponſive prayers. From the meetings, were heard the ſlow pſalm and the ſingle voice of the leader of their devotions. The Roman Catholic chapel was enlivened by ſtrains of muſic, the tinkling of a ſmall bell, and a perpetual change of ſervice and ceremonial. A profound ſilence and unvarying look and poſture, announced the ſelf-recollection and mental devotion of the Quakers.

Mr. Ambroſe led his ſon Edwin round all theſe different aſſemblies, as a ſpectator. Edwin viewed every thing with great attention, and was often impatient to inquire of his father the meaning of what he ſaw; but Mr. Ambroſe would not ſuffer him to diſturb any of the congregations even by a whiſper. When they had gone through the whole, Edwin found a great number of queſtions to put to his father, who explained every thing to him in the beſt manner he could. At length, ſays Edwin,

But why cannot all theſe people agree to go to the ſame place, and worſhip God the ſame way?

And why ſhould they agree? (replied his father.) Do not you ſee that people differ in a hundred other things? Do they all dreſs alike, and eat and drink alike, and keep the ſame hours, and uſe the ſame diverſions.

Ay—but thoſe are things in which they have a right to do as they pleaſe.

And they have a right, too, to worſhip God as they pleaſe. It is their own buſineſs, and concerns none but themſelves.

But has not God ordered particular ways of worſhipping him?

He has directed the mind and ſpirit, with which he is to be worſhipped, but not the particular form and manner. That is left for every one to chooſe, according as ſuits his temper and opinions. All theſe people like their own way beſt, and why ſhould they leave it for the choice of another? Religion is one of the things in which *mankind were made to differ.*

The ſeveral congregations now began to be diſmiſſed, and the ſtreet was again overſpread with perſons of all the different ſects, going promiſcuouſly to their reſpective homes. It chanced that a poor man fell down in the ſtreet, in a fit of apoplexy, and lay for dead. His wife and children ſtood round him, crying and lamenting in the bittereſt diſtreſs. The beholders immediately flocked round, and, with looks and expreſſions of the warmeſt compaſſion, gave their help. A Churchman raiſed the man from the ground, by lifting him under the arms, while a Diſſenter held his head and wiped his face with his handkerchief. A Roman Catholic lady took out her ſmelling bottle, and aſſiduouſly applied it to his noſe. A Methodiſt ran for a doctor. A Quaker ſupported and comforted the woman, and a Baptiſt took care of the children.

Edwin and his father were among the ſpectators. Here (ſaid Mr. Ambroſe) is a thing in which *mankind were made to agree.*

RECONCILIATION.

PERCIVAL.

TWO brothers, named James and William, had quarrelled with each other, when Socrates being acquainted with them, was ſolicitous to reſtore their amity. Meeting, therefore, with William, he thus ac-

coſted him: "Is not friendſhip the ſweeteſt comfort "in adverſity, and the greateſt enhancement of the bleſ- "ſings of proſperity?—"Certainly it is," replied William, "becauſe our ſorrows are diminiſhed, and our "joys increaſed by mutual and ſympathetic feeling."— "Amongſt whom, then, muſt we look for a friend?" ſaid Socrates.—"Would you ſearch amongſt ſtrangers? "they cannot be intereſted about you: Amongſt your "rivals? they have an intereſt oppoſite to yours: A- "mongſt thoſe who are much older or younger than "yourſelf? their feelings and purſuits will be widely "different from yours. Are there not, then, ſome cir- "cumſtances favourable, and others eſſential, to the "forming of friendſhip?"—"Undoubtedly there are," anſwered William.—"May we not enumerate," continued Socrates, "amongſt the circumſtances favoura- "ble to friendſhip, long acquaintance, common con- "nexions, ſimilitude of age, and union of intereſt?"— "I acknowledge," ſaid William, "the powerful in- "fluence of theſe circumſtances; but they may ſubſiſt, "and yet others be wanting, that are eſſential to mu- "tual amity."—"And what," ſaid Socrates, "are "theſe eſſentials, which are wanting in James?"—"He "has forfeited my eſteem and attachment," anſwered William.—"And has he alſo forfeited the eſteem and "attachment of the reſt of mankind?" continued Socrates. "Is he devoid of benevolence, gratitude, and "other ſocial affections?"—"Heaven forbid," cried William, "that I ſhould lay ſuch a heavy charge upon "him. His conduct to others, I believe, is without "reproach; and it wounds me the more, that he ſhould "ſingle me out as the object of unkindneſs."—"Sup- "poſe you have a very valuable horſe," reſumed Socrates, "gentle under the treatment of others, but un- "governable when you attempt to uſe him, would you "not endeavour, by all means, to conciliate his affec- "tion, and to treat him in the way moſt likely to ren- "der him tractable? Or, if you have a dog, highly "prized for his fidelity, watchfulneſs, and care of your "flocks, who is fond of your ſhepherds, and playful "with them, but ſnarls whenever you come near him, "would you attempt to cure him of this fault by an- "gry looks or words, or any other mark of reſentment?

" You would ſurely purſue an oppoſite courſe with " him. And is not the friendſhip of a brother of far " more worth than the ſervices of a horſe, or the at- " tachment of a dog? Why then do you delay to put " in practice thoſe means which may reconcile you to " James?"—" Acquaint me with theſe means," an- ſwered William, " for I am a ſtranger to them."— " Anſwer me a few queſtions," ſaid Socrates. " If " you deſire that one of your neighbours ſhould invite " you to his feaſt when he offers a ſacrifice, what courſe " would you take?"—" I would firſt invite him to " mine."—" And how would you induce him to take " charge of your affairs, when you are on a journey?" —" I ſhould be forward to do the ſame good office to " him in his abſence."—" If you be ſolicitous to re- " move a prejudice, which he may have conceived a- " gainſt you, how would you then behave towards him? —" I ſhould endeavour to convince him by my looks, " words, and actions, that ſuch prejudice was ill-found- " ed."—" And if he appeared inclined to be recon- " ciled, would you reproach him with the injuſtice he " had done you?"—" No," anſwered William, " I " would repeat no grievances."—" Go then," ſaid So- crates, " and purſue that conduct towards your brother " which you would practiſe to a neighbour. His " friendſhip is of the higheſt value; and nothing is " more delightful to the gods, than for brethren to " dwell together in unity."

THE BOY AND THE CALF.

AS a butcher's boy, in a country village, was leading home a calf, with both his hands, a gentleman rode by on horſeback. The boy looked at him, but took no farther notice. " Sirrah, (ſaid the gentleman,) have " you no more manners than to ſtare in my face with " your hat on?"—" Oh, ſir, (ſaid the boy,) I'll pull " off my hat with all my heart, if you will ſtop and " hold the calf."

THE BRITISH

PROSE MISCELLANY.

THE TWO ROBBERS.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Scene---*Alexander the Great in his tent. Guards. A Man with a fierce countenance, chained and fettered, brought before him.*

Alex. WHAT, art thou the Thracian Robber, of whoſe exploits I have heard ſo much?

Rob. I am a Thracian, and a ſoldier.

A. A ſoldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an aſſaſſin! the peſt of the country! I could honour thy courage; but I muſt deteſt and puniſh thy crimes.

R. What have I done, of which *you* can complain?

A. Haſt thou not ſet at defiance my authority; violated the public peace, and paſſed thy life in injuring the perſons and properties of thy fellow ſubjects?

R. Alexander! I am your captive—I muſt hear what you pleaſe to ſay, and endure what you pleaſe to inflict. But my ſoul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

A. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power to ſilence thoſe with whom I deign to converſe.

R. I muſt then anſwer your queſtion by another. How have *you* paſſed your life?

A. Like a hero. Aſk Fame, and ſhe will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the braveſt:—among ſovereigns, the nobleſt:—among conquerors the mightieſt.

R. And does not Fame ſpeak of me too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band?—

was there ever—But I ſcorn to boaſt. You yourſelf know that I have not been eaſily ſubdued.

A. Still, what are you but a *robber*—a baſe, diſhoneſt *robber?*

R. And what is a *conqueror?* Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blaſting the fair fruits of peace and induſtry;—plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without juſtice, merely to gratify an inſatiable luſt for dominion? All that I have done to a ſingle diſtrict with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thouſand. If I have ſtripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have deſolated the moſt flouriſhing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier *robber* than I?

A. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have ſubverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cheriſhed arts, commerce, and philoſophy.

R. I, too, have freely given to the poor, what I took from the rich. I have eſtabliſhed order and diſcipline among the moſt ferocious of mankind; and have ſtretched out my protecting arm over the oppreſſed. I know, indeed, little of the philoſophy you talk of; but I believe neither you nor I ſhall ever repay to the world the miſchiefs we have done it.

A. Leave me—Take off his chains, and uſe him well. *(Exit Robber.)*—Are we then ſo much alike?—Alexander to a robber?—Let me reflect.

THEODOSIUS AND CONSTANTIA.

ADDISON.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who, having arrived at great riches by his own induſtry, took delight in nothing but his money.

Theodoſious was the younger ſon of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with Conſtantia, who had not then paſſed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles diſtant from her father's houſe, he had frequent opportunities of ſeeing her; and, by the advantages of a good perſon and a pleaſing converſation, made ſuch an impreſſion on her heart as it was impoſſible for time to efface: he was himſelf no leſs ſmitten with Conſtantia. A long acquaintance made them ſtill diſcover new beauties in each other, and, by degrees, raiſed in them that mutual paſſion which had an influence on their following lives.

It unfortunately happened, that in the midſt of this intercourſe of love and friendſhip between Theodoſius and Conſtantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents: the one valuing himſelf too much upon his birth, and the other upon his poſſeſſions. The father of Conſtantia was ſo incenſed at the father of Theodoſius, that he contracted an unreaſonable averſion towards his ſon, inſomuch that he forbade him his houſe, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to ſee him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the young lovers, who, he knew, entertained ſecret hopes of ſome favourable opportunity that ſhould bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable perſon, whom he pitched upon as a huſband for his daughter. He ſoon concerted this affair ſo well, that he told Conſtantia it was his deſign to marry her to ſuch a gentleman, and that her wedding ſhould be celebrated on ſuch a day. Conſtantia, who was overawed by the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing to ſo advantageous a match, received the propoſal with a profound ſilence, which her father commended in her as the moſt decent manner of a virgin's giving her conſent to an overture of that kind. The noiſe of this intended marriage ſoon reached Theodoſius, who after a long tumult of paſſions, which naturally riſe in a lover's heart on ſuch an occaſion, wrote the following letter to Conſtantia:

'The thought of my Conſtantia, which for ſome 'years has been my only happineſs, is now become a 'greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Muſt 'I then live to ſee you another's? The ſtreams, the 'fields, and meadows, where we have ſo often talked 'together, grow painful to me; life itſelf is become a 'burthen. May you long be happy in the world, but 'forget that there was ever ſuch a man in it as

'THEODOSIUS!'

This letter was conveyed to Conſtantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning ſhe was much more alarmed by two or three meſſengers that came to her father's houſe one after another, to inquire if they had heard any thing of Theodoſius, who, it ſeems, had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind ſome time before, made them apprehend the worſt that could befall him. Conſtantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to ſuch extremities, was not to be comforted. She now accuſed herſelf of having ſo tamely given an ear to the propoſal of a huſband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodoſius: in ſhort, ſhe reſolved to ſuffer the utmoſt effects of her father's diſpleaſure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her ſo full of guilt and horror. The father ſeeing himſelf entirely rid of Theodoſius, and likely to keep a conſiderable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obſtinate refuſal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuſe himſelf upon that account to his intended ſon-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a match of convenience than of love.

Conſtantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exerciſes of religion, to which her afflictions had ſo entirely ſubjected her mind, that after ſome years had abated the violence of her ſorrows, and ſettled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, ſhe reſolved to paſs the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not diſpleaſed with a reſolution which would ſave

money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a ſiſterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is uſual in the Romiſh church for thoſe who are under any great affliction or trouble of mind to apply themſelves to the moſt eminent confeſſors for pardon and conſolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confeſſing herſelf to this celebrated father.

We muſt now return to Theodoſius; who, the very morning that the above-mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious houſe in the city where now Conſtantia reſided; and deſiring that ſecrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent which is very uſual upon any extraordinary occaſion, he made himſelf one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after Conſtantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival, upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been ſolemnized. Having in his youth made a good progreſs in learning, that he might dedicate himſelf more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his ſanctity of life, and thoſe pious ſentiments which he inſpired into all who converſed with him. It was this holy man to whom Conſtantia had determined to apply herſelf in confeſſion, though neither ſhe nor any other, beſides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodoſius, had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was ſo far concealed in a long beard, a ſhaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impoſſible to diſcover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning ſhut up in his confeſſional, Conſtantia kneeling by him opened the ſtate of her ſoul to him; and after having given him the hiſtory of a

life full of innocence, ſhe burſt out in tears, and entered upon that part of her ſtory, in which he himſelf had ſo great a ſhare. 'My behaviour,' ſaid ſhe, 'has, I fear, been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me while he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me ſince his death!' She here pauſed, and lifted up her eyes that ſtreamed with tears towards the father; who was ſo moved with the ſenſe of her ſorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with ſighs and ſobbings, ſo far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, inſomuch that in the agonies of his grief the ſeat ſhook under him. Conſtantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compaſſion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded, with the utmoſt contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which ſhe was going to engage herſelf, as the proper atonement for her ſins, and the only ſacrifice ſhe could make to the memory of Theodoſius. The father, who by this time had pretty well compoſed himſelf, burſt out again into tears upon hearing that name, to which he had been ſo long diſuſed, and upon receiving this inſtance of unparallelled fidelity from one who, he thought, had ſeveral years ſince, given herſelf up to the poſſeſſion of another. Amidſt the interruptions of his ſorrow, ſeeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted; to tell her that her ſins were forgiven her; that her guilt was not ſo great as ſhe apprehended; that ſhe ſhould not ſuffer herſelf to be afflicted above meaſure. After which he recovered himſelf enough to give her the abſolution in form; directing her at the ſame time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious reſolution ſhe had taken, and give her ſuitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Conſtantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodoſius, having manned his ſoul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himſelf on this occaſion in the beſt manner he could, to animate his penitent in the courſe

of life ſhe was entering upon, and wear out of her mind thoſe groundleſs fears and apprehenſions which had taken poſſeſſion of it; concluding with a promiſe to her, that he would, from time to time, continue his admonitions when ſhe ſhould have taken upon her the holy veil. 'The rules of our reſpective orders,' ſays he, 'will 'not permit that I ſhould ſee you, but you may aſſure 'yourſelf not only of having a place in my prayers, 'but of receiving ſuch frequent inſtructions as I can 'convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the 'glorious courſe you have undertaken, and you will 'quickly find ſuch a peace and ſatisfaction in your 'mind, which it is not in the power of the world to 'give.'

Conſtantia's heart was ſo elevated with the diſcourſe of Father Francis, that the very next day ſhe entered upon her vow.

As ſoon as the ſolemnities of her reception were over, ſhe retired, as it is uſual, with the abbeſs, into her own apartment.

The abbeſs had been informed the night before of all that had paſſed between her noviciate and Father Francis, from whom ſhe now delivered to her the following letter:

'As the firſt fruits of thoſe joys and conſolations 'which you may expect from the life you are engaged 'in, I muſt acquaint you that Theodoſius, whoſe death 'ſits ſo heavy on your thoughts, is ſtill alive; and that 'the father to whom you have confeſſed yourſelf, was 'once that Theodoſius whom you ſo much lament.— 'The love which we have had for one another will 'make us more happy in its diſappointment than it 'could have done in its ſucceſs. Providence has diſ-'poſed of us for our advantage, though not according 'to our wiſhes. Conſider your Theodoſius ſtill as 'dead, but aſſure yourſelf of one who will not ceaſe 'to pray for you in Father

'FRANCIS.'

Conſtantia ſaw that the hand writing agreed with the contents of the letter: and upon reflecting on the voice, the perſon, the behaviour, and above all, the extreme ſorrow of the father during her confeſſion, ſhe diſcovered Theodoſius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, 'It is enough,' ſays ſhe, 'Theodoſius is ſtill in being; I ſhall live with comfort, 'and die in peace.'

The letters which the father ſent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where ſhe reſided; and are often read to the young religious, to inſpire them with good reſolutions and ſentiments of virtue. It ſo happened, that after Conſtantia had lived about ten years in the cloiſter, a violent fever broke out in the place, which ſwept away great multitudes, and among others Theodoſius. Upon his death-bed he ſent his benediction in a very moving manner to Conſtantia; who at that time was herſelf ſo far gone in the ſame fatal diſtemper, that ſhe lay dilirious. In the interval which generally precedes death in ſickneſſes of this nature, the abbeſs, finding that the phyſicians had given her over, told her that Theodoſius was juſt gone before her, and that he had ſent her his benediction in his laſt moments. Conſtantia received it with pleaſure. 'And 'now,' ſays ſhe, 'if I do not aſk any thing improper, 'let me be buried by Theodoſius. My vow reaches 'no farther than the grave: what I aſk, is, I hope, no 'violation of it.' She died ſoon after, and was interred according to her requeſt.

Their tombs are ſtill to be ſeen, with a ſhort Latin inſcription on them to the following purpoſe—Here lie the bodies of Father Francis and Siſter Conſtance.—*They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.*

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